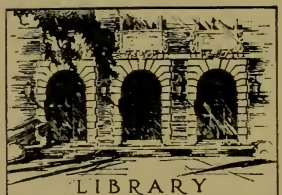

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1885

THE

TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY,

&c. &c.

THE

TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY:

Rare Doings at the Restoration.

BY

EPHRAIM HARDCASTLE,

AUTHOR OF "WINE AND WALNUTS."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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TO

HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY

KING GEORGE THE FOURTH,

THIS ATTEMPT TO DESCRIBE

The Manners of the English People,

AT THE

MEMORABLE PERIOD OF THE RESTORATION.

IS DEDICATED WITH PROFOUND RESPECT;

BY HIS MAJESTY'S DUTIFUL SUBJECT,

AND MOST GRATEFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

Bg. 2 v.

PREFACE.

SHOULD it occur to the reader of these volumes, that certain religious persuasions are spoken of with unqualified levity, it would be injustice to the author to suppose that such passages were intended to offend the existing members of any sect—He disclaims such an intention. In endeavouring to

describe the manners of the age of Charles the Second, he has made his characters to speak, according to the opinions of the times; and has endeavoured to exhibit, as in a drama, each scene as nearly as could be, with all the local circumstances of that extraordinary epoch.

A coeval historian has left to posterity, in his pious reflections upon the period of the restoration, enough to warrant all the satire and ridicule which the poets and wits of the day bestowed upon the principal actors in this memorable revolution. The observations of this author, Bishop Burnett, are thus recorded, in the "History of his own Times."

"With the restoration of the king, (Charles II.) a spirit of extravagant joy spread over the nation, that brought on with it, the throwing off the very professions of virtue and piety. All ended in entertainments and drunkenness, which overrun the three kingdoms to such a degree, that it very much corrupted all their morals. Under colour of drinking the king's health, there were great disorders, and much riot everywhere; and the pretences of religion, both in those of the hypocritical sort, and of the more honest, but no less pernicious enthusiasts, gave great advantages, as well as they furnished much matter to the profane mockers of true piety."

ERRATA.

Vol. I. p. 96. for " Dick Skippon," read " *Phil* Skippon."
Vol. I. p. 123. for " Henry," read " *Edward*."
Vol. II. p. 41. line 8. for " Maestra da Capella," read " *Maestro di Cappella*."

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

Page.

CHAPTER I.

A Triumvirate of Roundheads 1

CHAP. II.

The Meeting of Old Friends in Old St. Paul's.... 22

CHAP. III.

The Old Black Eagle in an Uproar..... 43

CHAP. IV.

Strange Doings in Harp Alley..... 59

Page.

CHAP. V.

FLEET-STREET.

Three Fights and a Scratch, in the Way to the Devil 129

CHAP. VI.

The Devil Tavern 142

CHAP. VII.

Davenant's Round Table 163

CHAP. VIII.

The Trumpeters' Supper 211

CHAP. IX.

THE MORNING OF THE RESTORATION.

The Public Breakfast 269

THE TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY.

RARE DOINGS AT THE RESTORATION.

CHAPTER I.

A TRIUMVIRATE OF ROUNDHEADS.

"*Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it.*"—SHAKSPEARE.

"WELL, heigh-ho! thank my stars, there is the last finishing touch, and I'll be sworn as villainous a Beelzebub as ever was manufactured either for love or money; and if it does not please mine host 'tis no fault of mine: I've done my utmost." Thus apostrophized master Matthew Barlow, the noted sign painter of Harp Alley, yawning and stretching himself, with his palette and pencils in one hand at arm's length, and maulstick in the other. "Yes, I've done my best, and *bad is the best* as they say,"

eyeing his work with disgust, "and if ever I attempt the phiz of his sable majesty again, may I be grilled for a thousand years. Look upon it brother Francis, didst ever behold such a thing? 'Tis diabolical for certain, but no devil. Lord, Frank, how old Albert Durer would scratch him off to the life, ergo, his etymology, *Old Scratch* no doubt. *His* devils somehow, were so fiendish, smelt so fresh of brimstone, that the very stokers might laugh, and cry look there, why that's the governor! Now as for mine—'tis preternatural too, infernally bad, nothing like humanity in the cut and trim of a single feature—unless indeed it has a smack of the lineaments of old *crab-faced* Prynne *—something 'twixt an utter

* William Prynne, an eminent English lawyer, but more *notoriously* eminent for his puritanical zeal, being one of the triumvirates of fanatics, who were the chief instruments in undermining the established religion of the country, and disseminating opinions to the prejudice of King Charles the First and his court. Indeed, Burton, Prynne, and Bastwick, however unwittingly, were, in a great degree, the cause of the civil war.

barrister and an owl. Whip me, if I do not think by a little management, we might contrive to manufacture a decent puritan phiz out of it, and by conversion turn the devil into a saint; now do get up and tell us what you think of it."

"Why Matt, I cannot compliment you on your tact for limning," said his brother, he, so famed for birds and beasts.* "There is no sin against the commandment in your failure though, for I perceive no likeness of any thing that ever was, so the *old one* cannot have book'd you for this evil work."

Now Frank and Matt were not of the same religious and political opinions, subjects which had caused sad divisions in most families in these unhappy times. Matt was, or rather had

---

* Francis Barlow was the pupil of Shepherd, a portrait painter. His taste, however, leading him to prefer the study of birds and beasts, he was much employed in the decorating of chimney-pieces, ceilings, stair-cases, &c. His etchings to a folio edition of *Æsop's Fables*, are well known. He drew birds in particular with truth and spirit. His style of painting was bold. There are two pictures by him in the Hall of the Painter Stainers' Company.

been a puritan and republican, and Frank was ever staunch for church and king, yet, both being generous and warm-hearted, they regarded each other with brotherly affection.

Matt, however, was at any time little more than a puritan in name: he had adopted somewhat of the canting manner of the saints, rather from policy than principle; for as honest Dick Ingoldsby was wont to say, the swearing reprobate, "damme Matt, if you or I have any religion at all;" which indeed was the case with too many of those saints, who affected to be rigidly pious: it was the age of hypocrisy.

Matt had imbibed his republican notions from Ingoldsby, his schoolfellow, as well as Frank's, and they went together into the parliament army, under the Earl of Essex, early in the civil war, and both distinguished themselves in the field. Matt, however, on the breach of the last truce between the king and the parliament, and partly at the instance of his brother Frank, quitted the service, laid aside the sword, and took up the painting-brush, under his brotherly tuition, and for want of better employ, fortunately commenced the business of house and

sign-painting, and became the first manufacturer of signs in Harp Alley, and drove on a thriving trade.

During the interregnum, painting was but a sorry profession. The saints held all the arts as abominations, and carnal sinnings: indeed it was not likely that those who made it a part of their religious duty to destroy every vestige of ancient art, should countenance the labours of existing talent; hence painters, sculptors, musicians, players, and poets, too, all lumped together, as a dead letter, or at best, as vain-glorious workers of vanity, were constrained to seek their living as they could.

Sign-painting, however, was a notable calling in these days, when every man set up a pictured symbol, whereby you might discover his shop; although these birds and beasts and heraldic monsters did not always bear a reference to the wares exposed for sale. To wit—the Cat and the Fiddle, might serve the mouse-trap maker, and the Fox and the Goose, the attorney at law; for even these lived under a sign; but the Devil and Bag of Nails, had no very obvious affinity to the cook-shop, nor John Baptist's head in a Charger, to him who vended shoes.

There was a curious story, however, hooked to the sign of St. Dunstan and the Devil, in the manufacturing of which, Matthew Barlow had thus laboured in vain, that begot a different finishing from another hand, and which may serve in its turn, to illustrate the comical humour of the times. The waggery of this strange sign catching the attention of his Majesty, in his progress through London, on the day of the *Restoration*, begot the first hearty laugh, which the merry king committed on renewing his acquaintance with his loving subjects, though the circumstance is neither mentioned by Clarendon, Burnet, nor Hume.

The puritanical barrister *Prynne*, who lost his ears in the pillory, only for attempting the reformation of the court, was nominated *reformer of signs*. The profaneness of the pictured demon, that had so long swung on its ornamental iron work, from the *Devil tavern*, coupled with Saint Dunstan too, the very title *

* Saint Dunstan and the Devil. This ancient tavern was famed in the days of Shakspeare, and there Ben Jonson established the famous club entitled

saint, being so obnoxious to these righteous

---

leges conviviales. It was situated near the Temple-gate, in Fleet Street, and pulled down a few years ago. On its site was built the premises occupied by Messrs. Hoare the bankers.

Saints.—Others to make all things recant
The *Christian* or Surname of Saint;
And force all *Churches, Streets*, and *Towns*,
The *Holy Title* to renounce.
Butler.

Churches, parishes, and even the apostles were *unsainted* in the mayoralty of the famous Alderman Pennington, and continued so to the year 1660. The malice and rage of both *Roundheads* and *Cavaliers* ran high upon this particular, says Dr. Gray, of which we have a merry instance in the case of Sir *Roger de Coverley*. That worthy knight being then but a stripling, had occasion to enquire his way to St. *Ann's Lane*, upon which the person whom he spoke to instead of answering his question, called him a young *popish cur*, and asked him who made *Ann* a saint? The boy being in some confusion enquired of the next he met, which was the way to *Ann's Lane?* But was called a *prick-ear'd cur* for his pains, and instead of being shown the way, was told that she had been a *Saint* before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged.

over-much, was an evil and a reproach in the eyes of the *sanctified* committee over which the *utter barrister* was comptroller. Old Caleb Johnson, the loyal tavern-keeper, was therefore presented at the quarter sessions, for not taking the Devil down, as legally advised so to do, and for contempt of court, was sentenced to three months imprisonment in Ludgate; a circumstance so aggravating to the honest host, that he vowed he would never cease to remember lawyer Prynne to the day of his death. The laughing fates who took the rule on Charles's coming, recorded the inn-keeper's vow, and he lived to take the meddling barrister by the nose.

Ingoldsby, who though he had fought under the parliamentary banner, might be considered, rather as a soldier of fortune, than one of the band of fanatics with whom he had borne arms—he was a sad scourge to many of the canting fraternity, who were the constant butt of his ribaldry and ridicule. These starched gentry had not unfrequently complained to the Earl of Essex, and to Cromwell also, of his unholiness: but, there was so marked a frankness in his manner, and he was so intrepid an officer,

and so trust-worthy withal, that the earl merely rebuked him for his immorality, and Oliver Cromwell fairly played him off at the hypocrites, secretly admiring him for the honest annoyance which he caused some suspicious characters in the camp. The lord protector, indeed, derived amusement from the eccentricity of his movements, and often laughed at the mad pranks of honest Dick Ingoldsby, who was a colonel in his, and afterwards in his son Richard's service. So high an opinion of his integrity had his highness Richard, during his short protectorate, that when his adherents were pestering him with advice, the sincerity of which he had sufficient reason to doubt, he observed, "I would rather confide in that swearing reprobate Ingoldsby, than in the greatest saint in my army."

On the approaching Restoration, Colonel Ingoldsby having offended General Monk, in common with certain other officers of the Commonwealth, was at hide and seek. He, however, was known to have behaved so generously to the royalists, on many occasions during the troubles, that he was among the very few who were respected by the friends to the crown, and

was personally known to many of the officers who had fought for the late king.

Old *Caleb Johnson* became his staunch friend, when the tables were turned. " He befriended me," said the grateful tavern-keeper, " in my evil day, and by God's blessing I will give him a turn." The order to the jailer of Ludgate was peremptory, namely, that no cavalier be permitted to give him, or the other royalists, relief: indeed the loyalists were prohibited, at this period, from visiting their incarcerated friends, who were suffering for the royal cause.

Ingoldsby, however, who had belonged to a club of bon-vivants at the Devil tavern, hearing that mine host was held in durance vile, and knowing something of the prison-keeper, who had been an old griping paymaster in Flanders, went thither, and obtained a bed for him, and some other comforts, (for it was a vile prison,) and privately slipped into the hands of mine host five golden Jacobuses, " which," said Caleb, " was a most Christian act, for it was as big a lie as ever was told, that of his saying, ' *he owed my good dame* (the hostess) *the money*,' whereas he was a generous customer, and she declared to

me, he never owed the Devil a single cup of sack in all his life. No *royalist* even ever paid his way with more honour—and many, I am ashamed to say, never wiped out their scores at all: But, God bless his Majesty King Charles, his misfortunes wiped out all old scores, and they were welcome with all my heart."

Dick Ingoldsby then was at hide and seek, and dame Johnson, the most comely hostess in the city, though on the wrong side of forty, and old Caleb, were at Newgate-market, laying in provent for a feast on the coming twenty-ninth of May, the memorable day of the Restoration of King Charles the Second, after his exile from his country and his crown. "Let me see," said Caleb, to the poulterer, "twenty couple of pullets,—aye, master Colechurch, we shall need that number at least: I must have some four couple of capons; and what have you here?" "Some dainty Guinea fowl," replied the poulterer.

"Marry come up, I say, Guinea fowl!" said mine hostess, "where are tavern-keepers now-a-days to pick up guineas for such fare?"

"We have some pretty patterns of green

geese — What say you to these, dame Johnson?"

"No pattern for my pocket, I can tell you: But what do you ask?"

"They are from Esher, I trow, this morning; you shall have half a dozen at as low as twenty-pence a-piece—see what delicate meat."

"Twenty fiddle-sticks — for green geese! Not for my purse, I tell you."

"Ah, mistress, you are hard; I'd rather deal with master Johnson here."

"Who doubts it?—Yes! yes! men are fine market-goers, I wot well enough. One Michaelmas goose, after all, is worth a score of them. I'll bargain' for six, at eighteen-pence; say yes or no at a word."

"O! cry your mercy! good dame—they cost me more, as I hope to live."

"And then," rejoined the smiling hostess, who was a lively dame, "I would not that, only, master Martin, 'tis to feast the cavaliers."

"Talk of the cavaliers," said the poulterer, (Martin Colechurch was his name,) "talk of the cavaliers, master Johnson," sinking his voice to a whisper, as though the danger of appearing

loyal in open market was not yet past; "there! look you there on that gentleman there! he has been cheapening some pigeons next door, and I'd be sworn he is a poor cavalier reduced, for he has the gait of a gentleman every inch. I wish from my heart he had dropped in here, for, betwixt ourselves, the next neighbour is a notorious round-head."

"Sure as I live, if I can trust my own eyes, and that is not Colonel Ingoldsby," exclaimed dame Johnson, "it is his apparition. Mercy on us!—yes, it is he. Go—go—and speak to him, Caleb; if they lay hands on him, he will be hanged.—Do let me sit down, master Colechurch.—What can be the matter with me?—why I am all over in such a flurry, I tremble and shake like an aspen leaf!"

"Bring mistress Johnson a cordial, dame," said Martin Colechurch, leading the hostess into the little parlour behind the shop; when, pouring the liquor into a glass, dame Colechurch reluctantly held it to her lips, but she could not swallow a drop. They applied a little to her temples, and she relieved her emotion by hysterical sobbing and tears.

"Marry come up!" exclaimed the fat, burly-faced poulterer's wife, reddening with rage as dame Johnson recovered, looking all amazement: "Why, madam, that is the round-head colonel, sure! That Colonel Ingoldsby! Why all such *regercide* cut-throats deserve a halter, as richly as honest people deserve their own. You are our customers, it is true, but for all that I will have my say, and I tell you, madam, to your teeth, I am ashamed of you. What, ma'am!" placing her brawny arms akembo, "to fall into these fantigues and fantasies, and swound away, as a body may say, and all about a traitorish scape-grace the like of he! Fye for shame, madam!—I'd rather throw the poultry into the town ditch, to feed the rats, rot me if I would not, than to have dealings with such gentry; and I'd beg my bread rather than people who give themselves such fine airs and graces should darken my shop again. Fine times, to be sure!—and this is a *speciment* of your loyal tavern keeping—hey, madam! Heaven keep me and mine from such *hypokeresy*."

"Hold your peace, dame, now pr'ythee do," said Martin Colechurch; "is this the way you

treat my customers?—is this language fitting to your own sex?"

"Od rot you and your customers too. Sex, indeed!—How—dare—you, *Sir*, to defend such mockery doings: You, who would have your neighbours think you loyal, to uphold such a—— But, I shall say no more.—Yes! so it is. It is not the first time the landlady of the Devil has made a market of her comely looks.—If I was your husband, ma'am, for all your *historical swoundings*, I would have the round-headed miscreant tucked up at Tyburn, and then you might shed your crocodile's tears with a vengeance—then there might be *something* to cry about, and spoil them fine painted cheeks. O! yes, madam, market folks are not quite so staring blind as other folks may imagine: but it is no affair of mine. If old master Caleb Johnson is a cuckold, it is no reason wherefore you are to make a fool of my husband, ma'am, and your room will be as agreeable as your company, ma'am: You may go and cater for your cavalier company elsewhere, for, thank God, we can keep open shop for honest folks;" and, saying this, she helped herself to a bumping glass of

the cordial, put the cork into the bottle, and the bottle into the cupboard, and with an insolent toss of the head marched into the shop.

The terrified hostess remained a prisoner in the parlour, until the landlord of the Devil tavern returned, which was half an hour at least, when the poulterer's wife began at him, with, "It is no matter of mine good master Johnson, for God knows in my conscience, I am not given to set man and wife by the ears, far be it from me; but, if an old man *will* marry a young wife to please his eye, he may take care he does not plague his heart. I am the last body to slander my neighbours, but, when an honest woman sees some things, it is a burning shame to keep one's tongue within one's teeth."

"Hey! day! why, what is all this about dame Colechurch?" said old Johnson, quite out of breath, for he had been dodging about to find Colonel Ingoldsby, and had to bustle back again through the crowd of full market. "Why what is the matter dame, and what is become of my wife?"

"O! consoling herself with my old fool of a husband, having been in her megrims about

the *apperishun* of that cut-throat officer,—that beggarly Colonel Ingoldsby,—by throwing herself into fits for his safety forsooth: But, as I told her, I shall live to see the villain hanged, old *Dun* * will have his own, that's for certain, and then she may have something to snivel about."

---

* Old *Dun*, commonly designated squire Dun, the public hangman, during the rule of the Commonwealth, however, lived to be employed in fulfilling the last office of the law on the regicides at Tyburn.

"The name of Dun was continued to these *finishers of the law*, (as they affected to call themselves, and *squires* by their office,) for several years after this period, (1660;) when one *Jack Ketch* was advanced to that office; who has left his name to his successors."

Dun's predecessor was one *Gregory Brandon*. *Sir William Segar, Garter King at Arms*, by an audacious trick imposed upon him by Brook, a herald, was induced to confirm Arms on him, which mortally chagrined the old knight, when he discovered, that his client was that obnoxious personage, the common hangman of London.

Cotton in his *Virgil Travestie*, 1670, introduced squire Dun:—

"Away therefore my lass does trot,
And presently a *halter* got,

"God forbid, mistress Colechurch," exclaimed the tavern-keeper, "it behoves us to forget and forgive; never say so, good dame."

Made of the best string hempen teer,
And ere a cat could lick her ear,
Had tied it up with as much art
As *DUN* himself could do for' heart.

That Jack Ketch was in office, in 1682, is evident from Butler's Ghost; hence with reference to his predecessor's fees:—

"'Till Ketch observing he was chous'd,
And in his profits much abus'd,"
&c. &c.

Foreign executioners, regarded the hangmen of England with contempt. The headsman of Calais was sent for by the governor of the town to decapitate Ann Boleyne. None upon record, however, could compete with the Dutch executioner, whom Cleveland reports, "that he would do his office with so much ease and dexterity, that the head after the stroke of his sword, should stand still upon the shoulders."

The executioner of Stockholm, was condemned to that office, at ten years old, for cutting off the head of another boy at play!

Motray's Travels.—Note to Hudibras.

"God forbid!" echoed the poulterer's wife; "forget and forgive! you old *perfligate* sinner; and do you set yourself up for a royalist, raved the termagant. And do you call yourself a christian! you pot-bellied old tapster: I will have you informed against, and sent to jail again, —aye the whole kit of you.— Here!—you madam, please to condescend to come forth—out of my premises,—and you!—you sneaking cur," meaning her spouse, "come and attend to your customers, and leave mistress *honey-face* to caterwaul with the king's enemies: I am ashamed of you Martin—shame on you!"

The poulterer's wife, by this violent harangue, had attracted a crowd round the shop; she was notoriously the greatest termagant of all the scolds in Newgate market. "Send her to the ducking-stool," said one neighbour. "Put a gag in her mouth, and stop her *bellow-weathering*," bawled another. "Hand her over the brandy-bottle," vociferated a third. "That she can help herself to," said old Caleb Colechurch, unfortunately loud enough to be heard by the enraged tippler, when rushing forth from the parlour, having that moment retired to uncork

the cordial again, she seized him by his black-buckled wig, tore it off, and belaboured her help-mate with her fist upon the bald pate. "Yes! said the passionate virago, I *can* help myself, and *help* you too,—so take *that*—and *that*, you vile old slanderer:" Then marching to the shop door, she looked fiercely right and left upon her neighbours, with her hands upon her huge hips, as much as to say, now then, who dares to utter aught to my disparagement! all the neighbours were afraid of her, but none had cause to dread her froward temper, like good man Colechurch.

The poulterer's wife, as she was accustomed, after one of these sudden heats, put on her scarlet cardinal, and hood, and took herself off to meet certain female gossips, at the Salutation in Paternoster Row. In these days, women of her class too commonly held their political clubs in a tap-room: Hence the song,

> "My wife Joan's a Presbyterian,
> She won't swear, but she will lie,
> She to the ale-house,—I to the tavern,
> She'll get drunk as soon as I."

"Ah!" ejaculated Martin Colechurch, quietly

replacing his wig upon his head, and shrugging his shoulders, "God help the unhappy wight, who has the evil fortune to wed with a shrew. Come, master Johnson, let us see what we can furnish for your entertainment of the cavaliers. You see the civil wars are not yet ended. Heigh ho!"

The two worthies soon agreed, and a large basket of poultry, Guinea fowl, ducks, capons, pullets, rabbits, and leverets in clean straw, were sent off for the larder at the Devil, when mine host and his comely help-mate, arm-in-arm, first bestowing a look of condolence on old Martin, proceeded to the fishmonger's, and fruiterer's, to make further provision for the feast.

In the year 1643, several thousand women signed a petition to the parliament, entitled, "The *Humble Petition* of many civilly-disposed women, inhabiting the cities of London and Westminster." It was carried on the 9th August, by a multitude of the meaner sort of women, with white ribbons in their hats. They remained in Palace-yard, and raved "Peace! peace! give us those traitors; give us that dog Pym."

CHAPTER II.

THE MEETING OF OLD FRIENDS, IN OLD SAINT PAUL'S.

" And thanks, to men of noble minds, is honourable meed."
SHAKSPEARE.

MEANWHILE it may be well here to recount what happened after old Caleb left his wife in the poulterer's shop, to follow Colonel Ingoldsby, who on hearing a voice exclaim, *" that is him or his ghost,"* thinking that he was marked by some enemy, to be betrayed, was making his retreat by dashing suddenly into the thickest of the crowd. Old Johnson, however, bustled on, occasionally losing sight of him, and then catching a glimpse of his tall figure, he shouldered the market folks right and left, and nearly upset a dozen huxters' stalls, and all bestowed on him many a marketable benediction, such as, " curse your tripes! old pottle-belly, what are you about! where are you trundling your offal now—hey! old bustle gut;" said a butcher's wife,

baying him off in the ribs with her sharp elbows; whilst the butchers, seeing him clear the way at such a rate, loudly bawled in the language of Smithfield—"*turn him back there*," as they were wont to cry out at the approach of an over drove ox.

The colonel walked on a-pace, crossed Paternoster Row, up Chapter Court, and briskly ascended the steps of the north porch of old St. Paul's, when master Walter Waller, who kept the curious book shop at the *Black Eagle*, beside the porch, seeing old Caleb all in a sweat, called out—"hollo, master Johnson; what, are you going to cool your choler in our church?" Waller was become a royalist, and had latterly toasted church and king, over a bowl of punch, at the private meetings, at the Devil. Hip! said he, running after the tavern-keeper, holding him fast by the skirt, "di'st see him? If I can trust my eyes: sure as a gun, that tall spectre that has just glided by, is that mad chap, Colonel Ingoldsby. If he takes a turn *in the walk*, he will be laid hold of for certain; the king's men are on the sharp look out, and several have been dodged to their lodgings this very morning."

"It is *him* I am following," said Caleb Johnson, loosening the bookseller's hand, with one of his own, and wresting the tail of his doublet from his grasp with the other; "I thought it was he, and I wish to do him a kind turn."

"Bid him to my shop: tell him he may confide in me; say I will give him sanctuary," whispered the bookseller.

Caleb was too much winded to utter more than, "thank thee neighbour," when leaning on the foot of one of the columns in the north aisle he panted for breath. His honest heart beat, as though it would burst through his doublet, girdle and all. He had scarcely recovered sufficiently to raise himself, when looking wistfully in all directions for Ingoldsby, he was accosted by a Jew, and held again by the skirt by Mordecai, as he was called, who had formerly furnished the tavern with limes and Seville oranges, for punch. "Strichke me tead, I vosh glad to see mine oldt master, how vosh mine goot mistiss peadiful Johnsons. Vot is it vosh the matter vith mine master? here, take vot ish insides of mine bottle, it vos goot for the vindt in the stomach," presenting a little basket bottle of

Coniac. "It was a God send," said old Caleb, when he returned home, "and I verily believe saved my life." "There," said the grateful Jew, "there mine master, 'twill break off the vindt," rubbing his hand kindly down the old tavern-keeper's stomach, adding, "never mindt, it vosh better out than in. Vot is the matter, mine master.—Vot can I do for you, I am just only one month returned from transportation—for doing nothing, as I hope to be shaved: will you puy a pargin," opening his bag. "Puy a prayer book for mistress, a common prayer book of the Church of England; vorth any monies: you shall have it for only eighteen shillings. Printed at Oxford, vorth ten shilling more than one I sold yesterday for thirty-two shillings."

"Away with your common prayer books, I want none of them, get you gone about your business; though thank ye—thank ye for the dram," said the tavern-keeper, looking eagerly for the object of his search, for *St. Paul's walkers* had already filled the nave of the cathedral. "I am seeking for a friend: but I might as well look for a needle in a —— hold," said he, "I think I see him now,—no—I have

lost my labour," talking to himself with great earnestness. "Well, if we meet not again, I have done my best, it is not my fault."

"Who vas it vot you vont?" eagerly enquired the Jew, "describe him, and I will seek him for you mine good master,—strichke me tead on the stones, if I vill not find any body votshomever, in the thick of a crowd."

"A tall, pale gentleman, wrapped in a grey cloak, Mordecai—but, 'tis of no use, I fear he has made his escape out at the south porch."

Mordecai put down his bag of prayer books, saying, "vill you mind mine pag?" and without waiting an answer, was instantly lost in the moving throng.

The nave of St. Paul's, in these days, was the great mart for news, for assignation, and intrigue. There the spendthrift met the usurer, and the bankrupt trader his lawyer's scout. There the idle, the wary, the thoughtless, and the wretched,—those who lived by the law, and those who smarted by the law, jostled each other, and male and female, promenaded, laughing, weeping, professing, promising, reproaching and reviling; every group regardless of the rest,

and the multifarious murmur of voices might be likened to that of the noisy inmates of St. Luke's. These were called *Paul's Walkers.*

Mordecai returned with a customer, seized his bag, pulled out a prayer book, and in the same breath commenced with, "five and thirty shilling, bound with boshes and silver clasp;" and then turning his quick dark eyes on the tavern-keeper, and inclining his head significantly to the left, whispered, "you'll find the shentlemans at the tomb of John of Gaunt;" adding to the other, "worthe forty shilling, gave more in exchange for it mine self, so help me God."

With this information, Caleb Johnson made his way to the iron gate, which opened to the north aisle of the choir, and passing behind the altar, came round to the tomb of John of Gaunt, where he beheld the colonel, with his arms folded, seemingly lost in a reverie, with his eyes fixed on the shield and spear appended to the monument, which had been borne in the field by that ancient warrior. Unconscious of being noticed, the colonel was talking to himself.

"That spear is a spanker by goles!" said he, —"not actually as huge a murdering tool, as the

bully Philistines,—let me see. *This* was as a weaver's beam,—a weaver's beam!—indefinite enough, but then we have it so in the word. Had I been one of the elect,—ergo, I should have known these things by the inward light: Yet, though I asked his highness himself, the dimensions of a weaver's beam,—he blinked the question. Go seek said he. God help us all!—and where I am to seek for quarters, is now the rub. Poor old Noll! you are a reprobate dog Dick Ingoldsby," said he, "and your portion will be with the damned,—and I'll be——."

"Don't swear Sir," said old Caleb, taking off his hat, "it is a bad custom, Sir, even in a tavern, as a body may say, and I hear too much of it. But in the house of God!"——

"Thank you, friend," said Ingoldsby, glancing his eye at him sideways, and touching his hat in return. "It is a vile custom, a profitless custom,—and a blackguard custom, to say the best of it. What, Sir, then I presume you are a tavern-keeper?"

"I am, Sir," replied Caleb, "at your service."

"A publican and sinner," added Ingoldsby; "then, there is a brace of sinners at your shrine,

old prince," addressing himself to the marble effigy of John of Gaunt, "and we shall both go comfortably to the *Devil*, hey, old friend?"

"By good luck, we shall, and this blessed day," said old Caleb, for he was a wag in his way—"and feast it merrily to-morrow."

"Why my old cock, I took you for a Puritan," said Ingoldsby, but eyeing him with a mixture of surprise and good-humour, "damme Sir Tun-belly Toper, but you appear to me to be, in your outward man at least, as big a reprobate as myself. What, Sir," with affected deference, "I pronounce you are a royalist?"

"I am, Sir, at your service," said Caleb, bowing.

"Then you are in luck," replied the colonel, "in high luck, Sir: I wish I had been a royalist I should have been in better feather: what, and you are going to feast it to-morrow, hey! my friend?"

"We are, Sir—and would to God you were one amongst us."

"Humph! That is civil enough, Sir."

"And at my expence, and it please God," added the old tavern-keeper with emotion, the

tear trembling on the brink of running over—"Do you not remember me, Colonel Ingoldsby?"

The republican soldier eyed him with a sort of indolence of enquiry, and answered "no—devil take me if I do; I remember no one, my memory, like patriotism, is clean worn out. I remember nothing old gentleman, other than that for the last fifteen years Old England has been playing a d—d comical universal masquerado." Then half laughing, with a wild sort of philosophical shrug, he clapped the tavern-keeper on the shoulder, and pointing to the carved marble warrior, "*he* is quiet enough—all *his* turmoils are over—any turncoat scoundrel poltroon may unhook *his* spear, or make a spitting-pot of his shield, hey! old gentleman?"

"True—true—true enough as you say, Sir," replied Caleb. "We have lived to see strange mortal doings."

"Strange!" ejaculated Ingoldsby, with a sigh, that seemed to tear his martial breast—"But all is one, a man had better be hanged like a dog, than live like a dastard. And so the king is coming to town to-morrow; hey, Sir?"

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by the presence of the Jew, who, *sans ceremonie*, drew forth from his bag, another prayer book, twirling over the leaves, " perfect every page, chentlemen—just look—schmite me tead; silver clasps, handsome bindings, vorth forty shillings; very scarce, very goot, very cheap; schmite me blind! I sold the fellow for eight and thirty, in this Christian church, so help me."

" Out! thou vagabond blasphemous—ha, ha, ha, ha." Ingoldsby laughed as though he were out of his wits. " A Jew—a Jew, ha, ha, ha, a Jew, just returned from the plantations; G—d damme, a transported Israelite vending Christian prayer books, interdicted common prayers, by G—d, publicly in the metropolitan church, ha, ha, ha, ha. Why, you profane, irreligious, presumptuous, law-breaking varlet, if you bear your bag of books to trade in Westminster Abbey, have a care, for by the holy one, old Oliver will rise from his grave, and *smite you dead and blind* with a vengeance. O Lord, this beggars all the glorious farce! this is a winding up the last act of this national drama, this laugh-

able tragedy! I shall not live to see it perchance,—but old gentleman, as sure as there are cuckolds in London, King Charles, who is any thing but a saint, will die, will laugh himself into defunct majesty, mark my words, within twelve calendar months, at the tom-foolery of his beloved people. If he does not, then was Moses no prophet. This is comical, hey? old gentleman. Come you gallows Mr. Mordecai, I know you of old! What shall I tip you for one of your common prayers, one of your little ones? It is a long while since I possessed such a thing: not that I am sorry they are coming into vogue again, God help us; for as the preaching old Scottish piper says, 'The de'el a whit the better ha we been since the rule o' the saints,' besides, in these hypocritical times, a prayer book may be no bad talisman, hey? old gentleman. Such an article may serve an outcast in the hour of want. I would fain turn *canter*,* but I fear the day is past when I

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* "And 'till they first began to *cant*,
And sprinkle down the *Covenant*."

The significant phrase canting, so universally ap-

might have bamboozled by sainting it, I *would* not, now that I *would*, it would serve me not. Better turn church parson, hey? old gentleman. That will now be your thriving trade, rare scrambling for the steeple-houses, my old gentleman! Come, Moses—Mordecai, what's your name, have you no second-hand cheap altar ware? something about five shillings or so, for I am woundedly low in the exchequer; never mind the binding, more worn the better, dogs-eared every page, so much the more likely to answer. O! the gullibility of mankind."

"There ish von for ten shilling, take it for

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plied to religious sectarianism, originated in Scotland, during the civil wars; for through the ravings of Mr. Andrew *Cant* and his son Alexander, seditious preaching and praying was called Canting. Its application in our happy day, when loyalty, peace, and good-will prevail in all congregations, of course is improper and unfitting.

Ingoldsby, however, used the phrase in the imposing sense of affecting righteousness, as a cloak; a species of cunning hypocrisy, by which all private, and even public advantages, were obtained to the saints.

eight, bad luck to me, vot it is vorth the monies, it is the finest book of prayer of all the vorld: to-morrow it shall be vorth sixty per shent."

"There you Jew—there is an Oliver's crown."

"O! shmite me dark!—I cannot afford it. Vell, I vill not refuse *your* money. I vill be ready to buy it back again next week, ven you have read it, for six shilling,—so help me——."

"Ba-ba, you reprobate—no more of your perjury,—come, be off."

"Good luck to you *colonel;* if I can serve you votshomever, I vill observe your commands votever it vosh."

"Hey! what do *you* know me too! when—how—where?"

The Jew looked suspiciously around, and in a low voice, and with extraordinary gesticulations, answered, "you *shaved* mine blessed father's house in *Bevis Mark*, stroke me dead vot you did, when Colonels Pride and Hewson, blast em, togeder with the soldiers, came to search for mine Lord Capel's plate."*

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* Lord Capel, one of the most loyal, and brave adherents to King Charles the First, in common with

" What? ods my life,—and I remember that affair. Faith!—I do believe I saved the old

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many other royalists, sold his plate for the service of his Majesty.

Colonel Pride, and Colonel Hewson, both men of low birth, and furious zealots, were cruel instruments of the parliamentary rage, and a terror to the trading community; until their names were held in execration by all, excepting the ambitious and rapacious few, who played them off as the willing ministers of their tyranny.

Lord Capel ventured life and fortune in the royal cause, and was consequently watched in all his motions. In allusion to these military ruffians, the witty poet says—

> " For when they charg'd him with his guilt
> Of all the blood that had been spilt;
> They did not mean he *wrought th' effusion*,
> *In Person*, like Sir *Pride*, or Hewson."

Colonel Pride, who was reported by the cavaliers to have been a *dray-man*, went into the army, and was concerned in secluding the members, in order to the king's trial; which great change was called *Colonel* Pride's *Purge*. He sat in the upper house, and was called Thomas Lord Pride.

Hewson, it appears, had been a cobbler, who also

birds—and the young ones too. What are you the son of old Levi? Faith! you ought to have

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went into the army, was knighted by Oliver Cromwell, and sat in the upper house, in his parliament.

Hewson's birth is thus described; we are told that his father had been a sexton—

"He by fortune's design, should have been a divine,
And a pillar no doubt of the church;
Whom a sexton (God wot) in the belfrey begot,
And his mother did pig in the porch."

Some allowance however must be made for the exaggeration of party hatred. Pride, perhaps, held some place in a Brewery, and Hewson might have been a shoemaker, as Praise God Barebones was a leather-seller: for *Cordonniers*, or cordwainers, were also designated *Cobblers*, in the ancient records of trades and handicrafts.

"But observe the devise, of this nobleman's rise,
How he hurried from trade to trade;
From the grains he'd aspire to the yest, and then higher,
'Till at length he a drayman was made."

To such an extent had republican rage wrought upon the minds of certain fanatics, that a proposal was made to place twenty royalists in front of Sir

been hanged,—aye—the whole roguish nest of you. Well, and is your father in the land of the living?"

"No mine good Colonel *Incolshpye*, he is gathered togeder sometimes with his fathers. But, if you vont a friend at these times,—as I vosh a living man, if I vill not advance you twenty pounds votever times you vill call for it, and no bond—so help me G—d. Vot ish also—if I sell all my prayer books, you shall not vont for as many pounds as much more. You shall know where to find me, when at mine father's old house, at the sign of the Cardinal's Hat, any day vot you shall appoint. So Jesus Christ bless you," when the grateful Mordecai snatched up his bag, and was off like a sprite.

Thomas Fairfax's army, to expose them to the fire of the enemy, and one Gourdon moved, "That the Lady *Capel*, and her children, and the Lady *Norwich*, might be sent to the general with the same directions, saying, their husbands would be careful of their safety. And when divers opposed so barbarous a motion, and alleged, that Lady Capel was great with child, and near her time; Gourdon pressed it the more eagerly, (says Walker, who quaintly adds) 'as if he had taken the general for a man-midwife.'"

"A strange benediction that—-hey! old gentleman, from a blaspheming Jew. Well I am glad to find that all virtue is not extinct. Christians have too long been playing the devil with each other, and the game of faith being at an end, I suppose to begin *de novo*, works are now to be played off by the bearded sons of Israel. So, good morrow old gentleman, perhaps we may meet again some day, and in a better place."

"All in good time, Master Colonel, with submission," replied Caleb Johnson. "I thought I might have had the honour to be remembered by you. But, my memory, like that Jew-man's, is not so frail I thank heaven. I am your debtor, Sir, and am, blessed be God, in a state of affairs to discharge the obligation, not merely in money, or in words, but"—and here the old tavern-keeper's voice faltered—"but, in deeds more useful."

"What, Sir! hey! I-faith, if this be not a dream, this tomb of old John of Gaunt is a lucky shrine whereat, for a woe-begone soldier, to offer his orisons: and pray friend how haps it that you are indebted to me?"

"You visited me in prison in my evil day,

Colonel Ingoldsby, and that work of mercy will never be blotted from my memory. Do you not recollect?"

"What! mine host of St. Dunstan and the Devil! Ods my life, what my old friend Caleb Johnson, give me your manus; why!"—viewing him with a countenance suddenly lighted with the benignant smile of acknowledged old acquaintanceship, "give me your manus, Master Johnson; I am right glad to meet you once again. And how fares it with mine hostess?—It is long since I have heard the clanking of the pewter, and the tinkling of the bar bell, at the old tavern. What! is she looking as comely as ever? grown a little portly I wot, like my old friend Caleb, hey? Why Master Johnson," looking playfully at his corporation, "Why, my jolly host, as Will Shakspeare says, 'with good capon lined,' hey Master Caleb? How comes this about? surely you cannot have fattened on your loyalty. Your vagabond round-heads have taken good care of that. A contented mind, hey Master Caleb? Well! that after all is the best fare, as the book has it, 'a continual feast.'"

" Why, Master Colonel, it is of no use to fret one's bowels to fiddle-strings, as the saying is. I have not fattened on the royalists, however, that is certain. My capons have been the lawyers, Master Ingoldsby, and they you know can come down freely for feasting in all times, for these black-legged chicks have their fingers in every man's pocket, ha, ha, ha, as a body may say. But the purport of my following you this morning, which I hope you will take in good part, is to offer you my humble service, mine, and my good dame's, who saw you, knew you, and desired me to follow you; we have talked about you Colonel Ingoldsby, early and late, many and many's the day, and by God's blessing we may be instrumental in our humble capacities to your future welfare now public affairs be altered; you understand me, Sir; for I have where-with-all to serve a kind benefactor in more ways than one."

" Thou art a right worthy soul, and that I knew years ago, Master Caleb," said the Colonel, " and it was on that account, that I now recollect my saying a good word for you with the old cut-throat jailer of Ludgate—I accept your

proffered services with frankness, for I honestly confess, that I am not overwhelmed by the obligations of friendship at this period: but *nil desperandum*, that is, *never despair*, is my motto, Master Caleb, and I shall trust to the fates, who never desert the man who dares fortune to kiss his breech."

"And where, may I be so bold, can I find you, Master Colonel? for I have a scheme in my head at your service, meanwhile," looking around to satisfy himself that no one over-heard or saw what he was about to do; when taking a small whit-leather purse from his pocket, he respectfully pressed it into the Colonel's hand, saying "that is part of my old debt, worthy Sir, and please to send me word where I can wait upon you at night-fall." St. Paul's chimes at this moment reminded the old tavern-keeper that it was on the stroke of nine, that his help-mate was waiting all this while at Martin Colechurch's. "Good morrow, Sir," said he, "keep up your courage, Colonel," and offering his hand, the Colonel gave it a cordial shake, when, Caleb bustled along, round the choir, and descending the steps with a light

heart, peeped in at the bookseller's, and whispered, old Watkin Waller, "I've seen Master Ingoldsby, God preserve him, and another time will tell you all about it."

The inquisitive old bibliopolist peeped over the hatch, with spectacles on nose, crying, "hilloa, stop, Master Caleb," but he was too late, the generous tavern-keeper seemed to mend his speed at every step; he was impatient to make his way to the poulterer's to acquaint his excellent help-mate with the fruits of this interview.

CHAPTER III.

THE OLD BLACK EAGLE IN AN UPROAR.

" How now? Whose mare's dead? What's the matter?
SHAKSPEARE.

" CHRIST! vot a noble chentleman vosh dat Colonel *Ingolshpie*," said *Mordecai*. " So vash Master Caleb *Jonshon*, and so vash dame *Jonshon*: it vas a comfort to have dealings with the Devil, so help me G—d."

" Out! thou reprobate Jew, why every other sentence is a blasphemy, where dost expect to go to, wicked wretch! Why thou unrighteous Israelite, how canst thou be vending these holy prayer books, with naught but oaths in thy mouth? why thy very breath is pollution," snuffled the hypocritical old shop-keeper.*

* The Black Eagle had been a book-shop, from the time of Queen Elizabeth, in whose reign the weather-cock from the top of the lofty spire of old St. Paul's cathedral was blown down in a hurricane, and falling near the north porch, demolished the bookseller's sign.

"I'll not shwear no more, so help me——" "Hold," said Watkin Waller, placing his hand before the Jew's mouth; "if thou dost not forbear I'll have no more dealings with thee, thou remorseless sinner."

"Strichke me——Vell, I vont. But vot in the varld ish the prayer book to me, good Master Waller? It ish not any religion at all of mine. But I will not have no words with mine good customer. How moche vosh it you'll give for the lot? Only ten left; all as cheap as dirt, so help——"

"What! again?" exclaimed the bookseller.

"O! mine dear, vot a good man you vosh!" said the accommodating Jew. "It ish a bad custom—vot I learned as I vosh a little boy. Mine grandfather, Rabbi Moses, vosh swear, and mine grandmother, Rabbi Moses, vosh swear; mine blessed father vosh swear; and mine blessed mother vosh swear, so mine broders and sister all swear; and sister Rachel vosh swear most of all; but Rachel ish an apostate, and a Christian, and married a Muggletonian shoemaker, and he has cured her of cursing with his leathern strap. Blow me down dead, but he

is a pretty villain for his part." Here the Jew placed his finger on his nose, and raising his wrinkling brow, with a shrug of the shoulders, added, " for he is a resheiver of stolen goods ! "

" Wheugh," whistled the old bibliopolist, " a notable genealogy of cursers and swearers. I pity thee, Master Mordecai—I pity thee indeed —I pity thee from my heart. Ah, Mordecai," examining the bindings of the common prayer books, " if thou would'st read the holy precepts inclosed in these covers, thou would'st forbear the sinful habit, and become a fair trader, and upright in all thy dealings—as I am, Master Mordecai. Look here, open this, and read the Lord's Prayer, and be a Christian."

The Jew shut his eyes, and rejected the book with outstreched hands. " I vosh not read not at all; I vosh not buy the books to read; I vosh buy the books to sell—all in the way of business. Come, vot say you to forty shilling each quarto—come, take the two at thirty-eight; fine type, fine paper, peautiful binding—the silver clasp shall melt for as moche; great pargain, so help me ——. Vell, vell, I vont swear

no more. Schmite me to the dust, but it is as cheap as dirt."

"Let us see. Humph! money is money now-a-days; never knew it so scarce. So, then —two quartos at twenty-five shillings each, five octavos at eight, three duodecimos at four—that makes a hundred and two shillings. Come, Master Mordecai, there is no business stirring; I'll be plain with you," said old Waller, who was a notorious skin-flint, "I'll count you out four pounds ten shillings at a word, and one farthing more I will not give. Every body can vouch for my open dealings."

"Christ! vot a Jew you vosh, in making the pargain. Schmite me tead and dark in your shop——Vot! do you think I stole them? Vy every copy is of the value of twice as much money. Give me the other twelve shilling—five pound two shilling, by your own reckoning, Master Waller. I just parted with a quarto to as big a villain as ever vosh, one money schrivener in *Paul's-Walk*, for five and forty shilling, as I hope to be shaved."

"Thou hope to be saved! I'll warrant me

thou'lt not meet another shop that will deal as liberally as the Black Eagle, within the city walls. The copies are all *perfect*, I suppose. I have no time now to collate them; but call to-morrow, or the next day, and you shall have the money."

"O! vot this is your manner of doing business, Master Waller. You vosh very liberal in your conscience. Give me the books. I could find a score of chapmen in Paternoshter-Row. The article shall rise you a matter of fifty per shent in a week. Blister me all over, if I stole the books if I vosh sell 'em for von shilling less."

The wily, over-reaching old Waller, knew the growing demand for common prayers; he could lay his finger on twenty customers for every copy. "Well, well," said Waller, again looking at the title page and final leaf; "I suppose I may take your word," twirling the leaves once more; "so cut off the ten shillings, and I'll post you three pounds. Never was there such scarcity of ready cash, to be sure, since I have done business."

"Schmite my father's bones if I vosh do any

such thing." The Jew saw the old pike was eager to swallow the bait. "Vell! you are too hard, Master Waller; come, we vosh split the difference. Hand me the half of twelve shilling —is six. Cheap as dirt, and I vosh make a better pargain some other time." Old Waller fought hard for the reduction, but Mordecai was stout; so going to his till, and taking a bowl of silver, he selected the sum in Oliver Cromwell crowns, as he had heard they were to be called in by proclamation, and many weak people were parting with these coins from their hoards at a loss of five per cent. So he counted them out with seeming reluctance, whilst the Jew chinked each upon the counter, to prove that they were no counterfeits; and taking up his empty bag, shook his head, saying, as he opened the hatch, "Ah! you vosh cruel hard at making a pargain; so fare you well, Master Waller."

No sooner had Mordecai turned the corner, than old *Sly-boots*, as he was designated in the *Row*, began to polish the clasps with a piece of chamois leather, singing and whistling by turns the old ditty of *Pierce Plowman* and the Cheats of London, chuckling at his bargain with the

Jew; when, in the midst of his exultation, in stalked Lawyer *Prynne*, who, well skilled in ancient lore, was a buyer of scarce books. Old Watkin Waller, as before related, had become a royalist; so, thinking to have a sly wipe at the *precisian*, who was one of the righteous who had so piously voted for the abolition of the book of common prayer, he handed him a quarto copy, saying, "I've just made a notable bargain this morning, good master Prynne," chuckling and rubbing his hands—"a few copies of the *interdicted* book." "What book?" said Prynne. "And be it thy pleasure thou mayest look," said Waller, eyeing the querulous barrister with the cunning of a fox. Prynne carelessly glanced at the title page, and turned over a few leaves, when looking contemptuously at the bookseller, "Why, thou illiterate ass," said he, "these are Popish prayer books!"

"The devil! thou dost not say so, master Prynne. *Curse* the rogue! then he has taken me in. The Jew rascal! I'll trounce the blasphemous miscreant, if I do not plague take me. Od-zounds, and so they be; curse and confound the rogue—the thief—the villain!"

"Swear not, curse not, weak old man. 'Cursed be he that curseth another,' saith the word. What! thou hast been outwitted by that Mordecai, who hath been taking in all the town with papistical prayer books, with false titles, printed on purpose to deceive. This is another manifestation of the judgments of the Most High upon this sinful city. Yea, fraud is going to and fro, seeking whom it may devour. Thou art a rapacious worldly wight in all thy dealings, notoriously so, Master Waller, and my inward spirit rejoiceth that the biter is bit;" when, shutting the book, and gravely fastening the clasps, he laid it upon the counter, took up his gloves, and with his wonted solemn stiffness departed forth from the shop with a groan.

Old Waller stood astounded, and groaned too. To be tricked of his nineteen Oliver's crowns was misery enough, but to be outwitted in a bargain, to be thus over-reached by an itinerant Jew, with whom all barter with caution, was an aggravation beyond bearing; so meeting his old spinster sister, and co-partner in the business, who heard all that had passed, in the little passage at the foot of the stairs, and open-

ing his budget of calamity to his fellow-sufferer, instead of meeting the condolence he sought, the sarcastic Miss Abigail, who was a furious *Independent*,* exclaimed, "Out upon thee! ac-

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* So ere the storm of war broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various rout,
Of petulant capricious sects,
The maggots of corrupted texts.

This mischievous sect laboured incessantly, and with too much success, to undermine the church and destroy episcopacy. To effect which they wilfully perverted the Scripture, and mutilated texts to suit their own purposes: Hence learning, decorum, and unaffected piety, gave way to ignorance, presumption, and hypocrisy; and itinerant enthusiasts were sought, and encouraged to go to every part of the kingdom, to *preach* and *expound* the word. Oliver Cromwell, one of the sect, frequently mounted the conventicle pulpit—so did the officers and soldiers—they preached and prayed, and then they fought.

Oliver was notorious for misinterpreting of the word. He preached at Sir Peter Temple's, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and his sermon was printed, entitled, "*Cromwell's Learned, Devout*, and *Conscientious Exercise*, upon Romans xiii.;" wherein he began—"Dearly beloved brethren and sisters, it is true this text is a

cursed apostate; what possessed thee to barter with a Jew for that sort of ware? This comes of

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malignant one; the wicked and ungodly have abused it very much; but, thanks be to God, it was to their own ruin.

"But now that I spoke of kings, the question is, whether by the *higher powers* are meant kings or commoners. * * * *Paul* speaks in the *plural number*, higher powers: Now had he meant subjection to a king, he would have said, let every soul be subject to the higher *power*, if he had meant one man; but by this you see he meant more than one: He bids us be subject to the higher powers, that is, the *Council* of *State*, the *House* of *Commons*, and the *Army*." What followed cannot surprise, when this wilful perversion of Scripture was taken for gospel.

> "The *Independents* whose first station,
> Was in the rear of *Reformation*,
> A mongrel kind of *church dragoons*,
> That serv'd for horse and foot at once;
> And in the saddle of one steed,
> The *Saracen* and *Christian* rid;
> Were free of ev'ry spiritual order,
> To *preach* and *fight*, and *pray* and *murther*."

Sir Roger L'Estrange, speaking of the saints of this age, observes, "That they did not set one step in the

thy loyalty, thou old scape-grace. 'Tis a notable way of doing business, thou hound! Aye, 'tis high time to take down the sign of the *Black Eagle*, and hang up the sign of the *Goose*."

Mistress Abigail and he had led a continued cat-and-dog life together, ever since the death of Godfrey Waller, the father of the hopeful pair, who was one of the elders in the congre-

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whole tract of this iniquity, without *seeking the Lord first, and going up to enquire of the Lord*, which was no other than to make God the author of sin, and to impute the blackest practices of hell to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

" It was with this pretext of *seeking the Lord in prayer*, that *Cromwell*, *Ireton*, *Harrison*, and others of the *Regicides*, cajoled General *Fairfax*, who was determined to rescue the king from execution, giving orders to have it speedily done; and when they had notice that it was over, they persuaded the *general* that this was a full return of prayer, and God having so manifested his pleasure, they ought to acquiesce in it."

" So the late saints of blessed memory,
Cut throats in Godly pure sincerity;
So they with lifted hands and eyes devout,
Said grace, and carv'd a slaughter'd monarch out."
Oldham's Satyre.

gation of the Independents, and as wily an old rogue as the deepest of that sanctified fraternity Waller's loyalty, and church, and kingship, originated less out of respect to the cause, than in hatred to her notions, and those of her puritanical friends, who drew largely upon her savings, and straitened brother Watkin in capital to drive on the joint business of the shop. His exultation at the approaching Restoration of King Charles, kept his sister continually in her tantarums: hence their domestic war was the conversation of all the wits and wags who dropped in at the Black Eagle.

Old Watkin, who was her match in expedients, and scarcely less vindictive, determined to play her a trick. "I'll take thee at thy word," said he, unhanging his cloak from the peg behind his desk, and putting on his high crowned hat, he hastily quitted the shop, shutting the half door after him with a bang, then turning sharply round, and thrusting his head back, he added, "I'll make thee remember the sign, I'll warrant me: yes, yes, mistress, the old eagle shall come down, and the *young lion* shall hang in its place."

"Here, take the Jew's bargain with thee," exclaimed the virago, hurling one of the quarto prayer books, with vengeance at his head, through the door-way, seizing another to dispose of in the like manner, when, as her evil genius would have it, the volume came in contact with a city apprentice's skull, which laid him flat and senseless on the pavement. This was a direful misfortune for the old *Independent;* as the city apprentices at that moment, a most formidable body, were raving politicians, and all for church and king. A gang of these uncontroulable youths were on their way to Whitehall, to witness the preparations for the reception of the expected monarch.

To make the matter the worse, one of the clasps of the heavy book, which was thrown with the force of a *catapulta*, for old Abigail was six feet high, broad, strong, and bony withal, made a deep gash in his forehead, from which ran a copious stream of blood. "The old beldam has done for him, sure-enough!" said one—"Aye! he is a corpse indeed!" said another, picking up the book, and on beholding the

title, ran to the shop, crying, "You will be damned and go to hell, old Jesabel, what! throw the Word of God away from thee!" When seizing the other which lay open outside the door, and a passing stationer discovering that they were Romish prayer books, with false titles, the crowd increased, and the enraged apprentices began to ransack the premises. "Bring her out, the old Jesuit," cried the mob. "Here are more of them," cried one of the apprentices, "Here's roguery come to light! Puritans and Popish prayer books."

"Tear the old witch to pieces," vociferated another. "Break her windows," said a glazier in a low voice; and no sooner said than done. The pavement pebbles, beside the kennel, were torn up, and the windows, frames and all, were smashed in, with a noise that alarmed the neighbourhood. "Church and king, you old murderess." "Away with her to Newgate," "Hang her up on her own sign." "Down with the house," and half a score of lusty youths, wrenched the door off the hinges.

When the young man, who appeared pale and senseless, was carried to St. Bartholomew's,

the rage of his fellows menaced destruction on the head of the monstrous woman; who far from expressing contrition, seemed to glory in the deed, as one directed by the arm of the Lord, in his holy vengeance upon the *apostate* apprentices.

Fortunately, however, Dr. South, a clergyman of the Church of England, who happened to witness the beginning of the commotion, interposed, and being well known, he stepped forth and addressed the rioters. "Hold, hold, forbear young men, my loyal and worthy friends; do not take the law into your own hands, the law will do you justice: procure a warrant, and give the woman over to the police."

"Church and king!" cried the apprentices, "God bless you, Dr. South." The appeal happily was not made in vain; it was the first admonition they had received from so venerable a quarter, and was respected accordingly. A deputation from the apprentices was despatched to the sitting alderman at Guildhall, and a party remained to guard the door of the Black Eagle, lest Mistress Abigail should attempt an escape: but this precaution was un-

necessary. The remorseless fanatic, fearless of consequences, was determined to brave it out.

Whilst Abigail was thus assailed, her malicious partner brother was on his way to drive a bargain with Matthew Barlowe's *quaker* shopman, in Harp Alley, for a new sign of the King's Head, little dreaming of the sudden *hurly-burly* at the Black Eagle.

CHAPTER IV.

STRANGE DOINGS IN HARP ALLEY.

" This their jangling I esteem a sport."
SHAKSPEARE.

ARRIVED at Master Barlowe's, the close fisted trader could not agree about price, nor settle whether he should purchase a Royal Oak, or a King's Head: " What may be the amount of this," pointing to a large pannel, " Master Jonathan."

" What, thou needest one friend," replied the quaker.

" I ask you what one of these may be worth," said the bookseller, petulantly.

" Signs be signs, in these times, I assure thee, friend Waller," said Jonathan, see-sawing on his toes and heels; " trade flourisheth, and industry prevaileth from the morning until the night, in our master's house: yea, orders be forth-coming, from the east and the west, from

the north and the south, and he that would be well served, should not tarry long."

"Then why dost prate, what is the value of this King's Head?"

"The good man of this house, estimateth the cunning labour of his own hand, friend Waller, and he hath not vouchsafed to communicate to Jonathan his servant, other than that one be of one price, and another be of another price: yea, Matthew Barlowe reserveth unto himself the value thereof."

"Then thou prevaricating blockhead, my time be of some value if thine be not. Confound thy stupidity, what is the price of this King's Head? hast wit enough to answer a plain question?"

"Peradventure, thou wanteth it for thyself."

"What is that to thee,—I ask the price,—thou oaf."

"Peradventure, thou wanteth it per order from one of thy country correspondents, for *thou* do'st trade under the sign and symbol of the Black Eagle."

"But thou inquisitive—prying—stiff—obstinate—"

"Nay, friend Waller, thou hast no occasion: if thou needest the article for thyself, he who employeth me would charge thee one sum; if for another, then would he demand another, allowing thee a fair and equitable profit, according to the custom of trade, for the maxim of Master Matthew Barlowe, yea, and a wholesome maxim it be, is to do unto another, as he would another should do unto him."

"Aye! thou art a smooth spoken one, Master *Aminidab*," said Watkin Waller with a sneer, "though I do not think a whit the better of thee, for being a disciple of that *obstinate* fanatic George Fox." *

* *George Fox*, the founder of this sect, affirmeth, "That when the Lord sent him into the world he forbad him to *put off his hat to any*, high or low; and that he was required to *thee* and *thou* men and women, without any respect to rich or poor, great or small; and as he travelled up and down, he was not to bid people good-morrow and good-evening; neither might he *bow* or *scrape the leg* to any one."

The obstinacy of the primitive quakers, made a part of the strange religious drama of the seventeenth century. Bishop Parker says, "They scarce accounted any act so religious, as to resist human autho-

"It moveth not my inward man to ill will, friend Waller, in hearkening to thy revilings. George Fox recommendeth the living together in peace and brotherly love. Thy sister and thee hath had words this morning, as I gathered from thy own complaints to our friend and neighbour, Potter, the cordwainer, on the threshold of this house, and verily thou art moved to drive a bargain in anger, yea in a froward and unchristian spirit;" then again raising himself

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rity; therefore, they met the oftener, because they were forbid; (viz. by the 35th of Queen Elizabeth, against the assemblies of *fanaticks*,) nor could they by any force be drawn away one from another, till a merry fellow hit upon this stratagem: he proclaimed in the king's name, that it should not be lawful for any one to depart without his leave, and he had scarcely done this, when they all went their ways, that it might *not* be said, that they *obeyed* any man.

George Fox, born at Drayton in Lincolnshire, in 1624, was apprenticed to a shoe-maker, and followed his trade in Nottingham, until partaking of the fanaticism of the times, his heated imagination engendered *spiritual illuminations*, which urged him to set about the reformation of mankind. He asserted that he received his instructions immediately from the holy

on his toes, and dropping upon his heels, he added "*my* spirit moveth me to utter the *word*, wherein it is written, '*Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath.*'"

"What is the price of this sign, thou impudent, stiff-necked hypocrite? raved old Waller, increasing his voice at each word; "mind thine own affairs, or at least attend to thy master's. Dost think I have nothing better to do than stand here to hold a cabal with a preaching fool of a quaker?"

"The price then," said Jonathan, "to *thee*, peradventure if it *be* for thyself, will be two pounds and ten shillings."

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spirit. His wife under a like delusion, fancied herself inspired too, and preached to their followers.

From these sprung that respected fraternity, denominated Quakers, who live in peace and charity with all men. The sect, however, was upheld by William Penn and Robert Barclay, whose *Apology for the Quakers*, is a work of good sense and piety, and abounding in Christian charity.

The morality, justice, and plain dealing of the brethren is proverbial. But when a member does disgrace their congregation, he is generally found to be a "*Rogue in Grain.*"

"But suppose it be *not* for myself, what then?"

"Why, if thou hadst answered yea or nay, when I civilly questioned thee, thou mightest have gotten thy satisfaction."

"Well then, thou quibbling ignoramus, I want to send it to a customer, and what then?"

"Yea then, (now I will try thy veracity, thought Jonathan) in that case, neighbour Waller, the charge will be ten shillings more."

"O! sayst thou so!—why thou over-reaching fraudulent, here is a pretty specimen of quaker cunning: a notable way of cheating; why master sheep-face, thou art a greater rogue than I suspected."

"Sixty shillings, friend Waller, albeit three pounds. They will be much riz in price, I am moved to calculate within, a calendar month; for verily the demand exceedeth the labour of the ingenious workers in paint, and already doth the times manifest by the multiplying of loyal signs, the marvellous goodness of the Giver of peace, unto thy long afflicted people. Hosanna!"

"Hold thy cant, and keep thy breath to cool thy pottage, I am rather too old to be cozened of

my wit, by thy artful forbearance, thou cunning disciple of that wily old *Fox*, so let's have no more of it, I shall take thy first price, I only wanted to know the difference, and then, *cunning Isaac*, mind me, I shall have an abatement, I pay ready money."

"Thou hast only thine own consent, friend Waller. There are two parties to this bargain, and I am moved in integrity to my employer, to take thee at thine own word," when Jonathan reached the order-book, and taking the pen from his ear, and dipping it into the ink, he added, "I will thank thee, neighbour, to hand me the direction to thy country correspondent; it will be packed carefully, carried to the Inn, and forwarded forthwith by waggon, providence permitting."

"Inn! waggon! hey, cunning Isaac! why I tell thee, the sign is for myself, for my *own* shop; what now, aye! thou *art* a quaker sure enough."

"Friend Waller, thou hast just said, that the sign was *not* for thyself, and wouldst thou, that I should suspect thee of a non-truth: that thou wouldst falsify thyself for ten shillings; that were not charitable. Sixty shillings be the

market price thou wilt be constrained to pay, or the sign will not be removed to thy order."

"Aye, aye, as I suspect, what, put the difference in thy own pocket. I shall up to Master Barlowe's premises myself, and talk over the matter with *him*. I am a match for thee, master *smooth face;* meek mister *yea* and *nay*. Alas! what will this land come to! what of your sectaries, and back-sliders one and 'tother: Anabaptists, Independents, Quakers, Seekers, Shakers, Muggletonians, and I wot not what else beside, Lord preserve us! *Have* you, or have you *not* a mind to make a deal of it? Come now, where will be the hurt, suppose I pay thee the first price, and then divide the difference, five shillings I save, where's the harm o' that, Jonathan, hey? and five for thyself, and nobody is wronged, nay 'tis a free gift o' my part: come, agreed, let's have no words, hey? the bargain is struck."

"The spirit moveth me to answer *nay*," replied Jonathan, "thou mayest go to the backside of our premises, if thou wilt, friend, and drive thy bargain with the good man above."

The prying old Waller, not displeased at the

opportunity to speculate upon what was going on in the manufactory, went through the house, across the back yard, and ascended the steep step-ladder which led to Barlowe's painting loft. This was a long, spacious, crazy building of lath and plaster, with oiled paper instead of glass, and the walls daubed with monsters of all kinds, by the urchin colour grinders. He obtained admission amongst the busy painters, five-and-twenty at least, exclusive of apprentices, manufacturing symbols of loyalty, with palette on thumb, copying their respective patterns, *King's arms* for church altars, and *King's heads* for sign-posts, with the utmost diligence, as every town and every village were pouring orders in upon the thriving concern, faster than they could supply them. Hence the audacious Killegrew * observed to the king, shortly after

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* Thomas Killegrew, the poet and play-wright, born in 1611, had been page of honour to King Charles I. and was appointed groom of the bed-chamber to Charles II., whom he faithfully attended during his exile. This lively wight, whose person was almost as comical as his humour, was a great favourite with the gay

his Restoration, "And please your Majesty, that republican dog, Matt Barlowe, is making the *amende honorable*, or the devil's in it." "How so?" inquired the king. "Why please you, *most sacred sire*, is he not planting loyalty all over the kingdom, and making the *face royal* in every village as common as crab-apples?"

"Hilloa! and who sent for you old screw-penny?" said Matt Barlowe, as the bookseller entered the loft, winking to Colonel Ingoldsby, whispering, "let us have a little fun with my jockey."

Ingoldsby was in disguise, sitting as a special favour to aid his old friend Matthew, in fabricating a sign at the expence of Prynne the Puritan. Ingoldsby, though without his malice, was as frolicsome as Lord Rochester, or the wittiest of the mad-cap courtiers, who had

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monarch. Indeed privileged by his wit, he could obtain access to the king, when his ministers were denied an audience. By those of the court, who envied the favourite, he was commonly designated the king's jester. Killegrew wrote eleven plays, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, in 1682.

followed the fortunes of King Charles in his exile.

Matthew Barlowe was painting, as has been mentioned before, by order of mine host, a new sign of St. Dunstan taking the Devil by the nose, and Ingoldsby, who had an excellent faculty for sketching a likeness, had struck out with chalk, a capital resemblance of old Caleb Johnson, fresh from recollection of the recent interview with that worthy. He was prompt at a joke, and there was no end to his wit; so impressed with the renewed recollection of the persecution of Prynne, to the loyal tavern-keeper, said he to Matt, as frolicksome a wight as himself, "Damme Matt, let us see if we cannot muster talent to travestie the sign. Turn St. Dunstan into mine host, and the devil into the likeness of Prynne. *Lex talionis*, the landlord in effigy, taking the Puritanical lawyer by the nose, with the red hot tongs. That will make the *lop-eared* old son of a w——e smart again, and remember his sending mine host to limbo."

"But, I cannot paint a likeness at all," said Barlowe, "excepting the king's, and that is

from a daub of *Peter Hoskins's*,* who did it from memory, whilst in the Fleet. Confound it—however I will try, so here goes," spreading white Indian red, and black in various graduations upon his palette. "Let me think," said he, "has not mine host a red nose? Lucky enough by goles," said Matt, "I have dead coloured in old St. Dunstan, as a fat, chubby-faced friar, from an unfinished study of Isaac Fuller's, and I'll be whipped, if I do not think upon that from your sketch, we may contrive it. Here boy," addressing one of his fags, "hand me a clean *palette*, set me some finishing flesh tints, white, Naples yellow, Venetian red—what is it? zounds, I have got it somewhere; can any one of you tell me what were Vandyke's tints? O! vermilion," singing and whistling by turns, as he compounded the tints.

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* Peter Hoskins, an indifferent painter in oil, son of John Hoskins the miniature painter, and master of the celebrated Isaac Oliver and Samuel Cooper. Peter, who was a bon vivant, died in 1684, and was buried in Covent Garden church-yard.

" And who gave thee that jolly red nose ?
Cinnamon and ginger, nutmegs and—

where the devil did you get this vermilion, boy? damme 'tis as gritty as gravel. What a set of thieves, as Isaac Fuller says, these levigators adulterate every thing; there is no genuine red to be got. Go boy round to your mistress, and beg her in Christian charity to send me the bottle of Chinese red, that which old Hoskins gave me. By the fates, what would *I* not give if I had Master Bobby Walker here."

" *Talk of the old one, his imps appear.*" " I ask your pardon, though," said prying old Walter Waller, " but here is Master Walker coming across the yard, if my eyes do not deceive me," putting his spectacles on his nose.

" No ! you don't say so," replied Barlowe, when in bounced the very painter himself, exclaiming, " what, Matty my boy, how fares it with you," shaking him heartily by the hand ; " where is Ingoldsby ? I've some good news to tell him."

" Who informed you that he was here?" enquired Matthew.

"Why, your rib," replied Walker. Mrs. Barlowe and Master Walker were brother and sister, and fondly attached to each other.

"Apropos! a lucky star sent you hither brother Robert;* come just in the nick of time; take my palette here, and my pencils, and earn your salt. I know you are on the holiday, on the *idle*, hey Bob? come my hearty, you love to be useful, touch us in a portly, fine, tavern-keeper looking, claret-faced phizz, for this sign of St. Dunstan and the Devil."

"A what! a fine tavern-keeper-looking.—How am I to make out what sort of a thing you would have? Surely, you have lived long enough to know Matt, that us portrait painters never do any thing without a prototype. What have we here, though?" taking up the sheet of cartridge, on which Ingoldsby had sketched the likeness of Caleb Johnson. "Whose handy work may this be, master Matt?" It was in

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* Robert Walker, principal painter to Oliver Cromwell, who, gay spark as he was, lived not to participate in the fun and frolic which immediately succeeded the Restoration.

black, white, and red chalks. "This is not your's, hey, Matthew?" "no that you may swear," said Barlow. "Cannot you guess."

"No, I do not know the hand, it is a spunky thing though faith," said Walker, "and a good character, stop,—I've seen that phiz somewhere. I faith—surely 'tis mine host of the Devil."

"Then it must be like—that is beyond all dispute, if you say so brother Walker, and cannot you make a guess, whose it is?"

"Not I, unless it be Dick Ingoldsby's."

"You have hit it," said Barlow; "and so you think it has some merit, hey! brother?"

"Merit! humph. Yes just such a thing as such a harum scarum, devilish clever fellow, as a soldier artist would dash in; like himself all fire and independence. I wish from my heart, he had done as you have done Matt, turned painter, and left off following the drum: carried these harmless colours of Minerva, instead of those of Bellona; he'd have made a better business of it. Come give us the palette,—Who set these tints? ha—ha—ha," shaking his head, "I'll tell thee what, brother Matt, excuse me: Ingoldsby would have cut you clean out

at face painting, that is the fact. Why, what the deuce! you might daub in a red lion, or a milk-sign, well enough, with this brick-dusty arrangement; but as for a human face, cry your mercy, Matt. Here, my little man," giving the *palette* to the boy, "scrape these colours off, and wipe it clean. Here, Matt, where are your colour pots; Lord help us, smudge pots I should swear; what an *arcana!* why, Matt,—what do you grind your pigments in the cart ruts with a waggon wheel?"

"Yes, verily, and his vanity tints in a potter's mill," said Ingoldsby, in the canting nasal twang of the conventicle, without altering a muscle of his visage.

Walker, who was full of fun, turned his back, convulsed with suppressed laughter; what canting saint art thou, thought he. So taking a stool, and seating himself before the easel that held the sign, which was a pannel five feet and a half high, and four feet wide, he contrived to hide himself from the searching stare of the old frump, shaking his shoulders with his risibility, when collecting his countenance, with great effort, he began to advance, with his work on

the head of St. Dunstan, prepared already for finishing, and dashed in the character with marvellous dexterity; "Lord! how like," said Matthew, looking on with rapture, as the painting proceeded; "there, now," said he, "a little more vermillion on this cheek, brother Walker, and a higher light on the forehead, that is the mark, and a little more breadth of dew-lap there, the old tapster has a most capacious double chin. 'Admirable! excellent, nothing can be more like; don't be sparing of colour, dash it on, never fear; when seen at a distance, it will be capital, every thing will find its place: Damme, this will gravel old Prynne, sure enough, my masters. But, how are we to manage his incomparable phiz,* for there is

* Prynne used to write heroic verses. His elegant apparatus for the solicitation of the muses, says Dr. Gray, quoting Anthony Wood, was "when he studied, to draw on a long loose quilted cap, which came an inch over his eyes, seldom eating any dinner, he would every three hours or more be munching a roll of bread; and now and then refresh his exhausted spirits, with ale brought him by his servant.

nothing like it in the shape and cut of humanity."

"Hush, hist," whispered Matthew Barlowe, "that grave old divine, in the black cloak, and high crowned hat, has engaged to sit for the devil; we selected him from his resemblance to the old puritanical barrister."

For his poetic talent, he is thus complimented by Cowley—

"—— One lately did not fear
Without the Muses' leave to plant verse here.
But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, *hedge-Rhymes*, as e'en set the *Hearers* ears an edge.
Written by William Prynne, Esqui-re, the
Year of our Lord six hundred thirty three."

At this period, many who felt the inspirations of grace, were wont sometimes to woo the Graces: But their favors no more than those of the Muses, were gifts to bestow on puritanical lawyers, or preaching tinkers and cobblers. Hence, some wag wrote

When each notch'd prentice might a poet prove,
Warbling thro' the rose a hymn of love;
When sage *George Withers*, and grave lawyer Prynne
Himself might for a poets' share put in.

"Why! what a Judas!" whispered Walker, What a betrayer, confound them, they would every man of them cut each other's throats, the jesuitical rascals. But, Matt, now you must manage his hypocritical phiz yourself; you may do it in black relief, for, by the Lord! I dare not trust myself with another look at him, I shall certainly laugh in his face. You know my infir—fir—firmity," beginning to shake his sides, "no Matt, I shall die, I am already choaking."

"Well, laugh, and you will," said Barlowe; "I will have a dust with that old rogue of a bookseller, and then Bob you may affect to be laughing at *him*."

Encouraged by this stratagem, Walker, having a licence for the exercise of his risible propensity, naturally enough felt no present disposition to laugh, and so peeping round, on one side of the panel, he addressed old square-toes, with, "I am afraid we shall wear out your patience, reverend sir; you have been seated there some long season me-thinks."

"Proceed with thy carnal operation man; thou needest not to trouble thyself of me.

Sitting is profitable for holy meditation," accompanying his reply with a groan.

"Yes, and for hatching of mischief as they have it in my country," said old Walter Waller, in his spleen against the puritans, who had not put in a word for a long time. He had been slyly observing the operation of the workmen, and calculating by whispering questions, how long a king Charles would take to complete, the price of the panel and paints, and what might be its neat value, according to time and wages, preparatory to driving his bargain.

"Thou art a bibliopolist, foolish old man, and resideth with that meek pattern of piety, thy sister Abigail—art thou not?" inquired the pseudo Prynne, seemingly roused by his impertinence.

"That I am a bookseller is not to be denied," returned Waller; "but she whom thou mis-callest a pattern of piety, hath fleeced me by the dark connivance of those hungry wolves in sheeps' clothing, the independents; and as for her meekness, her tongue is as smooth as a farriers' file, and her fists as harmless as the heels of a skittish horse. I guess thou art

one of her canting vampires, and the Lord send a host of you within her clutches,—better take shelter under the hammers of a fulling mill."

"Thy tongue is as the tail of the scorpion, and thy breath as the venom of the asp. The injuries of that patient sister in the Lord, will rise up against thee, in the days that are numbered, thou vile apocryphal bibliopolist."

"Come, a truce my worthy friends," said Matt. with affected gravity. "This is not language fitting for Christians,—and pray what brought you hither, Master Waller."

"I came to spight that pious-meek sister of mine, Master Barlow, to purchase a *Kings-head*, a *Royal-oak*, a *Tumble-down-Dick*,* or any

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* *Tumble-down Dick.* This sign which became very general, particularly amongst the ale-house keepers, was invented to ridicule the imbecile Richard Cromwell, the lord protector, who was elected to the government, and proclaimed shortly after the death of his father.

> "Next him his *son* and *heir apparent*
> Succeeded, though a *lame vicegerent*;
> Who first laid by the parliament,
> The only *crutch* on which he *leant*:

other loyal sign. For, if I do not shame those canting, ranting spongers from my house, a

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And then sunk underneath the *state*,
That rode him above *horseman's weight*."
HUDIBRAS.

It is known to all that Richard Cromwell was obliged to abdicate. His incapacity was notorious, and he went to sojourn awhile on the continent. Whilst there, he proceeded from place to place under an assumed name, and made a visit *incog.* to the prince of Conti, who received all foreign strangers with courtesy, but particularly the English.

" Finding that the ex-protector was an Englishman, the prince began to discourse of the affairs of England," says Lord Clarendon, " and asked many questions concerning the king,(Charles II.) and whether all men were quiet, and submitted obediently to him ?" Which the other answered according to the truth. " Well," said the prince, " *Oliver*, though he was a *traitor*, and a *villain*, was a *brave fellow*, had great parts, and great courage, and was worthy to command. But for that *Richard*, that *coxcomb*, *coquin*, *poltroon*, he was surely the basest fellow alive; what has become of that fool, Sir ? How is it possible he could be such a sot ?" He answered that he was betrayed by those he most trusted, and who had been most obliged by his

murrain take me, if I will not dispose of stock, shut up my shop, and quit trade altogether in toto. I will! aye—as sure as my name be Walter."

"Out with thee, thou son of Belial," said old black-cap. "Thou art too fond of the flesh

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father. So being weary of his visit, he quickly took his leave, and next morning left the town, out of fear that the prince might find out, that he was that very fool and coxcomb he had mentioned so kindly, and two days after, the prince did come to know who it was he had treated so well.

"What's worse Old Noll is marching off,
And *Dick* his heir apparent,
Succeeds him in the government
A very lame vicegerent;
He'll reign but little time, poor tool,
But sink beneath the state;
That will not fail to ride the fool,
'Bove common horseman's weight."

Butler's Cobler, and Vicar of Bray.

There is a sign of the Tumble-down Dick, at a public-house, on the Surry side of London Bridge, entering the Borough.

pots of Egypt, to forego thy wordly pursuits, thou extortioner. Do thou so, and I and the remnant of the brethren in the spirit, will raise her up a tabernacle of strength; yea, her dwelling shall be propped with the shoulders of the righteous, and thy afflicted sister shall flourish in commerce, and abound in spice, frankincense, and myrrh, like queen Sheba, or the merchants, daughters of Sidon and Tyre."

"Prop her up!" exclaimed old Waller, his teeth chattering with rage. "The brethren in the spirit! Eat her up, that is more likely, a parcel of sanctified cormorants, vultures, that feed upon the credulity of the weak in the flesh; out upon thee, thou old Guy Faux, I'll warrant me thou hast a dark lantern, and other combustibles under thy cloak, ready to blow up the parliament house again; but, the king is about to do his work, and I shall live to see the whole kit of you hymning it on hurdles to Tyburn. I shall hold no more discourse with thee, old Guy,—ha—ha—ha. Take care of thy tinder box, Master Guy, the meek Mistress Abigail will furnish brimstone enough for matches, I'll warrant." So having given the puritan, as he

supposed, a Rowland for his Oliver, he turned him to Barlowe, saying, "What wilt thee charge me as a neighbour for one of these King's-heads? one of this size, I should desire to have it of large dimension, to stare the traitor saints in the face; I'll down with the eagle."

"Yea do thou so," said the Puritan, "for as the word has recorded, and it shall come to pass, that the eagle of the mountain shall be debased from her high seat, and the goose shall be exalted to her place."

"Curse and confound thee for a false prophet," exclaimed the enraged bibliopolist, strutting up to the mock saint. "I give thee the lie in thy teeth, thou incendiary—thou wily slanderer, it is thee, thou perfidious babbler, that hath put that insulting thought in sister Abigail's head. Yes, Master Barlowe," added the enraged bookseller, "now I have traced the fox to his den—yes, thou traitorous old powder plot, thou damnable old Guy, it is thee that hast brewed this fury 'twixt natural flesh and blood. I'll have thee trounced, thou traitor, thou peace breaker—thou devil incarnate, off

with thy band, thou priest of Dagon, and be hanged to thee,'' seizing the colonel by the collar, who losing his gravity in the scuffle, bereft at the same time of his high crowned hat, stood at once exposed, and laughing until he roared again; whilst the astonished old Waller staggered aghast, not knowing whether he was awake, or in a dream. "Why, hey! what in the name of wonder does all this mean? Surely I am becrazed—What! good lord! as I live—why 'tis colonel Ingoldsby. Excuse me, Sir, upon my word, Sir, I do not wish to give offence, Sir, but indeed this is carrying the joke too far, colonel, you have no right, Sir, to agitate an honest trader in this light, upon my conscience it is not fair, master colonel, to treat a reputable citizen of London in this guise. Whip me, Master Barlowe, if I know whether I am, I myself or no, for naught but fraud and cheatery, and enthralment has beset me this blessed morning."

"First comes a letter from a rascally limb of the law, threatening to trounce me for usury and false imprisonment, because I sought my own legally."

"O-O! say you so master bookseller; then you are the merciful gentleman who holds Master *Shirley* * in the Marshalsea," said Walker, "I would not stand in *your* shoes for a trifle."

"How dost thee find that out?" enquired the bookseller.

"That is my affair," replied the portrait-painter, eyeing him with a sarcastic sneer. "And so you dub yourself an *honest trader* do you,

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* *James Shirley* the poet who by turns, (like *Johns and Webster*,) was a school-master, and writer for the stage, and accordingly, as the times were *peaceable* or *turbulent* pursued one or other of these occupations. Some of his plays were written in the reign of King James the First, but their success does not appear to have been equal to their merit, until they were brought forward at the Restoration, when Sir William Davenant, with the aid of dresses and scenery, brought them before the public, and acquired for their author, a man of rare talent, both reputation and profit."

Shirley and his wife, overcome by the terror of the great fire of 1666, in which their house was consumed, died within twenty-four hours of each other, and were buried in the same grave.

and a *reputable* citizen of London, hey? old square-toes."

"I'll abide the consequences," said old Waller, "and that, master limner, is *my* affair, and what then, Sir?"

"Why, the *what then* is, that you are a *wily*, *rapacious*, old *extortioner*, and deserve to have your ears nailed to your own shop-door. What think you brother Matt, this fair trader here, holds poor *Shirley's* bond for thirty pounds, has sold his security for eighty, and has sent him to jail, his debtor the lord knows what. I wonder," says Walker, "who was generous and warm hearted? I wonder you *dare* look an honest man in the face."

"That is no affair of thine, Sir," said the bookseller; "beside which, sister Abigail's attorney at law, is our joint adviser, 'tis a joint affair, and I told Master Shirley, he might come to terms with *him* the said attorney. But your *poets* have no principle now-a-days, no, not a jot; they get into honest people's debt, and never pay nobody. Besides, he *bounces*, and is just as *haughty*, and as *thin skinned* forsooth,

and talks of his being a *gentleman*, as though he had an estate of five hundred a year."

Then, determined to proceed with the catalogue of his calamities, Waller resumed: "Then there's that rascally jew Mordecai, comes to my shop this blessed morning, and knowing that I am an easy, unsuspicious, open-dealing old fool, he sells me a lot of common prayers, at his own price, the remorseless rogue. And as I hope to be saved, for I had no time to examine them—Aye! in my usual way as sister Abigail justly says on that score at least, I say, as I had no time to examine them, took them all at his word, and lo! every copy turns out, neither more nor less than popish prayers."

"The devil!" exclaimed Ingoldsby, "then Master Mordecai has bamboozled me too, no doubt. Confound the rogue, by the lord, a fellow ought to have all his eyes about him who buys *gospel* of an Israelite," when feeling in his pocket for the book, he began to solace himself, the mad-cap, by singing

There was an old woman of Kew,
And her age it was four score and seven,
Who vow'd she would wed with a Jew,
In her way to the kingdom of Heaven:

Say's she, I've a plenty of gold,
Say's he vot a useful commodity;
Never mind though you're ugly and old,
I'll tip you a kiss out of charity.
Tol de rol tol de rol lol.

'And O my dear Moses,' says she,
'I hope you will never be jealous;
For tanketing after of me,
Comes half a score handsome young fellows.'
Says Moses, 'I don't care a curse,
I *vosh* always remarkably civil,
Let me only lay hold on your purse,
Your *admirers* may go to the devil.'
Tol de tol lol de rol lol.

"This is vile work though, Master Moses Mordecai, to take in the poor and needy, to diddle a broken down soldier out of his silver crown."

"Hey! what! and is that all, Master Ingoldsby. O! then, that is no great matter, he bilked me of nineteen, yea, did the villain; but I shall have hold of him, and if I do not set him neck and heels in Bridewell, I am the greatest sinner in all Christendom."

"Let me see," said Ingoldsby, "Here is the title page. 'The Book of Common Prayer, as

appointed by the Church of England, Printed and Sold by the Company of Stationers.' Why, you slanderous old thief! look you here Matt Barlowe, and do you too Bob Walker; Why, 'tis as good and genuine a steeple house book as ever——"

"Go on, proceed, turn over the pages, one by one. Yes! yes! the precious rascal, he has had prayer-book titles printed on purpose. This stratagem it was that took me in. There my good masters he fastened on my credulity: every line, as I hope for salvation, is all Papishtry, all Roman Catholic, as you will find. That Mordecai is the very epitome of a lie."

"Why, thou senseless, impudent, falsifying old slanderer, look you here, aye! put on your nose glasses and satisfy yourself. Are you not ashamed and be damned to you, to vilify that poor itinerant in this way."

"I'll make affidavit, I'll swear upon the holy book, that the rascal has taken me in—yes, sure enough," examining the little copy of prayers, page by page, "this all right, certainly, a genuine copy: but nevertheless, he has jewed me, and that is the simple fact, my good masters, and pest take me, but I will trounce the villain."

The old bibliopolist was ready to burst with suppressed rage at the incredulity of the waggish triumvirate, when strange to say, Mordecai, whose industry, and general speculations seemed to endue him with ubiquity, for he was to be seen as it almost appeared, in twenty places at the same time, made his appearance.

He was ushered into the painting loft, by the quaker shopman of the busy sign-painter. "Do you vant some prime oak panel for signs, goot Master Barlowe? some of all sort and size, well seasoned, old as an hundred years, and all sound and not vorm-eaten. Vill sell the lot a great pargain, vorth any price, not another to be had in all London, so help me God."

Old Waller fixed his little grey eyes upon the Jew, like a lynx, and working his lips, and wriggling like a cat, preparing to pounce upon a sparrow, he sprang forth and upsetting the large sign of St. Dunstan and the Devil, with the colours, palettes, oil, turpentine, and the whole of the painter's rattle traps, seized the Jew by the throat, exclaiming, or rather screaming, "What you damned thief, and I have caught you."

Mordecai, without the least expression of fear, or even surprise, grasped the hand of the book-seller, saying, " I vosh desire you to keep off your fingers from my neck, if you please; vot vosh the matter, good Master Waller?" at the same time wresting open his knuckles with the utmost ease. " Tell me vot vosh the matter before these goot chentelmens."

" Thou hast robbed me of nineteen crowns, thou graceless Shylock," said old Walter, his face pale as a turnip, and his quivering lips as blue as a bilberry.

" I robbed you! mine soul! vy vot a fib, Master Waller; I vosh never rob man, voman, or child since I vos a baby in arms, as I hope for mercy."

" Don't perjure thyself, thou miscreant. Pray, Master Barlowe, do send your lad for a constable. There, go my boy, seek a constable, you will find one at the watch-house over the way in the market, and I will give thee—I will give thee a little book for a Christmas box." The old skin-flint, even in his perturbation, had an eye to his ready money.

" O! very vell, let the young lad get a

conshtable, I shall vait here. Go mine lad, by all means. Meanwhile a warrant is on foot for *you*, Master Waller; I am sorry for your misfortune—but, by this times, your house is all down about Mistress Abigail's ears."

"Hey! what do you say! what is this, you pick-pocket?"

"Nothing in the vorld, only, so help me God, Mistress Abigail has murdered a chenteel youth of the city, fractured his skull, and the apprentishes are razing the Black Eagle flat with the stones."

"O! O!—alas, alas! and has it come to this! I thought it would some day," exclaimed the bookseller; "Master *Culpeper** has fore-

* Culpeper and Lilly, the two celebrated astrologers, lived by terrifying both cavallier and round-head with their pretended prognostications. So superstitious were the times of the civil war, that even the king, and Oliver Cromwell, consulted the auguries of William Lilly. These impostors jointly predicted the total subversion of the law and gospel ministry. Two years afterwards they predicted "That the law should be pulled down to the ground; the *great* charter, and all our liberties, destroyed, as not suitable for Englishmen

boded it. O! the fatal Restoration. He told me to beware about the end of May. What dost say, thou Jew, murdered!"

"Aye, as I hope to be shaved. The poor young youth is as tead as mutton—gone to the bone-house on a shop-shutter; and Mistress Abigail, the vicked woman, it ish very pitiful, and I vosh grieved at mine heart; she is now in her lodgings at Newgate."

"Hey!—and what the deuce is the matter with *you*, Charles?" said Barlowe, to one of his apprentices, who just entered with his head bound up in a blood-stained handkerchief, no uncommon occurrence with him; he had been dispatched on an errand.

"I have just got a bit of a *scratch* on my *jobbernowl*, that is all, master, in a scuffle, by St. Paul's; not that I have had any hand in the rumpus—I was only a looker-on. They are pulling down the Black Eagle, and that old

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in these blessed times; that the crab-tree of the law should be pulled up by the roots, there being no reason now we should be governed by them."

presbyterian, *Mother Dannable* as she is called, is going to kick her heels in Newgate." Charles was a strapping fellow, and a notable hand at a street riot; but knowing his master was up to his ears in business, he was very diligent, and one of the best apprentices in London, as times went, for the greater number of them were incorrigibly wicked.

The bookseller now forgot his nineteen crowns, and the Jew stole off with his panels; when, clasping his hands, old Waller exclaimed, " the Lord's will be done! if she has perpetrated this mischief, why the law must take its course. What—how—tell me, young man. What are the circumstances of this calamitous affair. Heigh-ho! I shall certainly lose my mortal senses."

" Why, Sir," said the apprentice, " by what I could learn, she shied a Roman Catholic Bible at a young man's head, and has done for him, that is all. I did not see him myself, but the blood is on the stones, I suppose half a pail-full at least."

" And they are pulling down the house! O Lord! the old Black Eagle. Alas! alack-a-day!"

" I don't know as for that," said Charles, who was a lad of veracity; " I know this, that they have smashed in the whole of the shop front, window-frames and all, for I was present in the thick of it."

" O! you were, were you," said the wily old Waller, grinning maliciously; " then, you rascal, I'll have you hang'd. A ringleader, I'll be sworn. I'll come on the City-chamber for damages. And I give you notice hereby, gentlemen, I shall subpœna you all as witnesses, in evidence of this rogue's confession. I know thee of old, young scape-gallows. I am sorry for you, Master Barlowe, but it behoves all masters to keep their 'prentices at home in times like these. So thou must look to it, and abide all consequences;" on saying of which he took himself off, muttering all the way down, " Yea! trust *me*, Master Barlowe, but I will seek swingeing compensation; aye that I will, if there be any such thing as law in the land."

As soon as the bibliopolist had departed, Barlowe, with a searching look, enquired, " Charles, have you had any concern in this rumpus? Now answer me truly. I trust to

your candour, for this may turn out a serious affair."

"I have not, master; I told you so before," reddening, a little affronted, the high-spirited chap, at having his word doubted; "I was only a spectator, master, and getting myself jammed in the crowd, got a scratch or two, (the blood was then trickling from the wounds,) from a dead cat, with a brick-bat tied to her tail, which they were dinging in at the shop door, when lending the fellow who threw it a clout o' the ear, for he was but a hobbyty-hoy, I got clean out of the fray, and came straight home."

"I am satisfied," said the master, "you have acted discreetly, Charles, and you are a good fellow. So get you gone, you careless rogue, and get your broken pate looked to."

"What dauntless chaps these London 'prentices are," said Ingoldsby, as soon as Charles's back was turned; "I shall never forget their charge on the king's troops, at Naseby, under that old file *Dick Skippon.* * My

* Major Skippon, a soldier of fortune, one of those extraordinary men who have been made by the cir-

bloody boots and spurs! how they laid it on;—

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cumstances of such times as these, which, however they may be deplored, have brought genius and talent to light, which might have remained in obscurity. This *Skippon* had been a common soldier, and served in Holland. He was very illiterate, but had by nature that species of address which inspired his followers with confidence. He was appointed to form that corps, chiefly composed of city apprentices, he led to the field to join the Earl of Essex. The joining of these newly-raised forces, was fatal to the king for they fought with such bravery and resolution at the battle of Newberry, that they preserved the army of Essex.

Skippon thus addressed his train bands:—

"Come, my boys, my brave boys, let us pray heartily, and fight heartily; I will run the same fortune and hazards with you. Remember the cause is for God, and for the defence of yourselves, your wives and children. Come, my honest brave boys, *pray* heartily, and *fight* heartily, and God will bless you."

To encrease these forces to the utmost of their power, the city apprentices were encouraged to enlist by an ordinance of parliament, which delivered them from the authority of their masters, who were commanded to receive them on their return, and disbanding from military service, with a clause to indemnify

and who'd have thought it of such raw ones;

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the said masters from the damages they might sustain by their apprentices' absence.

The Lord Say and Seal, at a meeting at Guildhall, thus invoked the citizens to take up arms for the parliament:—"This is now not a time for men to think with themselves that they will be in their shops to get a little money. This is a time to do that in common dangers; let every man take his weapon in his hand, let him offer himself willingly to serve his God, and to maintain his true religion. You may remember what God saith by the prophet, '*My heart is set upon those people that are willing to offer themselves willingly upon the high places.*' Let every man therefore shut up his shop; let him take his musket, let him offer himself readily and willingly; let him not think with himself, 'Who shall pay me?' but rather think this, 'I will come forth to save the kingdom, to serve my God,' &c.

"Do as you do in common dangers. When there is a fire, men ask not who shall pay him for his day's wages, but every man cometh forth of his doors, helps to quench the fire, brings a bucket if he have one, borrows one of his neighbour if he have not; when the fire is quenched then the city will regard to repair any man that hath suffered all day: That do you, every one bring forth his arms if he have it, or borrow

the straight-haired nincompoops! * fellows, and be damn'd to them, that had been wont to

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of his neighbour; or he shall be armed by the state. Let every man arm *himself* and his apprentices, and come forth with boldness, and with courage, and with cheerfulness, and doubt not but God will assist you."

It was the City Train Bands, that corps chiefly composed of city apprentices, which has since been the butt for the unceasing wit and ridicule of poet and painter, scribbler and caricaturist, whose determined bravery, under the parliamentary standard, discomfited the royal armies, and principally served to determine the fate of the cruel war.

* " Made taylors' 'prentices turn heroes,
For fear of being *transform'd* to Meroz;
And rather forfeit their indentures
Than not espouse the Saints' adventures."
HUDIBRAS.

The *rebellious preachers* were wont to sound often in the ears of the people, to make them imagine they should fall under a grievous curse, if they, as many at least who were fit to make soldiers, did not list in the parliament army, to fight what these hypocritical rebels called, *The Lord's battles against the mighty;* that was, the king and all his friends. This text, Judges v. 28. *Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord;*

trundle a rolling-pin instead of trailing a pike; deputy venders of Spitalfields ribbons and pins —measurers of an ell of calimanco—quill-drivers, pepperers, and sugar-bag pasters; but, Lord! how they peppered away, and carried all before them!"

"I rode past old Cromwell, and by G—d his nose was as a flaming meteor. 'Forward, my babes of grace,' said he; 'forward, my darling Londoners. For God and the city. The arm of the Lord is with us;' and spurring his strawberry charger, spanked on pell-mell over every thing, like one of the old yeomen prickers. Lord what a day, Matt! I'll be sworn he rode down half a score of the king's heavy troopers at least, and his cuirass was as bloody as a chopping-block. It appears now all

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curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

"*Then curse ye* Meroz, *in each pulpit did thunder,*
To perplex the poor people, and keep them in wonder,
Till all the reins of government were quite broken asunder."
(*Vide* The Rump serv'd up with a grand Sallet.)
Loyal Songs.

as a dream. Ah, Matt, how many prime fellows dug their early graves under their own feet that day: noble cocks on both sides!"

"Did it never turn your heart sick, to listen to the word of command on the side of the enemy, in our own mother tongue, Ingoldsby? you, who had seen foreign service," enquired Walker.

"For God's sake let that alone," replied the soldier. "Yes, it turns my heart into my midriff to think of it. Many an old acquaintance met, with deadly determination that day, and rid away on sudden recognition, aye, even at a horse's length! Fatal necessity! I am thankful 'tis all over. If brother *will* arm against brother, let it never happen on earth again; better go to hell at once, and settle the business, with the devil as umpire."

"Be it so," said Barlowe, "for there is no appeal to the justice of men in civil broils."

"All which being said and done," said Walker, "now, Master Ingoldsby, do now be so civil as to make us a face, or we shall never finish the sign."

The prankish colonel had an extraordinary

faculty, namely, that of altering his visage to resemble that of another. Once at the mess, in Oliver Cromwell's quarters, when he commanded the horse near the city of York, Oliver, who malgre his canting and seeking the Lord, had occasional freaks of comical humour, which would have qualified him for a *merry Andrew*, "Come," said he, "Master Dickey, give us your picture gallery;" when, strange to say, such was the flexibility of his facial muscles, and such his memory, that he could make his phiz up, a Harry Tudor, a Sir Thomas More, an Erasmus, a Philip of Spain, and other well-known portraits hanging on the walls at Whitehall and Hampton Court, and with such identity of expression and character, that Oliver had been known to laugh till he cried again. "Thou droll dog, my own cousin Dick," said he one day, "were I king of England, I'd give thee a notable pension, and make thee '*Squire Joculorum* of my three kingdoms."

He was moreover a delectable mimic of Praise-God-Barebones, and Hugh Peters; and as for old Barrister Prynne's starched phiz, he could screw it up to the very letter. His humour was

irresistible, inasmuch as there was a story of his having tickled into risibility the staid features of Mistress Abitha Needham, the preaching anabaptist of Bow Brickhill. So, taking out his little pocket-book camp mirror, by which he shaved on service, and burning a cork on Barlowe's German stove, he strengthened the crows-feet on his own phiz, and screwed his features into the desired prototype. Walker set to with his painting tools, and using *asphaltum* and *copal*, finished the group of St. Dunstan and the Devil.

"I'faith!" exclaimed Barlowe, "that's the mark, brother Robert," with an encouraging slap on the shoulder. "I think mine host will chuckle at this. What think you Walker, will the old tapster come down a supper for the party?"

"One thing I'll be sworn, brother Matt," replied Walker, "if he does not, mine hostess will, for she cordially hates old Prynne, and all the saintly crew; and dame Johnson is not lacking of spirit."

This proposition, however, was merely idle talk, for no good fellows in town spent their cash more freely than all the friendly triumvi-

rate. Walker had been the Lord Protector's limner, and had, until lately, been much employed. "Painters need never trouble their noddles with politics," said Walker; and he steered his course, like old Vandevelde, protected alike from the thunder of all parties. For, as Barlowe used to say, "Brother Bob's heart is in the right place, and his purse is open to *round head* and *cavalier* alike, so that the client be worthy."

The sign being completed, it was carefully dispatched to mine host, guarded by slips of deal nailed in front, fresh from the easel, ready to be exalted on the coming day, accompanied with a peremptory message that it should not be opened until Walker came down to mine host at night, for it was determined by the party to go to the Devil to supper.

Meanwhile old Walter Waller trudged home, interrupted every ten yards by some d—d good-natured friend, to acquaint him of his misfortune. The propagators, however, were not upon oath, for the old griping bibliopolist was the scorn and hatred of all the neighbourhood. The shopkeepers, looking over their half-doors,

all the way up Ludgate hill, had a wipe at him. "So, sister Abigail has made a notable morning's work of it, Master Waller," said one. "Any common prayers to sell?" said another, in mockery. "How goes debentures to-day?" cried a third; this was a cutting question for the old bibliopolist, who had been a scandalous dealer in these securities, for which he had been "*hauled over the coals.*" The heartless old huncks ran the gauntlet all the way home. Even the begging prisoners, from the grated window of Ludgate, assailed him with, "There goes the old extortioner!" When, instead of finding his house entirely demolished, as he had been led to suppose, he found a guard of soldiers at the door, and his intrepid sister Abigail at the open casement over the shop, which had not a square of glass a-whole, defending herself against the reproaches of the mob, with that invincible weapon a virago's tongue.

Old Waller, elbowing his way through the crowd, planted himself right before his shop, putting on his nose-glasses, and measuring the amount of the damage; when, observing his co-partner thus exposed, and witnessing the contro-

versy, he called out, "Depart from the window, sister Abigail. What, in the name of the Lord, hast thee been doing, sister Abigail?"

"Doing!" echoed the remorseless *Independent*, "doing of that mischief to another unwittingly which I intended should have 'lighted on thy head, thou apostate. This curse is brought upon thy dwelling place by thy profane dealings with that blaspheming Jew."

"Sayest thou so, Abigail? O! O! Now take you notice of this, good people, neighbours and friends. Old *Burton*, *Prynne*, and *Bastwick* have put this mischief into her head.—I'll swear the peace against thee, sister Abigail. Hey! what will nothing suffice thy fanatical wrath but the blood of thy brother! thy tender, kind, forbearing brother?"

"Out! thou hypocrite! thou slinking, double-faced apostate."

"Church and king, old Jesabel," cried the apprentices.

"Confusion to the church, a hatchet for the king, and a halter for all city apprentices," retorted Abigail, nothing daunted at the taunts of the populace.

" Treason! treason!" vociferated the mob. " Treason, you old beldam."

" Take notice, good people, friends, and neighbours," bawled old Waller, " take notice, *these are no sentiments of mine.*"

" Thou liest, thou hypocrite!" exclaimed Abigail, " thou knowest thou art a traitor at heart; thou Judas, thou betrayer, him called Iscariot. Out upon thee! vile turn-coat, thou time-server; any thing to get thy own neck out of the halter."

" I'll tell thee what, sister Abigail, if thou dost not put a guard on thy dangerous tongue, thou wilt get thy neck into a halter. Refrain, refrain, Abigail; see, our house, the house of our father, is beset—only kept from rack and ruin, through thy evil temper, by military force. Depart from the window: and do you, good people; I conjure you to begone—depart. I pr'ythee depart: now pr'ythee disperse quietly," pressing his extended arms, with a sort of civil force, upon the front of the mob. " Now do depart, for this is a dangerous breach of the peace, and I would fain that no farther mischief ensues."

" A murrain take the military," exclaimed the enraged fanatic, stretching her neck out at the window. " I command you, hireling soldier-men, to depart; I need none of your protection. Depart, ye caterpillars, ye profane men of war. Go—depart—and guzzle and hail your satyr-faced sot of a king."

" Hear, hear!" cried the city apprentices; " down, down with the house. Come out, you traitorous old hag; come out with you:" and a simultaneous advance was made towards the premises, when old Waller, rushing up to his steps, cried, " Soldiers, if they attempt violence, do you do your duty."

" Let them come on, the brawlers," vociferated mistress Abigail, opening her arms, and turning up the whites of her eyes, and working herself up to the high pitch of puritanical phrenzy, as if she felt herself inspired; when, in the cant of the conventicle, with a nasal twang, mixed with the shriek of a peacock, she began: " ' *Balak the king of Moab, hath brought me from Aram out of the mountains of the East, saying, Come curse me Jacob, and come defy me Israel.*' "

"Hoo-ho-o-o; hah-a-a," shouted the populace. "Hear the old blasphemer; she is calling curses on us all. Away, you old murderess." They would not hear her out.

Old Waller, according to the custom of the times, could string texts together too, he having formerly been a *holder forth* in a conventicle: he therefore answered Abigail from the same book:—"'*Therefore now flee thou to thy place: I thought to promote thee unto great honour, but lo! the Lord hath kept thee back from honour.*' Now pr'ythee, sister Abigail, do shut the casement, or we shall have the house pulled down about our ears."

To this appeal Abigail retorted with scorn,—"'*There are six cities shall be a refuge both for the children of Israel, and for the stranger, and for the sojourner among them: that every one that killeth another unawares may flee thither.*' Further it is said, '*But if he thrust him of hatred, or hurl at him by laying wait, that he die*——'"

"Hoo-o-o-o; away, you murderess."

"'*Or in enmity smite him with his hand, that*

he die; he that smote him shall surely be put to death, for he is a murderer.' "

"Hear her, hear her. Go on, old mother damnable."

" ' *But if he thrust him suddenly without enmity, or have cast upon him any thing without laying of wait;*

" ' *Or with any stone wherewith a man may die, seeing him not, and cast it upon him that he die, and was not his enemy, neither sought him harm:*

" ' *Then the congregation shall judge between the slayer and revenger of blood, according to these judgments.*' "

"Get ye gone away frae the window with ye, ye causuistical canting auld scauld," said a grave-looking old Scotchman, a Royalist, one of Montrose's troopers. "Are ye not ashamed to brazen it oot there, and to torture the word o' God in justification of your villanies? God help the late gude King Charles, and be prosperous till his son, for the Deel of Hell himsel was was no match for ye Independents. What! ye auld Jezabel! think you we be all o' sic twilight

understanding, not to ken the especial difference betwext a monslaughter without malice propense, and knocking oot the brains of one, only with the vengeance which is hurled with intention to commit murther on another. Aw the crimes which have cursed this land for mony years in these late unhappy wars, have aw been kept alive by a wacked perversion of the holy scriptures, and bending them till sinister purposes. Gin it were that ye are not a woman, you should not stand preaching there, I'd walk up stairs, and take ye by the lugs and ge you up to the injured law mysel."

"I dare thee, *spite* of my sex, thou lousy hireling Scot! What, thou art one o' the naked * * * * gang, that sold the king—tramped it hither to receive thy wages," taking from her pocket, and counting out some halfpence, and throwing them amidst the crowd. "Here, '*give the rogue a groat.*' Go hide thy beggarly, bag-piping face. Art thou not ashamed to appear in this Christian city? What! thou art waiting to make a market of rake-shame, his profligate son and heir, hey! Sell another king for a groat, hey! away with thee: off sawney

trooper, troop it back to the north, and make a scrubbing post o' thy father's gibbet."

"Weel, weel! thy scornfu tongue is no slander. I'll ha' none o' the sin o' my shoulders, I advise ye not to falsify the word o' God though, or not one rack o' your home will mark the spot o' your wackedness til-morrow." Then turning to the enraged apprentices, who were impatient for a renewal of the riot. "Let the auld sinner alone my young gallants. She is doubtless urged on by the evil one to work more mischief belike, on some o' your heads. Leave her till the laws o' the land! the peace officers will lay their clutches on her just noo, and she will receive *her* wages too, the full arrears due till her iniquity."

At this instant, a sudden movement of the crowd, diverted the general attention from the matchless Mistress Abigail. It appeared that the young man's wound had been examined by the surgeons, and fears were entertained touching his recovery.

No sooner was this made known to the apprentices, than there was a simultaneous exclamation of, "Bring forth the murderess—Down with

the house!" and a revival of the riot commenced; when one of the city marshalls, and a posse of constables, made their way to the door of the Black Eagle, under a shower of stones, brick-bats, and such missiles as were at hand. The soldiers had enough to do with their pikes, to keep off the hot-headed youths, from entering the premises, to take vengeance on the remorseless virago.

"O oot, oot! Forbear ye, forbear ye, my gallants," cried the veteran Scot, * who forced

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* The old Scotch trooper fared better than Captain Hyde the royalist in the beginning of the troubles: for even before the parliament had opposed the king in the field, so formidable were the apprentices of London, that they petitioned the king against the bishops, and assembling in a riotous manner, proceeded to Westminster, crying, "no bishops—no bishops." This so irritated the Bishop of Lincoln, who was then passing to the house, that he seized one of the most active of the mob. The others, however, on rescuing their comrade, laid not violent hands on him, but followed still crying, "no bishops—no popish lords;" when Captain Hyde, with some few friends, roused to indignation on witnessing this insult

his way up the steps to the threshold; "Do not forget yourselves ye bould apprentices; lay not violent hands on a woman, theof she be na worthy o' the sax. An she were a mon, though he were Beelzebub himsel, I would gang all lengths with the youngest amongst ye. Be sober, be sober my chaps, leave the auld Jezabel till the laws I say; and I tell ye all, 'gin that ye be fond o' sights; wait ye just noo a little, and she'll hang o' the gallows. Aye! and her waked corse will fill the grave o' a murdress. There now, haud ye back, haud ye back, my bonny chaps: what wou'd ye have more, nor to see her go till be hanged on a hurdle, at Tyburn-tree?"

"I have a warrant here, Master Waller, for your sister Mistress Abigail," said the marshal's man, putting on a serious face. "I am

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upon a dignitary of the church, with more resolution than prudence drew his sword, threatening to cut the throats of the "*roundheaded dogs.*" On saying which he was seized by the apprentices, and carried before the House of Commons, who not only immediately committed the captain to prison, but rendered him incapable of serving his Majesty after.

concerned for you, Sir, but I *must* do *my* duty." Old Waller was then on the stair-head, close by the virago.

" I shall not take upon myself to oppose thy legal authority, friend. It is bailable, I dare be sworn," said Waller, " Lord have mercy upon us, what a notable business thou hast made on't, sister Abigail. Heigh-ho! Ah!" putting on his nose glasses, and examining the warrant, " 'tis a grievous document, and will be attended with *ruinous* expenses, I'll warrant me. Heigh-ho! the Lord preserve me, yes! a pretty piece of business forsooth. This comes of your accursed temper, sister Abigail."

" Hear that penurious apostate, hear the wretch," said his contemptuous co-partner. " This is language fitting a new fangled churchman, and a yesterday royalist. The royal fornicator will get mighty service I wot, from such sneaking, cowardly, worldly minded upholders."

The mouths of the Puritans of both sexes, were full of opprobrious epithets against the immorality of the king, on the approach of the Restoration. Nothing could equal the vulgarity and want of delicate sentiment, amongst the

saints, in giving utterance to their spleen against the royal party: unless indeed it was the licentious songs and lampoons of the cavaliers, who, however, affected neither sanctity, morality, nor common decency on their part. The language of scripture was too often inseparable with that of Billingsgate, even in the conventicle, and all the unclean phraseology of biblical history, was collected, to charge the fanatical denunciations, fulminated from the pulpit, against the members of the church.

Old Waller's teeth chattered, for he was marvelously agitated, as Mistress Abigail put on her black velvet hood, and Mother Shipton's hat to attend the officers of police. "I reckon there will be no immediate necessity for hireing council, in the present state of the business," snuffled old Waller to the marshal-man; "for, if so be, the young man recovers, why in that case you see, then, that expence will be saved: for I calculate, that this untoward affair will cost a world of money: ten pounds at least, and I suppose, as usual, I shall be called upon for my part; not that I am party to the accident, no more than you. Ah! so it is. O! Lord, Lord! this is ever the way!

Toiling and sweating, and worrying and fretting, together with losses, and crosses. A murrain on your froward tongue! O Lord! Lord!—and after all for what? Heigh ho! Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards."

Such were the murmurings of this thankless old huncks, though it was notoriously known that he had a rent roll of twelve hundred pounds from sequestered estates; besides bonds, army debentures, and mortgages, to a still greater amount: and Abigail was still more wealthy than he.

Attired all in black velvet, Mrs. Abigail appeared ready to depart. "Out of my way, sneaking apostate," said she to her brother, who was glad to escape attendance on his partner. "Officer, do your duty," she added; so taking Fox's folio Book of Martyrs under her left arm, and a staff in her right hand, she walked down stairs with a firm step; and, with an undaunted gait, she left the door of the Black Eagle, on her way to his worship in Guildhall.

The mob set up a shout and a yell at her appearance, which was preternaturally terrible;

and as she passed by the Chapter-house, the stoutest of the apprentices cleared the way for her.

"Gude Lord save us!" exclaimed the old Scottish trooper; "I never beheld so unco she creature of the human species. *It* looks like the sign o' the Eagle enlarged, and walking forth till mischief and destruction. All in sable too! Mercy on us! an' it were not presumptuous, she looks a seemly spouse for Beelzebub. Meg Gourlay, that cruel step-mother of the urchin chimney-sweepers, who drew Sir Ogilvie's bull clean oot o' the peat-bog by the horns, is a wee bit shrimpen thing to her. Her naked neck has more o' the vulture nor the eagle though; and even gipsey Ailie o' the moor, who was whipped for carrying off the wharfinger's mill-stones on her back, was nae so big o' the arm, neither so spacious o' the shoulders. Nae, mon, never till yet beheld such a gigantic fury. She canna be less in stature na long Mag o' Wastminster, that lays entombed in the cloisters."

She had not proceeded far, however, ere the mob began to revile and abuse the remorseless culprit. "There's a pattern of a saint," said

one. "How meek," said another; "going to a match at quarter-staff with Gog in Guildhall." "Where's your old lop-eared councellor Prynne?" cried another. "Sell yourself to the Devil, and cheat old Dun of his fees," bawled a fellow from a dust-cart. "Pull off your mourning, and put on your winding-sheet, you old murderess," screamed a fish-woman. And as soon as she had turned the corner of King-street, in view of Guildhall, there was a general cry of—"Make room for the old dragon of St. Paul's." But, strange to relate, the old fanatic appeared totally regardless of these reproaches; she seemed rather to be wrapt in meditation, affecting the calmness and fortitude of a martyr, on her way to suffer for righteousness sake: when ascending the steps of the hall-gate, she cried with a loud voice—"'*I was not rebellious, neither turned away my back.*'"

"Out, you old extortioner, who riz the coals and starved the poor," screamed a basket-woman from Honey-lane Market; a reproach not groundless, as it affected her and Master Waller.

"'*I gave my back to the smiters, and my*

cheek to them.' " Here the yell was so loud and lasting she could not be heard; but, exalting her voice, she was at times audible. " ' *Therefore I shall not be confounded: therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know I shall not be ashamed.*' "

" Hear her—hear her; hear old mother damnable. A flint! O you flinty-hearted——"

" Haud, haud your sinfu' tongue. Shame, shame o' you! obdurate daughter o' the evil one! Turn ye back, turn ye back, ye city youth. Depart ye hence, ye gude people, ye that fear the Lord," exclaimed the pious soldier; " for never did the mouth of the wilfu' scorner so loudly profane the *word*, the like till this wofu' wicked woman."

This procession was only one of the ten thousand extravagant farces of the times. The mob were determined to rush into the hall, and the constables appeared equally determined to prevent them by force. What mischief might have ensued, no one can tell, had not the announcement of another sort of dramatic exhibition, suddenly diverted the attention of the enraged populace, a confused noise of clarinets, huzzaing

and drums, was heard from Cheapside, when a simultaneous cry pronounced, "the king—the king is coming." Away they went, man, woman and child, gentle and simple, shouting "church and king," as though they were all suddenly bereft of their wits: it was the devil take the hindmost. Helter skelter, never was seen such a living torrent, bearing down all before it: upsetting stalls and benches, carpenters, and all the preparations for the morrow's sight. "There! there he is! look—look," down came part of the scaffold, and over went a long caravan filled with lamps for illuminating the front of Guild-hall: never was heard so tremendous a jingling and crash. This gave a new impulse to the general rush, and shrieks, oaths, and laughter, were mixed up with the shouts of church and king. "O! look at the flags and streamers," and "O hear the trumpets and drums!" Though as it will appear, the deuce a trumpeter was there. "Look, look—there is the king in armour, huzza-huzza-a-a-a!" exclaimed a thousand voices, and the passing throng, forming the main stream of Cheapside, was turned like a whirlpool, by the confluence

of the rushing apprentices, pouring in from King-street; when lo! the cavalcade which excited this joyous hurly-burly, was composed of Sir William Davenant's* company of players,

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* Sir William Davenant, to whose taste, perseverance and liberality, the stage owes the highest obligations, in common with his ingenious compeers, led a life chequered by various fortunes. He was the son of John Davenant, who kept the Crown Inn, at Oxford, celebrated as the halting place of Shakspeare, in his journies to and from London to Stratford. The great bard is said to have had a great esteem and personal regard for the host and hostess of the Crown, and was godfather to the son, and from him derived his christian name, William.

Soon after the Restoration, Davenant was appointed manager of the Duke of York's company of Comedians, a compliment which he received for his loyalty, constancy, and bravery in the late king's army, for which he was knighted on the field. Davenant first introduced scenery, and other splendid decorations on the stage. He procured scene painters in France, and the first dramatic exhibition after the Restoration, was entitled *The Siege of Rhodes*, a sort of *Opera*, written by himself, which was performed at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

some in a long car, decorated with stage finery, with *Harry* the *Black Prince*, in glittering play-house armour, and high ostrich plumes, mine *ancient Pistol*, and other distinguished characters of Shakspeare's drama, on their way to the Devil Tavern, preparatory to their exhibition on the balcony, on the day of the Restoration.

Old *Mother Damnable* became at once a dead letter. Any thing by way of novelty, but this was a "sight of sights." All the fun and frolic that had been so long bottled up by a puritanical law, seemed at once to be drawn by this dramatic cork-screw, or rather, it might be said to force the cork, and out it popped, with a merry explosion, which filled the streets of London with joy.

The crowd thickened, the horses were scared,

"*The Siege of Rhodes*," made a representation by the art of *perspective* in *Scenes*, and the story sung in recitative music. This had been performed four years before, either by stealth, or by the connivance of the ruling powers, at the back part of Rutland-house, at the upper end of Aldersgate-street.

they reared, snorted, plunged, and kicked at the shouting and confusion; there was no getting on. The *black* Prince became *white* as a sheep; *merry* old Falstaff looked *grave* as a judge, and even jolly Bardolf's red nose turned *pale*. Luckily for those in the car, the *asses* took out the *horses*, and seizing the harness, dragged them in triumph to Temple-bar.

"Now," said *Mohun*,* the master of the revels

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* Mohun, a distinguished actor, who had also served in the royal army, and obtained the rank of major.

There were two dramatic companies established at the Restoration. The King's company, and the Duke of York's.

At the King's, the principal performers were, Hart, Mohun, Burt, Winterton, Lacy, Cartwright and Clun, to whom were added some time after, Griffin, Goodman, and others. The principal female performers, and the first who played (their parts until the Reformation having been personated by men,) were Mrs. Cory, Mrs. Marshall. Mrs. Knap, Mrs. Boutell, and the celebrated Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn, King Charles's favourite *Nelly*.

The Duke's company marshalled under its banner, the celebrated Betterton, Kynaston, Moseley, Nokes,

to *Davenant*, on this friendly occasion, who stood on the steps of the tavern, "we have accomplished our labour so far, Sir William; but the devil a trumpeter can be procured for love or money."

"That *is* provoking, very provoking," said Davenant, "is it *not* Master Caleb Johnson? This cuts up, mars all my plan,—I had purposed to have a band of trumpeters in front of your gallery, but it seems that they are all engaged and gone into Kent, or St. George's Fields, to meet the king.*

Sheppy, Floyd, Richards, Blagden, Price, and afterwards Smith, Sandford, Medbourne, and others. The female performers were, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Betterton, Mrs. Davies, another of King Charles's *misses*, Mrs. Long, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Norris, Mrs. Jennings, and Mrs. Holden.

* King Charles II. on his way to the Metropolis, on the day of the Restoration, was entertained with a sumptuous collation, under a spacious tent, erected for the occasion on St. George's-fields. Here his Majesty was met by the Lord Mayor and aldermen. The Lord Mayor, presenting him with the city sword, had the same graciously returned, with the honour of knighthood—"Rise up Sir Thomas Alleyne."

"And what makes the matter worse," said Tom D'Urfey,* who was the prime mover in all the gay doings at the Devil, "there are no *trumpets* to be got. All sold for old brass—harmless brass by G—d, melted down to make

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* Tom D'Urfey, a choice spark, who lived in a tavern all the days of his life, which were many, and lengthened by his jovial nights, is handed down to fame, by Addison, and others; for his good humour, and social qualities. A man, however, who carried about him more of the wit of others, than he has left of his own, though a voluminous writer: For to quote his own words, he was one who "after having written more odes than Horace, and about four times as many comedies as Terence, found himself reduced to great difficulties, by the *importunities* of a set of men, who of late years had furnished him with the accommodations of life, and would not *be paid with a song.*"

A collection of ballads, a large portion of his convivial songs, &c. were published in six volumes, duodecimo, intituled, *Pills to Purge Melancholy.* He died aged ninety-five, and his monument is still to be seen on the south west angle of the outside of St. James's Church Westminster, on which is inscribed.—

Tom D'Urfey, Dyed, Feb. ye 26th, 1723.

Drury-lane barber's sconces, and church candlesticks."

"My eye! vot a pretty sight," said Mordecai, who had been lifted off his legs by the crowd, at St. Bride's, carried along, and *stranded* by the torrent, at the door of the tavern. "Vot is it I can do for mine vorthy master?" addressing himself to old Caleb. "Vot, is it trumpeters? strichke me funny, I have not no trumpeters, t'vosh a scarce commodity; but I can find where to lay my hand on some *trumpets*, mine prodare Judah, is got a matter of two or three; vell, and so as sister Rachel, and that *Muggletonian* thief, vot made her a Christian, blind his eyes, has one, vot he took in a lot of old silver, I'll get it you as a pargain, schmite me flat vot I can. Vot vill you come down, if I fetch some trumpeters as vell too."

"Your own price you cunning rogue," said Caleb, rubbing his hands with delight: "go, do go and set your wits to work, good Mordecai."

"Vot if I voudn't go to hell for my master! That's a pargain," when the bustling Jew, pushing towards the bar, gave his bag in charge,

and escaping by the back way to the temple, set off in a waterman's wherry, to Westminster.

"'*Hie thee gentle Jew,*'" said D'Urfey, "'*this Hebrew will turn Christian.*' If he does not, '*I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew,*'" proceeding on, for he was a right merry quoter of the bard, and ever ready—"'*The dog Jew,*' yes, if he does not *smell* out a brace or a leash of your *buccinators*, may my nose be rubbed to the obliteration of all tavern scores."

"He is a willing, good creature, for all his tricks, the wicked dog," said old Caleb, but, shaking his head, "I fear Tom, he will fail in this."

"All my funds to a tobacco-stopper, he'll do the deed!" said D'Urfey, confident in the tact of his man.

CHAPTER V.

FLEET STREET.

THREE FIGHTS AND A SCRATCH, IN THE WAY TO THE DEVIL.

"Your words have took such pains, as if they laboured to bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling upon the head of valour." —SHAKSPEARE.

"How merrily the bells troll on," said Walker, to his friend Ingoldsby, as they walked arm-in-arm through Fleet-street.

"Yea," replied the colonel, "the *steeple-houses* reel as though old mother church were drunk with joy. Now if you and I and your brother Matt, were not *kalendar'd* with the *outed* sanctified ones: *almanack'd* with the pure in spirit: we might change the colour of our *cloth*, turn parsons, and cast lots for fat cures. Well done old dame *Bridget*, alias Saint Bride; for doubtless all churches will be *sainted* again,

though the saints must take their turn at mumping it for a season. 'Tis all comical for certain. I wonder that commercial Jew chap, master Mordecai, does not rummage rag fair for gowns and cassocks; though I'd be sworn, the moths have had a belly-full of that fare of late years. What say you Walker,—suppose we turn tailors, —your college robe-stitchers? by the Lord! and that will be a roaring trade. It was but yesterday, rowing the other side of the river, and your *black-dyers*, of Bank-side, were rincing their *clothes*. The Thames was running *dingy* as a smithy water-trough. Devil a bit of *white-bait* at Black-wall for one while. Your aldermen must forego that dainty dish, 'till your parsons are all new rigged. Bravo old mother *Bridget*, that was a smart volley." The bells were firing, as it is called by the ringers, all striking their clappers by one simultaneous pull. "Bravo! my old girl—better and better. This is a *feu de joie* of the old church militant, for her victory over the *saints*, Ha-ha-ha-ha; I'll be d——d if the very churches are not roaring with the general madness. O rare, the vigil of the Restoration!"

"Nay, nay! my brother soger," said Matt Barlowe, "'tis better to be merry than sad."

"Sad!" exclaimed Ingoldsby; "I am gay as a May-pole,—all the world dancing around me. All this row-dy-dow for the godly ministers, ha-ha-ha. So let's you and I Matt, and brother Bob, go and booze it with mine host of the Devil. Come along Matt, how gaily the houses are lighted up: by the lord 'tis universal holiday. Ha-ha-ha, the honest old tapster gave me a purse; an old debt, said he. Well done old true-penny, what is got over the devil's back, is spent under his belly, says the adage. We will have a right royal spree to night,—why not!—and be as merry as the cavaliers."

"Hey! what—I have overtaken you Master Walker," said Mohun the comedian, placing his arms between him and Ingoldsby; "well and how fares it colonel?" "Bravely my noble," returned the soldier; "what, and Master Barlowe too, whither are you rambling my gents?"

"We are bound west-ward, as you may perceive," said Walker; "republicans like, going to the Devil."

"Why all the world is flocking thither it seems," said the player. "I shall be there by and bye, to meet an old comrade, Sir William Davenant. I shall be glad to introduce you, he is a noble fellow, and will be happy to see my friends. I'll join you again in a twinkling," when looking up as he turned the corner of White-friars, he observed rather loudly, "what a beautiful star-light, I hope we shall have a fine morrow."

"God send it may rain cats, dogs, and pitch-forks, prongs downwards!" boisterously exclaimed a passing stranger. He was a strapping fellow, and a *roundhead* of course.

"So say I," returned a loyal London apprentice; "and I would not pick up the first that came to hand,--stick it into your parliamentary guts, and *pitch you* on your own beggarly dung-hill."

"Beggar, hey!" retorted the evil wisher; "I'll soon see if you can make a beggar of me."

"A ring, a ring," was the sudden cry. They stripped; the apprentice was no stripling though; and, shaking hands, to fisty-cuffs they went, hammer and tongs.

Within a few seconds the street was blocked up by the crowd: all heads were out at window, men and women. The boys, and even the girls, old enough to sit up to supper, thrusting their white faces between. "O! how shocking," said the little misses. "Give it him," cried the boys. "Look, look, father, how well they *fights*." Yea, the boy brats in the nursery, hearing what was the matter, squalled to the maids to take them out of bed, to "*let 'em have a look.*"

"They are tough blades: ods my life! what a tremendous blow!" said Walker, shuddering at the sight. "Pick him up," was the cry. "Go it again, Geoffrey; that's your mark; haugh-hoo-o-o-o-haugh. Now, Geoffrey, now pepper him; that's a good one. Lay it into him, Martin; that's your play; follow him up; haugh-hoo-haugh. Give 'em room. Stand back there. Shin 'em, shin 'em. Now! now! now! haugh; follow him up. Go it my brave cock; haugh, that's it; follow him close; tip it him! tip it him!"

"Shame! shame! on you; arn't you ashamed, you *hulking* fellows; 'ods curse you,

to let two young men fight, and tear one another in this shameful way," exclaimed an old apple-woman, officiously forcing herself through the crowd to separate the combatants. "Hoist her out! hoist her out!" was the cry. No sooner said than done; and she was lifted without the ring faster than she got in, but not without abundant squalling, scratching, and kicking. "God send I was only a man for your sake," said she, clawing at the sturdy wight who carried her forth with notable dexterity; "I'd knock your cowardly head about, I would, you hound."

"That's your sort, old one," said one of the carpenters, who by torch-light was busily employed, helping to erect a scaffold in front of a shop. "That's your sort, old one; *mob* him; give him your red rag; *mag* him, *mag* him, old one."

"Old one! who do you call old one, mister wooden-head? God send one o' my boys was here, he'd soon stop your *mag*, I warrant me."

"Mag, mag, mag," replied the carpenter. "Come, move off, my old girl, and do not breed another mob about us. D——d if we shall

finish our *job* to-night, what with one brawling Billingsgate old cat and another."

Down went the carpenter. He was on his feet again in a twinkling, and surrounded by his comrades, who quitted the scaffold in as short a period. "Strip, Jeremy, strip," was the word; and the carpenter and the son of the apple-woman, who happened to come just in the God-speed, knocked up another gallant fight.

"That's my own boy," exclaimed the old apple-woman, clapping her hands, and appealing to the crowd, who simultaneously spread into another ring. "O! give my child fair play, good people! for all them cursed *bread-and-cheese* carpenters will be all o' their own side. Go it, my own dear, dear boy! Do, good people, for the love of God, see that my boy has fair play;" whilst as the shouting increased, and she was thrust back, she wept, wrung her hands, danced almost frantic, and exclaimed—"O that boy o' mine has got the true blood o' the Foggertys!"

"What! mother Foggerty, is it you?" said a coal-heaver, standing with folded arms—his hat slouched over his broad shoulders.

" Ah—yes. O! do, John Piper, see my boy has fair play. O! do take care of my boy."

" Fair play, mother Foggerty!" soberly answered John Piper; " why every body has fair play, d'ye see, in a fight; and as for that, the young son of a b——h can take care of himself fast enough."

" B——h! arn't you ashamed to call a good woman, old enough to be your mother, by such an unchristian name? you dirty coal-heaver you," exclaimed a mutton-pie woman, a friend of old mother Foggerty, accompanying her reproaches with a clawing of his face, which made his eyes water; when the old mother apple-woman assailed him in like manner.

Poor Piper held the viragoes by the wrists, at arm's-length, who screaming violently with rage, though not hurt, a fellowship-porter stepped forth, with—" D—n the man that strikes a woman, I say," and aimed a blow at the coal-heaver's head, which he catching adroitly on his left, with his right fist returned it on the head of his opponent, and laid him at length upon the pavement. The porter was lifted upon his feet, and these two heroes also stripping, In-

goldsby interposed, and assured the porter that he was in the wrong, explaining the affair to his satisfaction, who, perceiving he was a gentleman, gave credence to his recital, when the coal-porter and fellowship-porter, in good fellowship, shook hands, and retired to drink together at the first alehouse, and spend the shillings which the colonel and his party had given them, for being "good hearty fellows."

"Come along, colonel; come Matt," said Walker, taking their arms, "let us proceed."

"Aye, let us be off," replied Ingoldsby, "or we may perchance come in for a clout o' the head. What a d——d pugnacious breed we are, every mother's son of us, high and low, rich and poor; what untameable dogs: and who the devil would 'tempt to muzzle us? But, hey! and what have we here? Fiddlers and no dancing: rather out of character. What, and a lady musician too,—a left-handed fiddler! Ha-ha-ha. 'Tis a merry world after all, my good masters."

The party mixed in the throng, which stood before a most original pair, a man and his wife singing in parts, she fiddling a left-handed ac-

companiment, most delectably harmonious, being half a tone out of tune, to their dulcet voices, which assimilated as nearly as that of a screeching owl to a croaking raven, taking up the parts in a special sort of musical dialogue.

He (*croaking*) Come and listen awhile my—
She (*screeching*) masters, Whilst I recount our late dis—
He asters; Such a wond'rous sitiva—
She tion, Never befall'd a civilized—
He nation, Since the 'varsal world began;
She For when Adam *delv'd*, and Eve she spun,
Both Who was then the gentleman?

Violin Symphony.—Trum-strum, riddle-diddle, rum, strim, strum.

He One old rogue they call *Hugh Peters*
And 'tother—
She *old Harrison*, both of 'em traitors, Ought—
He to be tried and—
She have no mercy, All—
He without the benefit of clargy;
She For, on the twenty-ninth of May, All—
He such regicide rogues as they, Ought to—
Both be hang'd upon Tyburn tree.

Symphony.—Twing-twang, rum-strum, twiddle-diddle-dee.

He Fifteen years of triberlation,
She Has parfected the Restoration ; For—
He an evil day 'twas, when red-nosed—
She Noll, Set himself—
He up for to govern us all.
She Prayed and preach'd, and fought—
He beside, With—
She one eyed Hewson, and pot-belly'd Pride, Old—
He *Barebones* and t'other rogue *Pym*,
She And Master *Dick*, we a'—
He had enough of him, But—
Both we ne'er shall be ruled by such villains again.

Symphony.—Rum-strum, riddle-diddle, rim, trim, strum.

He But since we've kick'd the—
She old Rump out,
He And things have turn'd so happily—
She about ; Let's thank a merciful Providence,
He That people have all come again—
She to their sense ; So let us all—
He sing God bless the King, And—
She live to see him govern us agin ;
He And may he—
She live and happy be, To—
Both conker his foes both by land and sea.

Symphony.—Riddle-diddle, twank-i-diddle, twank-diddle-dee.

He. Come my gentle masters and mistresses, here is a new loyal copy of *varses*, called—

She. "*Down with the Rump.*" Come my loyal customers, our noble sovereign, King Charles, will make his grand *persession*—

He. into this Protestant city to-morrow. Now's your time to lay out your money, and all for—

Both. to signify your loyalty for Church and King, at the small price of a *ha-penny*.

"Come, my old Trojan, let us have a copy of your *varses*," said Ingoldsby. "Who is the poet?" "My husband, your worship," said his wife. "O brave!" returned the colonel, handing her up a sixpence, for they were on a little platform. "God bless your honours," said the poet, spitting on the coin for luck; "you are noble cavaliers, that's sure and sartin, without *argement*." "Huzza!" exclaimed the people. "Church and King; huzza!"

Ingoldsby laughed; and, quitting the crowd, proceeded onward with his friends, singing—

"'*And all such regicide rogues as* they
Ought to be hang'd upon Tyburn-tree.'

Ha-ha-ha. By Jupiter, Walker, you should paint that group; old Hemskirk would have touched 'em off, aye to the moral of 'em, as Oliver used to say. I'll be shot if this delectable ditty will not run in my sconce all night. Ha-ha-ha.

> 'For all such regicide rogues as *we*,
> Ought to be hang'd——'

Ha! here's the old spot;"—when hesitating, as he set his foot upon the tavern threshold, he suppressed a rising sigh, by a few slaps on his bosom, and re-entered his ancient quarters with the bold front of an old soldier.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEVIL TAVERN.

"Between the Armies, let's drink together friendly and embrace."
SHAKSPEARE.

"Here we are once again, hey my hearty," said Matthew Barlowe to his brother Walker. "Damme Master Bob, us roundheads must lengthen our faces, and look loyal, for mine host says all the rooms are hired for cavaliers to-morrow."

"Lengthen your faces and look *royal*," replied Ingoldsby, "for by goles if your painted signs be like, the king's phiz must be as long as my arm."

"Who is he that dares say, the king's face is as long as my arm?" demanded a voice from the bar.

"*I do!*" replied Ingoldsby, "and what then!" turning short round from the old wide

stair-case, which he was ascending, and looking over the bar-door, his bristles up.

"*Bearded like the pard sudden and quick in quarrel,*" answered a lively voice. When, who should he encounter but that harmless antagonist, Tom D'Urfey, who offended nobody, nor whom nobody could offend.

Ingoldsby's proud front relaxed of its frown, and a good-humoured smile lighted his manly face. "Ah! what, my Tom, what is it you my D'Urfey: that is right, a privileged man every where, hey! my merry Jester; what! courting my comely mistress, hey! Well Tom, how goes it? this is lucky though, friend Tom, for I expected a royalist's sword whipped into my bowels."

"Devil you did! he must wear a long cheese toaster who'd dare tickle your ribs. But, '*My sword made weak by my affection, would obey it on all cause.*'"

"By all that's holy! yes 'tis him!" exclaimed another, who coming forward, with emotion, seized Ingoldsby by the hand, saying, "What! my dear colonel, I had hoped that we might meet hereafter, were it in heaven, but our host

here is no rebellious Lucifer, and happy I am to meet you once more, even under the roof of the Devil: yes, most happy." Davenant was all warmth.

Ingoldsby returned his salute with less warmth, for he was rather grave in his demeanor with any but his familiars; not so easily excited at least as many of his worthy compeers. He, however, shook Davenant's hand very cordially in return, observing, "I should have felt pleasure in meeting with you any where, Sir William: and I know not where, the rather than here, Sir: for, by the powers, I know not how it is with you, but I seem to relish the smell of punch here, (sniffling at the same time,) rather than *villainous gunpowder*, and the clanking of silver tankards, than the blast of the trumpet: I-faith, sir knight, we have met in jovial quarters. Well, Sir William, matters have changed hands since we last met."

"Yes, my dear colonel, they have," offering his hand again, "and now we may meet without a heart-ache, unless, indeed, it be for the past."

"True," replied Ingoldsby, "and the sooner

that is forgotten, so much the better for all parties; at least, that is my opinion."

"Heaven forbid that there should be two opinions on the subject," said Davenant.

"Unless," rejoined Ingoldsby, "that there are some few damned rogues on both sides, my worthy captain, who should be sent to the right about."

"Pray, Colonel, pardon me the question, have you any friends here this evening—have you a room?"

"Why no, Sir, not exactly so; I have no room, but I have two or three friends, and I think our host will afford us a cabin for old acquaintance sake."

"Why I may appear so *free*, Colonel, I would explain; the reason is, the house is so full, I'faith! half the guests must sit with their legs out at window. Now if *you*, and your *friends*, will accept chairs at our board, I have an apartment to *myself* and *room to let;* I ask with frankness, Colonel, and do oblige me by consenting. You will perhaps not object to the party, for there are some choice spirits amongst them, and we are met to make merry."

"My worthy cavalier," said Ingoldsby, with gaiety, "it is not every day we meet with such an offer, I am in the vein for a cheerful bout, so I accept your invitation with thanks."

"That is kind," returned Davenant.

"Your guests are not stiff-rumped cavaliers, I trust though," whispered Ingoldsby.

"Not a man of them, believe me, Colonel. They are chiefly poets, wits, and players; men of imagination, Sir: the last to trouble themselves long about what sets others by the ears. I will tell you who you will meet."

"Pho, pho! not at all, Sir William, I am for all good fellows—

'——— whoever they be,
Though they've not a farthing of money.' "

This gay flourish, being overheard in Davenant's apartment, behind the bar, induced one of the company, old Master Shirley, the playwright *, gently to open the door, to have a

* Shirley's dramatic works were numerous. His first play, *The Wedding*, was performed at the Phœnix, anno 1629. It has been before noticed that he was a schoolmaster as well as poet.

peep; when observing Ingoldsby and the knight engaged in friendly converse, he came forward, and looking on each with an air of complacency, observed "this is a grateful sight to behold two such worthies——" he could say no more audibly, but joining their hands, contrived with a faultering voice to add, "but now that the sword is sheathed, may you be friends, long, long, and happy."

This kind apostrophe was not ill-timed, for the Colonel and Davenant had served in the

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So bold have been some of the plagiarists from Shirley, that they have copied whole passages without alteration. Mrs. Behn, Bullock, and Foote, have stolen largely from him.

During the Interregnum, several dramatic writers occasionally followed the useful occupation of schoolmasters. Shirley, who wrote little after the Restoration, in his many plays, had furnished materials for innumerable plagiarists. Johns, a schoolmaster, wrote a play entitled "*The Traitor to Himself.*" Maidwell, a schoolmaster, was author of "*The Loving Enemies.*" Webster was another who carried on this double calling.

opposing armies; Davenant in the royal cause, who for his bravery and loyalty, had been knighted on the field by the king. He, however, was taken prisoner at York, and would have been hanged by the republicans, but for the favorable representations of two of the aldermen there, roundheads too. Ingoldsby's generous offices backing this appeal, saved the knight from his impending fate. Hence, Davenant never spoke of Dick Ingoldsby, but with a fervor commensurate with his gratitude. This unexpected *rencontre*, in such a place, at such a *season*, and between two such *congenial* souls, could not but be mutually pleasant.

It should be observed, that the aldermen of York, who interposed their kind offices for Sir William, were urged to the act by an obligation in kind. Davenant had on a former occasion, when the king's army was victorious, saved certain magistrates of that city from the same fate, and these individuals amongst the rest.

"I have requested Colonel Ingoldsby to make one of our party this evening, Master Shirley," said the knight, and turning to the

Colonel, asked, "Where are your friends, Sir?"

"Faith, '*seeking*' I suppose," returned the Colonel, "for they will swear I have given them the slip," laughing at the conceit, "not *seeking* the Lord though, hey! Master Shirley?"

"No, no, God forbid," replied the worthy old poet, smiling, and shaking his grey locks. "We have had too much of that impiety, Master Colonel."

At this moment, loud laughter and shouts of exultation from above, interrupted the conversation, when the comely hostess, descending the stair-case arm-in-arm with Sir Charles Sedley, appeared convulsed with laughter, and close at her train, Jonathan, the quaker, followed by old Caleb Johnson, holding his fat sides, and roaring, "O! O! Master Barlowe, you will be the death of me, ha, ha, ha, O! O! I shall give up the ghost." They had been above to look at Barlowe's new sign.

"Why Momus seems to hold his court betimes to-night, and early to commence his revelry," said Shirley. "Why, hey! good Mis-

tress Johnson, why, what is all this?" Here the laughter re-commenced.

"'*Mirth admit me of thy Crew*,' this is a joyous commencement of a new era, I'faith!" exclaimed Davenant, smacking his hands. "Why my gay lady hostess, what featly frolic is footing it now? What, and a quaker too!" Jonathan looked so grave, so entirely unmoved in the midst of the risible group, that Davenant, Ingoldsby, and the old poet, involuntarily laughed as loudly as the rest.

"Mercy on me, how can I be so weak, he-he-he," and then the comely hostess was off in another risible fit, and old Caleb roared until his ribs ached again. "I'll have it hoisted up, I will, by break—break—break o' day, ha! ha! ha!"

"Yes, and the *king* shall behold the old fox, as I live," added the hostess; "oh! oh! I shall die, 'tis the comical'st thing, ha-ha-ha."

"Verily, it is a sign peradventure that may move CHARLES to mirth," said Jonathan, with as much solemnity as he would have used in prayer.

This was too much to bear, and the mirth was louder still.

"Though I should admonish thee, friend Johnson, not to rashly expose the sign to the morning mist, lest the chill should tarnish the freshness of the paints, and diminish the splendour thereof."

"That is good advice, Master Jonathan, said Walker; "I should not hang it on, Matt, until the sun is up."

"Ha! ha! ha! How the spiteful old hypocrite will grin to see himself." "Yes! with his skinny nose in the cook's tongs," said merry Mistress Johnson.

"Hey—what!" enquired Shirley; "What is it thus bewitches you all to merriment? Pray let us have it, 'tis fitting we should know. So, friend," addressing the quaker, "as *you* appear not to have lost your wits, neither to be spell bound,—do tell us."

"Pray, friend," replied Jonathan, "art thou what the followers of *Charles* doth denominate a round-head?"

"Certainly I am not," said the poet; "but what then?"

"Peradventure thou art, what the people doth denominate a cavalier?"

"Shu-shu! nonsense, good man; why, of course, I must be '*fish or flesh.*'"

"Nay, friend, there are amongst the people, those who being neuter, are neither the one, neither are they the other; with whom opinion, farther than *peace and good will to all*, prevaileth not."

"So far as for that maxim, am I with you, master quaker," said Shirley, smiling; "and pray, neighbour, now, what may be the subject of this frolic?"

"Botheration,—nonsense,—hold your peace Jonathan; come now, thank you for your care of the thing, the sign is safely housed; so now go home, troop, depart home, from whence you came," said the gay painter to his trusty man, whose faculty for prosing he knew full well.

"*The more thee calls mither, the more I winna come,*" said the cottager's daughter. In the same spirit, Jonathan, because he was bidden to *go*, was *moved* by the spirit, not to budge one inch from the spot.

"Peradventure thou knowest, that Harp-alley leadeth to Fleet-ditch, friend?"

"I do," said Shirley.

"Bother-bother. Come Jonathan, you are wanted at home," said Barlowe, taking him by the shoulder, with a civil sort of force. "I would eject thee from the threshold of the Devil."

"Thy premises be closed, Master Barlowe, and thy workmen sojourneth from the labour and toil of the day; therefore is Jonathan free in the flesh until the morrow, for the word sayeth, the labourer is worthy of his hire." Fixing himself immoveably with his back against the pillar at the foot of the stairs.

"In Harp-alley, resideth skilful workers in paints," proceeded the quaker,—"yea, fabricators of illuminated symbols, according to the customs and usages of the times; and there, doth dwell, when he be at home, Master Matthew Barlowe," looking steadfastly in his employer's face, "who, peradventure, moved by the holy spirit, ceased to follow the vain-glorious occupation of a man slayer, and took up the useful and profitable calling, of a projector and painter of signs. Now, there are signs, profitless in a spiritual sense; yea! and symbols, profitable in their moral sense: but, verily all things worketh together for good."

Barlowe, who really regarded his faithful Jonathan, got out of all patience, when laughing sarcastically in his face, he said, "what! the pious Jonathan, holding forth in a tavern! why thou art more extravagant than old *Domesday Sedgwick* the prognosticator."

"Let him proceed, I pray thee," said Shirley; the scene tickled the old *play-wright's* fancy.

"Profitable," rejoined the quaker, "inasmuch as it rebuketh the froward, and the proud in office and appointment, to forbearance and shame. We are bidden to return good for evil, yea, and to be kind to those who despitefully use us. But the outward flesh will sometimes prevail over the inward man, and move the spirit to chastise the wicked and the evil doer. Peradventure the picture is carnal, albeit, the moral is good: for he that shutteth his heart against mercy, and unjustly taketh the liberty in the flesh from his neighbour, may verily be content, when the tables be turned to smart in effigy, albeit he himself the oppressor, be thus scornfully taken by the nose."

"A special good sermon, Master Jonathan," said Ingoldsby, "and none the worse for not

proceeding *through* the nose. Commend me to your quaker preaching, against your *drones*, your spiritual *bag-pipers*. Come Jonathan, give us your hand, and now we have met, let us have a bottle together for old acquaintance sake, and get as drunk as troopers. What shall we call for, hey? nay now, stop my worthy Trojan," holding him by the broad brim of his hat.

"By all means," said his master; "come tarry awhile, good Jonathan." "He shall have a bottle of the best," said the jovial landlord, recovering from his laughing fit. "Nay, he is my guest, by your leave," said Davenant, all entering into the humour, until the smiling landlady taking the quaker's arm in her's, declared he should sup with her alone in the bar, when Jonathan gently slipping out of her bewitching fetters, raised himself thrice from his heels, and quietly departed upon his toes.

"What a strange fish it is!" said Robert Walker; "once I remember when his highness was sitting to me for that head which is gone to Bavaria, he demanded; 'What is thy opinion of the quakers, Master Walker?' at the same

time observing, 'that crazy pate fellow, *George Fox*, would have made a redoubtable captain; the man is intrepid as a lion.'"

"'Their tenets are harmless, I believe, your highness?' said I.

"'Humph! yes! I judge that they be,' adding with a smile, 'which is rather anomalous in these times, hey! Master Walker?'"

"Now, if I had to choose what I might be, supposing I *must be* one strange thing or another, amongst the many faiths manufactured of late; apprentice me to the said *George Fox*," said *Matthew Barlowe*; "for I have by nature a marvellous propensity for '*doing as I like*;' and by the Lord, your *Jonathans*, and your *Aminadabs*, become skilful dabs in gaining their point. No school like the quaker school, for turning out your *deep old sogers*. None of your *nolens volens* cocks, fellows, by Jupiter, who'd scare Beelzebub, and reduce him to cry *peccavi* without firing a shot."

"In the name of the holy one! where did you contrive to *bob* for this Master Jonathan, hey Matt?" said Ingoldsby; "I was a bit of a sportsman, they used to say, but if I should know how

to *bait* for such an outlandish nondescript, may I be bastinadoed."

"I *fished* him out of the Poultry compter," replied Barlowe; "and he got into quarters there, for helping to stir up a *breeze* in a Popish chapel. For becalling the priest *paw-paw* names, and *blowing out* the wax lights at the altar."

"Defiled his tongue, hey, Matt? Old w——-e of Babylon, the scarlet w——e, hey?" said Ingoldsby. "By the way, Matt, you must recollect the rumpus at York, when old Noll sent us to preserve the peace at Micklegate-bar, when Fox hauled the snuffling Independent by the collar, out of his pulpit. What a *man of wax*,—the sturdy cordwainer!"

"Do I not!" replied Matt; "yes, as though it were but yesterday, and you cannot forget how old mother Fox capsized *Hold-me-fast Sparkes*, the preaching drum-major, and tumbled him from the horsing block, headlong into the potter's cellar, and fractured his *pipkin* among the pot-sherds."

"Aye boy!" replied Ingoldsby, "and how Cromwell, who was looking out at window,

laughed at the adventure. I wonder what is become of the old tyke: I recollect his highness saying once at the mess, 'I do not know why, but that mister *Hold-me-fast*, never *holds forth*, but I liken him in my mind, to the old sinner, the fat knight in the play,—that Sir John Falstaff.'"

"This is a day of adventures by the Lord," exclaimed Matthew Barlowe, "why, look you Ingoldsby, there is the old vagabond himself, drunk—drunk as usual. What, my old Hold-me-fast—what! got the staggers again. Why—what—and your trumpet too!"

"Is one Sir Will—Sir Will—William,—where is that—*hic-cough*—rascal—ly Jew reprobate,—can you—*hic-cough*—can you tell me your worship?" said the drunken drum-major; addressing the question to Tom D'Urfey, who wore a ponderous full bottomed wig.

"Lord-a-mighty! if I vosh not as sore as a boil all over mine ribs. It ish hard work good Master Chonson, to bring all together along the streets for some miles, through such a crowd, as much as six blasted trumpeters, all blind drunk, as I hope to be shaved. Blow me!

if I vosh not as *sober* as a *judge* mineself, if I could do as much if I vosh to go to hell for it."

"Thou art a right good fellow, Master Mordecai, that is the fact," said Davenant, scarcely able to say as much for laughter, at the Jew's comical complaint. "Thou art a general merchant of all wares; a useful forager by my faith! notoriously so, my worthy, but ha-ha-ha-ha, three couple of staggering trumpeters, ha-ha-ha, a more extravagant commodity never was brought to market, no, not from the days of Adam."

"Not *ezshtravagant*,—say not so, Sir Williamsh,—six trumpeters for one night, and all day to-morrow at von guinea per head;—vell, come take em at five the whole lump; cheap as dirt. Trumpeters ish a scharce article, so help me G—d."

"Hold! do not curse and swear. Bless the man; I am not disputing the bargain. Six guineas with all my heart, my honest Mordecai, and a supper into the bargain."

The loyal host had provided them a snug little room, on the basement story, beyond the kitchen, and Mordecai, having marshalled his

men, they jostled each other, rank and file, to their comfortable quarters.

"What do you think of this by way of change, hey, Sir William?" said Ingoldsby; "very strange, very whimsical, I own, Colonel; but very amusing methinks."

"Strange Sir. Yes! I'll be curst, if I do not verily believe, that all of us, every mother son is mad. Not *stark staring* perhaps, but *cracked* in the *sconce*. For if I have not witnessed enough to-day, to furnish some one of your scribbling tribe with matter for a play, may I be grilled like St. Lawrence; what think you, my worthy Sir?" addressing himself to Shirley.

"Why, Colonel, to be candid with you, I am of your opinion. I have been making the same observation to my friend Davenant, within the last hour."

"Have you Sir,—then give me your hand, we are sworn friends, that is, if you will please to allow me to say as much;" recollecting himself, for Shirley was a very venerable looking old gentleman, and not very intimate with the colonel. "I'faith, Sir, I am right glad to hear

you say so, for a sort of mis-giving *here*," placing his hand on his forehead, "makes me fear, that like some other moon-smitten wights, the mischief was in myself. Your lunatics fancying all men insane, save and excepting themselves. Well, Sir William, I am your man," making his bow. "*Allons*, if you please. But now for your friends, with submission, Colonel."

"Here at hand, Sir Knight. Come Barlowe. This worthy gent, is an old school-fellow, and brother soldier of mine, Sir William," whispering, "a roundhead *once*,—but an apostate now, and an artist: And here is my esteemed friend, Master Robert Walker, whom every body knows, and whom you should know; for both of whom, I will be bound, for more than I am worth," smiling as he introduced them. "Now Master Matthew, and Master Bob, I have performed the civils, and have only to add, that this gentleman has obligingly invited us to his social board."

"We are in fortune's way, Sir," said Walker, addressing Davenant, "for we have rambled all over the house, and every room engaged; fine times for tapsters, Sir."

"I am most happy to be honoured with you gentlemen, as guests." "Sir," returned the courteous knight, "we will help to keep the Devil's nose warm, to-night, and as our bard says, '*see what physic the tavern affords.*' "

CHAP. VII.

DAVENANT'S ROUND TABLE.

" *Making that idiot laughter keep men's eyes, and strain their cheeks to idle merriment.*"—SHAKSPEARE.

" COME, my worthy friends,—Pray Colonel will you be seated *here*," placing his hand on the chair to his right; " and if you please, Sir," Walker, " *here*, to his left: Mr. Barlowe, please to be seated. Now, gentlemen,

' Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.'

SHAKSPEARE.

" Come chaplain, do your duty :" So Tom D'Urfey, preparatory to taking the arm chair opposite, with a becoming gravity, said, " *God bless the meat, and those that eat,*" and the old poet adding Amen; the guests commenced their pleasurable operations, old Caleb Johnson meanwhile taking off the bright covers; for all the culinary ware, at the Devil, shone

like new armour; dame Johnson being an excellent housewife.

"A very fine pike this indeed, Sir," said Walker; "by the way, Ingoldsby, what a capital hand was our old Protector, at trowling. Sir," said he, turning to Davenant, with a smile, "it is fitting that you should know, that you are seated betwixt two roundheads."

"I could not desire better supporters, Sir," said Sir William. "Mars, at my right, and Apollo, at my left, one saved my life, and the other will make me to live after death. Why, my dear Sir, you have forgotten the son of the Inn-keeper at Oxford?"

Walker regarded him attentively, when laying down his knife and fork, he offered his hand, pleasure mutually sparkling in their eyes; "why surely, Sir, you are the same, whom I I drew, some thirty or forty years ago, for the old dean of Christchurch. I'faith, and I have a notion, that it was one of the best heads I ever touched off. And pray, pardon my egotism; and is that handy work of mine in existence?"

"It is Sir, I am proud to say."

"And where, I beg to ask?"

"Why, Sir, I must cry your mercy too, on the score of egotism. It is in the keeping of his present majesty. He was pleased to ask it of the queen mother, not so much as it regarded me, other than a small link in the chain of dramatic history. The king is a collector of heads."

"I see Sir William," returned the painter; "come, Sir, since I have thus accidentally become your guest, let me have the pleasure to take a glass of wine with you. So, God bless you, Sir William, and here's to the memory of your illustrious *godfather*."

"This is pleasant enough by Jove," said Tom D'Urfey, "a right noble commencement, and a special good occasion for a glass all round, come gentlemen, are you all full to the brim? '*Here's to the immortal memory of Shakspeare.*'" Never did glasses more socially ring, than to this exhilarating toast.

"Pray, my noble host," said D'Urfey, who was a good-natured, impudent fellow, and as Ingoldsby justly observed, a licenced jester. "Pray, Master *Willy*, and do you remember your gentle god-papa?"

"I do Tom, he used to smooth my hair down my forehead, and catechise me on sabbath days, high days, and holidays."

"And especially examine you in the vulgar tongue. Hence, my lords and masters, our noble host's qualification for the court at Breda, and admission to the bosom of our gracious and most pious king, whom God long preserve. We shall have rare feasting and merry doings to-morrow."

"Feasting *to-morrow!* Why god-son of *Greedy Gut,*" said Nokes*; "you have had your nose in the larder all the day, you should live at the sign of the *Belly and Porridge-pot*, Tom."

"Revelling in the supper with a mouth-full

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* "Nokes is described," says Dibdin, "as an actor of so plain and palpable a simplicity, so perfectly his own, that he was as diverting in his common speech as on the stage. It is told of him, that a nobleman, hearing him relate to the performers behind the scenes, a conversation which he had been present at the day before, asked, if he was rehearsing a new part."

of thy *cousin-german*, thou *pike* insatiate, and devouring by anticipation the morrow's banquet. Shame on you Tom, Cormorant," added Mohun.

"Good Lord, what a merciless whirlpool! '*Maw and gulf of the ravin'd salt sea shark*,' what a swallow!" exclaimed '*Sandford* the *surly**,' as he was dubbed. "Why it sticks at nothing."

"That may be," retorted *D'Urfey*, laughing boisterously, as he was wont, when himself the subject of general banter. "But, Master *Sandford*, you would stick in the swallow of him who would bolt the sign of the crooked billet." This actor was as deformed, as he was original.

Sandford, who was equally good-tempered, grinned horribly, a ghastly smile. He was called *scare devil* behind the scenes.

"Come," said D'Urfey, "that grin was

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* Sandford, is supposed to have been the completest and most natural performer of a villain that ever existed. His physiognomy it seems, was by nature, most villainous; hence, though his private character was excellent, the town could never endure him in any part that bore the least similitude to honour and fair dealing.

worth all the money, so *old Harry* let us hob and nob my boy, for long acquaintance sake, and here goes, mine ancient, let's swallow all old animosities."

"Just push the bottle this way, and as you and I have no animosities to gulp down Master *Leigh* *, let us moisten our clay together. Come *Dick Kynaston*, my pretty bearded *Boadicea*, what say you, will you join us my *queen?*" adding with his wonted gravity, "Dick, you must *shave* betimes in the morning, for 'pon my soul, my lord the king is coming to-morrow-day."

Smock-faced Dick, as he was called, had fought bravely in the field, for the late king. He was one of the actors who played the parts of women at the period of the Restoration.

"Come, look pretty my Dicky," added the sober-faced Nokes, wipe your mouth my queen, and here's to our noble selves. This is no bad stuff, Master Sir William: your real *Puritanical*, right sort of *Re-Publican* tipple."

"Puritanical—That's gracious," said Tom

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* Leigh was another performer, "fraught with humour," but more extensive in his line.

D'Urfey, "how d'ye make that out my drowsy *shard?*"

"Ah Tom," replied Nokes, shaking his head, "this comes of thy voluminous wig. All the wit in the wig." Here the company laughed; he was irresistibly droll.

"But, gents all—pray worthy president," addressing the chair, "where the devil is the wit of this?" said *D'Urfey*, all abroad.

"Take a bumper, *solus*, Tom," said *Davenant*, "and then you are privileged to demand an explanation."

"That is the law, hey?" replied *D'Urfey*, "well then, here drawer, bring us a magnum-bonum glass. Now then," (drinking it off) "what saith *John o' Nokes* to *Tom o' Styles?* let us have it."

"Why, Tom-a-Fool, have not the Puritans shut up the taverns?" said Nokes.

"I see," said D'Urfey, "ergo, the wine has been *well kept*."

"And has not our host of the Devil opened shop again, under the old sign?"

"I see," replied Tom; "ergo, he is a *Republican*—ergo, this is better and better: capital

my *dry* one, by which token, what say you gentlemen to a whet all round," singing—

"Let's swim the old Pike
In wine my boys,
Let's swim him again
In old wine."

"Talking of pike," said Davenant, "pray Colonel Ingoldsby, were you not observing just now, that the old Protector was famous for catching of pike?"

"I was, Sir," said Ingoldsby; "he was thorough varment at the sport. You would scarcely credit it, but his highness was at times as frolicsome as the liveliest of your cavaliers."

"Ha, ha, ha," said D'Urfey, "set a thief to catch a thief. A wily, old pimpled nose pike himself."

"Yes," said Ingoldsby, "he was a notable hand at a *pike*, and at quarter-staff too, and had broken many a coxcomb's head."

D'Urfey laughed at the retort: "That's smart," said he. "Now, Nokes, my boy, you see my perriwig saved my pate." Tom would

take any thing, so that he got good wine. "Come, Colonel," said he, "I know what you might add—now that the old lion is dead, every ass must have a kick at him. Ha, ha, ha, no offence, Colonel; will you take wine with Tom?"

Ingoldsby was cut to the quick. Nothing repels the spirit of retort in the generous breast, like meeting it with good humour; he felt that he had hit the careless, kind-hearted Tom, too hard. "With all my soul, D'Urfey," said he, filling his glass to the very brim; "asses, my worthy, may kick—I am only surprised, when *wits* do these foolish things. We have both shown our heels, however, so we are quits. Here's *to you*, (reaching over,) hob and nob, my D'Urfey," when drinking his wine to the bottom, he added, "Poor old *Noll!* he was a wily *old Pike* too, but there was some noble stuff about him."

"I own it Colonel," said D'Urfey, "and though I have scribbled against him, whip me, if I owe him the least ill-will, so what say you to drinking to his memory my boys?"

Ingoldsby laughed, and observed to Dave-

nant, "I'faith, Sir, I know not who has the least principle, your poets or your soldiers, in these times."

Davenant felt the force of the remark, though it applied to neither of them, and returned—"It is too true Colonel: too many have been playing in masks."

When D'Urfey, already advanced in his cups, would have pressed his toast, had not Kynaston and Mohun frowned and said, "Remember, Tom, where you are—we are in a tavern, you drunken dog."

"Here, change my plate, drawer, tapster, boy," humming a tune.

"Ba, ba," exclaimed Davenant, "What! Mr. *Vice*, I shall call you to order. Have you forgotten the old adage: '*None but fools and fiddlers sing at their meat.*'"

Tom was not easily abashed. "That I am not a *fiddler*, all the world knows," said he; "that I am not a *fool*, witness all men being present, for that noble *soger* Ingoldsby has just dubbed me a *wit;* and as for *meat*, we have had none of it, only just having dispatched the fish. Therefore, to save time, whilst there is

nothing better to do, I will either sing you a song, gents, or challenge any one present to a smack of *coniac*. Tapster, bring us a modicum of that. Why dost stare, *John o' Nokes*, 'tis the most comforting, congenial, concoctive; a thorough old *cordial* set'em right," patting his chest, " when things are going wrong, sing

> Brandy is the liquor o' life,
> When 'tis both bright and strong, Sir.

holding up his glass and exhibiting its transparency.

> 'Twill keep the peace 'twixt a man and his wife,
> And make us all live the longer.
> Brandy, when it is strong and bright,
> If man would ever be wiser,
> Should be taken morning, noon, and night,
> Or else———

Put that *pigeon pie* down here, before me, boy: excuse me, Mr. President, (laughing) 'tis an easy thing to carve, and ' *I have got a bone in my arm.*' Bravo !—what! lamb and *sparrow-grass!* I say, *Mohun*, he feasts us right nobly—thou art verily a princely *manager*. I like your taste,

Davenant, Battersea grass, hey? That *rum one*, old King Jamie, had a bundle sent him as a rarity. 'Take it awa you loon,' said he, ''tis nothing better na' grown childrens' *lolly-pops*. Let me see na more of sic suck-baby at my board.' "

"Talking of gude old Jamie," observed Mohun, "they say our king is vastly like his royal *grand-dad*,—you have seen his majesty lately, Sir William, what think you, Sir?"

"Why, King Charles favours his grandfather, 'tis true, Sir, but not so much as his highness the Duke of York. The king has more dignity of visage; and though certainly somewhat hard favoured, his look is more princely; so marked an intelligence of countenance; and his smile is more engaging than I can describe: every one who approaches him, is enchanted by his gracious manner."

"Yea," said D'Urfey, "and, like your vice-president, so becomes his magnificent wig; so, gentlemen, travestieing the loyalty of Davenant, who shall I have the pleasure of helping to this *princely* pigeon-pie? There is so much *dignity* in the view of it, though certainly some-

what high *flavoured*, but then the pigeons look so pretty; there is so much ri-tum-titum-ti, more than I can *describe*, that any one who *approximates* my pie, *enchanted* with my *gracious* manner of doling it out, will——"

"*Starve our patience*," said Davenant, laughing; "for if thou be not the most impudent, dawdling *jack-pudding*, that ever presided over a *pie*, I'll be whipped."

"Do cork up your wit till we come to the bottle, and mind your business, you Tom D'Urfey."

"'*Master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well*,'" replied D'Urfey; "so there Master President, you see thy old god-dad and I have a saying for every occasion."

"'*Thou false deluding slave, that feedest me with the very name of meat*,'" said Mohun, "Do help the pie, or I'll vote you out of your office."

"'*All our officers have been opprest with riotous feeders*,'" replied the wag; when whetting his knife on the fork, he added, "now, Master Mohun, my gay spark, behold this dainty dish, '*The which, if I do not carve most*

curiously, say my knife's nought,'" when helping Mohun with mock ceremony, "there, Sir, 'tis a royal slice."

"*So much more our carver's excellence,*" said Mohun, observing—"'pon my soul 'tis strange; but our bard really has a saying for ev'ry thing—there is no end to him."

"By which token—" said old Shirley, "Come, young gentleman," addressing Sir Charles Sedley*—"*you can carve, so break up this capon;*"

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* Sir Charles Sedley, a dramatic writer, but more celebrated as a *bon vivant* and a wit. He was one of the constellation at the Court, of which the Dukes of Buckingham and Rochester were superior stars. His works were chiefly written for his amusement. He was, however, the least indecorous of that school of literary licentiousness, which will for ever disgrace the age of *Charles the Debonnaire.*

His works consist of plays, translations, songs, prologues, epilogues, and little occasional pieces. The softness of his verses is characterised by the Duke of Buckingham, who calls them "*Sedley's Witchcraft;*" and the art of intimating loose principles, in neat and decent language, is thus ascribed to him by the Earl of Rochester:—

when Nokes, with his accustomed gravity, added, "Yes, '*he can carve too, and lisp*,'" which happening to be the fact, excited great merriment; for the young knight, though a gentleman in his manner and address, was a little foppish, and affected in his speech. He however laughed heartily at the comical Nokes; and, turning to D'Urfey, said, "Tom, cannot you help me out?" when, with his accustomed promptitude, D'Urfey *lisped*, with the voice and gesture of his appellant, "'*Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods, and not hew him as a carcase fit*'——; further I will not go," said

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"Sedley has that prevailing, gentle art,
That can with a resistless charm impart
The loosest wishes to the chastest heart;
Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire
Betwixt declining virtue and desire." &c. &c.
Jones's Biog. Dict.

It has been held by some, that the latter part of his life was decorous, if not exemplary. He, however, was a *bon vivant* to the last, and died, as a poet expresses it, "*with a jest* in his mouth, and a tear in his eye."

D'Urfey, " in such good company; so now, Sir Charles, I think we have cut and carved our bard to the bone, so I shall be most happy to take a glass of wine with you."

" *He calls for wine: 'a health,' quoth he, 'as if he had been aboard, carousing to his mates after a storm.'* Why, what a d——d impudent vice president," said Sedley, a little nettled at D'Urfey's freedom. " However, '*give me a bowl of wine;*'" so filling his glass, and smiling at the mad-pate, he rejoined—" '*in this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.*'"

" Bravo! better and better," said D'Urfey. " Why, my noble manager, we are all god-sons of the same sponsor, all cygnets of the old swan of Avon. Why, good master o' mine, otherwise thrice noble Sir Will, damme but we could knock up any piece of the old bard's at five minute's warning; know him all by heart—note him, and quote him, drunk or sober, fluently as the Christmas bellmen do their verses. So now, Sir Charley, boy, as your hand is in, do me the civility to help me to a *pinion bone* of one of those capons, together with a *shapeable* slice of the breast upon it: and if such things be not in

general request, with the addition of the last *vertebræ* of the 'rumpty-umpty-iddle-dy,' with the appurtenances thereunto belonging, alias the '*parson's nose*,' truly cognomened, by the lord."

"*Tom Cormorant!* Perhaps, Tom, you would prefer the dish, and divide the rumpty-umpty for yourself. There, Sir; now I hope I have carved to your satisfaction: will you have the other?"

"All in good time," said D'Urfey, laughing as his thoughts arose. "'*Nay, you need not stop your nose, Sir; I spake but by a metaphor.*'—Hilloa! you boy," addressing the drawer, who was removing the dishes, "leave that capon—I shall take t'other. Pray show your skill in dissecting that also. I would spare your labour; but, '*I am weak in toil, yet strong in appetite.*' What have we for the next course? sweetbreads and crinkum-crankums. Come, that is pretty. Mark you, lad, remember the devil'd kidnies, and tell the cook not to forget the toasted cheese.—That cook's a treasure, gentlemen, only that he is growing fat too fast, the rogue; he stuffs so damnably. 'Take physic, you fool,' said I; 'I know better, my master, said he

'This is your allegiance, hey? Sir Puffabout Dripping-pan,' said I. The fellow is honest, too, for he owns that Master Tom D'Urfey made him an *artist*."

"Wheugh!" whistled Mohun, "what a bouncer, Master Tom; why the said *cusinier* swears you are always poking and purring about the larder, and know no more of the *art* than his turn-spit."

"Says he so!" replied D'Urfey: "just of a piece with the world. All gratitude, like dead men's tavern-scores, is clean wiped out; and acknowledgment, admission, and confession are snoring on the shelf of forgetfulness. *N'importe.* Poor fellow, like old Caleb, our worthy host, he is getting fat-headed, apoplectic, and losing his memory."

"Very like, very like, my D'Urfey," said Davenant, "but our *hostess* says the same."

"Yea," added Nokes, "and vows she'll have a dish-clout pinn'd to his tail."

"The worse luck," replied Tom, who cared not a straw for the bantering. "O! here is mine host." At this moment old Caleb set before the president a dish of *macaroni*. This

was fortunate for the wit. "There now, mine host of the Devil, on your word, as a loyal subject, did I, or did I not, teach the art and mystery of cooking this Italian dish to that cook of thine? '*And do but mark the countenance that he will give me!*'"

"Certainly you did, Master D'Urfey."

"That is hearty!—prime!—my noble tapster. Boy, bring your master a clean glass. Come, my honest host," filling that and his own, "here's long life to us, and may we live a thousand years."

"Thank you, Master D'Urfey. Here is my humble service to you, gentlemen, and I hope you approve of the wine."

"Very good — very excellent," said Davenant.

"Very good!" echoed D'Urfey, "why 'tis *supernaculum*. Pray, Master Caleb, how old may this good stuff be?"

"Why, Sir, I *ought* to remember, I laid it in the very spring when Barrister Prynne put down my old sign, and that was in the black year forty-nine, when they ended the troubles of

our late king. So, Gentlemen, it is eleven years old, and about two months."

" Give me your hand, my worthy Anno Domini; here's a tablet; here's a notable score-keeper."

" What a weathercock. But a minute since, mine host," said Mohun, " and that wine-bibber was abusing your memory."

" Ha-ha-ha, mine host knows a *trick worth two o' that.* Your *living* memory, Master Caleb; but, were you gone the way of all flesh, if your memory should lack a kind record, then may small beer be my potion all the days of my pilgrimage."

" Old Caleb smiled, and bowing, left the room; when Nokes, groaning and turning up his eyes, exclaimed, " What reprobate ever before ' *Made such a sinner of his memory to credit his own lie!* ' "

" And I don't write his life, on the hope of survivorship, there is no ' *Virtue whipp'd out of court.*' So note you that, too, my masters. At the same time, good Sir William, do spare me a spoonful or so of that macaroni; there, my

knight, don't be sparing, there's more pickles in the shop. Confound that cook-fellow's jobbernowl, he is so *brave* of his butter, and *parsimonious* of his parmesan. Boy, fetch me the *Italian cheese:* and ho! a *grater.* You may laugh, governor; but if the whole kitchen conclave could toast a slice of cheese fit to bait a mouse-trap, until I hammered it into their noddles, there's never a cuckold in Christendom."

Thus the social guests made merry, until the cloth was removed, when the table was covered with a dessert worthy the occasion. The meeting was convoked by Davenant, to treat with poets and players, or rather to muster the *corps dramatique*, previously to opening the playhouse in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, which had been shut up during the Interregnum.

Indeed, pending this long and gloomy period, *Thalia* never smiled, and *Melpomene* deprived of her mask, retired to weep at the moving tragedy of real life *.

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* King Charles II. owed it to the players to give his countenance to the stage, for the actors had shewn

" Come, gentlemen, who's for punch? said D'Urfey, as the landlord placed a noble bowl on the table; " what say you, Mister President, shall I do the honours? for you gentlemen there seem to be in the wine way. Come, Sir William, we are waiting for your toast; are you all filled,

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their devotion to the cause of his royal father, almost all of them, who were not past the vigour of life, having served in the royal army. Indeed it is recorded to the honour of the stage, that only one actor was known not to have interested himself in the cause of the king. His name was *Swanston*, and he seceded from religious motives.

The first formidable attack against stage-players, was made by *Prynne*, in 1633, from which period the interests of the drama began to decline, and continued from bad to worse, until a short time previous to the Restoration.

Rhodes, who had been wardrobe keeper to the company at Black-friars, and by trade a bookseller, as soon as the city of London and *Monk's* army were friends, ventured to fit up the *Cock-pit*, the old theatre in Drury Lane, for the exhibition of plays; Betterton and Kynaston had been his apprentices.

Many actors had been killed, or disabled, in the recent civil wars. Some had died, and others were grown old: hence it was difficult to muster a new

gentlemen." "All, all." "Then," said the president, rising from his seat, and all following, "here is his Majesty King Charles the Second, and may his reign be more prosperous than that of his royal father's, of blessed memory."

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company. It was Rhodes's performers which recruited the corps, mustered under the banner of Sir William Davenant. Killegrew's company was established afterwards.

In 1648, a short time after the beheading of the king, ordinances were issued from the parliament, prohibiting all future dramatic exhibitions. Stages, benches, seats, and galleries were then ordered to be pulled down and demolished; and all players, though calling themselves (as heretofore licenced) the king's or queen's servants, were to be punished as rogues and vagabonds; and the money received from the audience at the doors, was to be given to the poor of the parish, and every spectator was to pay a fine of five shillings, also, for the use of the poor.

Shortly after this proclamation, a company exhibiting *The Bloody Brothers—Lowin*, *Tayler*, *Pollard*, *Burt*, and *Hart*, the best performers of the time, and others, were surprised by a party of soldiers, in the midst of the piece, and, habited in the stage costume, were taken before the magistrates at Hatton-house,

"Amen," said Ingoldsby, "Hip, hip, hip—Huzza, huzza, huzza-a-a." At this instant, there was heard a magnificent flourish of trum-

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where they were stripped of their finery, and let loose half-naked.

The distress which ensued among the followers of this profession must necessarily have put them to their wits end to procure a living. The war ended, many betook themselves to other occupations. Pollard had saved money, and died just before the Restoration at a great age. Lowin kept an Inn, the *Three Pigeons*, at Brentford. Taylor opened a little shop at Richmond. Perkins and Sumner, two other stage worthies, were partners in some concern at Clerkenwell; all of whom died shortly after each other, and at a very advanced age.

In 1684, the two companies, Davenant's and Killegrew's, became united, from whence "the patent for Davenant's theatre descended as regularly," says Dibdin, "as a personal estate; having been bequeathed to Dr. Charles Davenant, by him assigned to his brother Alexander, who sold his interest to Christopher Rich, a lawyer; from him it came to his son, who left it to his four daughters, of whom it was purchased by Colman and his friends, and with this patent and this interest it seems descended also the dormant patent of Killegrew."

pets, which startled the party, but much more the guests in the other apartments of the tavern. This was schemed by old Caleb, who had prepared the trumpeters to blow a blast, when they heard the party huzza, and which they attended to under the word of command from their new *serjeant trumpeter*, Mister Mordecai. No sooner was this explained to the various guests, than every party were heard in succession huzzaing to the health of the sovereign: the house was one entire scene of feasting, hilarity, and loyalty.

"I long to have a peep at our sovereign," said Sandford, "what an immense concourse will be out to-morrow: the sight will be seen through rivers of tears," wiping one from his own eye, under cover of using his handkerchief for his nose.

"Yes, Sir," said Ingoldsby, "it will be an affecting spectacle."

"Particularly," said D'Urfey, who could not endure a grave thought, and perceiving the subject taking a serious complexion; when turning to Sandford, who broached it, "particularly my old *Saracen*, if you should thrust your stage phiz in front of the balcony."

"There would be a cry of treason and mur-

der," added Nokes, "and mine host would be presented again." This was uttered so gravely, that Sandford laughed, and so did all the jovial party, and mirth was suddenly restored again.

"That was well-timed, Tom," said Mohun, "'*Put on your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends that purpose merriment.*'"

"Come, Tom, cannot you muster a song on the occasion, or are you too far gone?" said Leigh.

"What shall it be, of love or murder?" enquired D'Urfey.

"Come try your *ready money* muse, Tom," replied Sedley, "let us have an *impromptu.*"

"Here goes then, but first let us try the punch," said Tom, "I never can taste the first glass. Come, gentlemen, fall in, fall in," collecting their glasses, and filling them bumpers. "Here's, Forget and forgive, and better times to us.

"Come old Captain Scaramouche,
Roke up the fire amain,
And, ho, tapster, bring us a log;
For I hold him a sinner
Who mumps after dinner,
Refusing to club for his grog.

Ho! bring us tobacco, boys,
Bring us long pipes again,
And landlord replenish the bo-o-o-owl;
Who'd not sit in a cellar,
With any good fellow,
And drink him as drunk as an owl.

Come here's *hob and nob*, my boys,
Bring us clean glasses, ho;
The whilst the bells merrily ring:
To-night *drown* all sorrow,
Hang old Care to-morrow,
So here's to the *Church* and the *King*.

And he that declines the toast,
Is not a Briton, boys,
Now we're so jovial and free-e-e-e.
Round-head or *Cavalier*,
Such have no business here,
Among such good fellows as we."

"Bravo, Tom, bravo," exclaimed Davenant. "An excellent impromptu," added Ingoldsby. "Capital, very good," cried every one. "And right to the purpose," said Nokes. "Now Tom, I revoke. The wit is not in the wig, but in the wine. Take my advice, Tom, never write again, play the *Improvisatore;*

'twill save a world of trouble, and as you contrive to be pretty equably drunk, you can carry on the war over the bottle, 'Live by the bottle, and die by the bowl.' "

"Come, Master Nokes, let me have no more of your preachment from that text—*hic*—let it alone——if you please, I've sung my song, now I shall call upon you, my boy, for a madrigal, or a ditty, or a story, or a toast, or what you please, only my drowsy shard, do not run us so hard upou the *goose quill*, because am I not a poet by trade, profession, or calling; and am I not going to offer my services, together with my *nine old tits*, to the manager there! Damme, I met my old master, old Prynne, the other day, and said I to him, your humble servant, Sir, *hic*—(hiccoughing) your humble-cum-stumble master—*hic*."

"Come, come, Tom, you are going it too fast," said Leigh.

The rattle, as usual when he presided o'er the bowl, his wits would depend on the turn of a glass. He was now becoming *non compos*, yet after losing himself awhile, he would rally again and be drunk and sober by turns; until he

brought himself up to an equable pitch, it were difficult to say whether he was drunk or sober.

" I met old what's his name there, that puritanical old son of a w——e, who wrote his *His—Histri—Histrio Mastix*,* and blowed

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* *Histrio Mastix;* or, *Player's Scourge.* This work, written by *Prynne*, and published in 1633, was a most wanton, furious, and illiberal attack upon the drama, players, and all those who favoured them. He attacked the amusements of the elegant court of King Charles the First, in the same blind and illiberal spirit of the fanaticism of the times. He says that " Princes dancing in their own persons was the cause of their untimely ends. That our English ladies, shorn and frizzled madams, (such as Vandyke has represented them) had lost their modesty; that plays were the chief delight of the devil, and all who frequented them were damned." These last charitable reflections were aimed at the king and queen, who performed in those elegant masques, which were performed at Whitehall, written by Ben Jonson and others, with the music by Copperario, Laniere, and other celebrated composers, and exhibited with the scenery and decorations by Inigo Jones.

His antipathy for music, is vented in terms no less unqualified. " Cathedral music," he compares to the

up all you sons of Thespis. 'Well my old boy,' said I, 'how goes the times?' 'Thou art a sot and a reprobate, Tom,' said he, 'thou wert a pro-pro-promising young man, and you had better have pursued your pursu—*hic*—pursuits.' Damme, Nokes, do you know that I said the best thing in the world to him. 'Why did you not stick to the *law?*' said he. Its old barrister Prynne I am talking about, you dog. 'So I do governor,' said I, *hic*, 'I am always engaged at the *bar*.' 'Fye, fye, Tom,' said the

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"bleating of brute beasts. The choristers bellow the tenor, as if they were oxen; bark a counterpart, like a kennel of hounds; roar a treble as if they were bulls; and grunt out a bass, like a parcel of hogs."

This book was considered so atrocious a libel, that it was adjudged to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, and its author was sentenced to be put from the bar, excluded from the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and degraded by the University of Oxford; to stand in the pillory at Westminster and Cheapside, to lose an ear at each place; to be fined five thousand pounds, and to perpetual imprisonment. A cruel sentence, and, considering the zealotry of the times, more cruelly put in force to the very letter.

old shaver. Damme, there's honesty about him, too. He tells people their own, and if every rascal—*hic*, *hic*—had his desert, there are rogues in this house, who'd have no more *ears* to shake than he. Is'nt it so, Master Nokes? Come give us your song, and let us take a glass of punch together. Hillo—you tapster boy—drawer, what's your name—*hic*—come, replenish the bowl."

At this moment who should enter but the two Killegrews, he the manager *elect* of the King's company, and his brother, who had lately come from *Breda*, in the suite of the King.

"Ha-ha-ha-ha, replenish the bowl! Why my D'Urfey, hast been sitting there ever since? Ha-ha-ha, why, the last words I ever heard from my old friend Tom, were from that chair, and over that very bowl. I know it by the golden rivet—the mended fracture across the old mandarin. Why Tom, that is now two years since, within a day or two. Why, if the bibber has not been *sitting at it* from that hour to this! Well, and my D'Urfey, how wags the world with thee; and *how do ye* my worthies all?"

"What! my noble Killegrews!" exclaimed

Mohun, "come gentlemen, come gentlemen, let us make room," when the brothers took their seats at the festive board.

"A little too late for the feast," said D'Urfey, turning round and offering his hand, "but there's plenty of prog in the larder, my nobles, and ho boy! I rule the *roast* here, Master Killegrew; come lay the cloth on that small table there, and, *hic*—I'll carve for you, gentlemen; bring the pigeon-pie, and the *et ceteras*. Upon my honour, *hic*—I am ashamed of you—you, Sir William, a gentleman of '*So high and plenteous wit and invention*,' as your *god-dad* says, *hic*—not to have bidden the two Master Kil—Kil—Killegrews to our feast. Tapster, hip, why what are them rascally trumpeters about? Here's the *manager* of the *king's own company*, and King Charles's *avant courier* come over, by Jove, and no salute. Bid the rebels come up,—have they not filled their paunches yet? O, your trumpeters are such guzzling rogues. Come, my noble Killegrews, let me fill your glasses, my boys, and you *Kill-joy*, old Nokes, come, put forward the glasses. We shall be *alive* now that the Kill—Kill—*Kill-*

ums are come. So," taking his glass, "here's to you, my nobles of the house of ——."

Here the old trumpeter made his appearance, when D'Urfey, turning round, exclaimed, "'*With brazen din blast you the city's ears.*' Am I to find you quarters, and feast you—you varlets, and have none of your services? 'Blow loud,' you reprobate old sinner, 'Blow loud,' no, *hic*, damme that is an invocation to the trumpet, and not to the trumpeter. '*Blow loud, send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents.*' This is verily, the dullest night, the most spiritless—Come my merry trumpeters, give us a flourish."

"I have no trumpet, your worship," said the trumpeter. "That Jew is a heathen and a Philistine, and—*hic*, *hic*—lives not in the fear of the Lord."

"No trumpet! that's comical. Hear you that, Sir William? Why thou art verily an useless piece of non-entity. No trumpet! my old *buccinator*. What, ho! then you are that preaching old tyke, whom Mother Fox gave such a drubbing. Did you never hear that story, Master Killegrew: how the old *she*

quaker met Oliver Cromwell's trumpeter, dismounted, in the lane, and under a hedge! *hic*, I wont expose you, my old one, by telling what you were doing there, and broke his head with his own trumpet. Ha-ha-ha, 'twas at Marston Moor, by G—d!"

"That story is not the fact, your worship, it is the invention of the drunken, *hic*—reprobate ca—cava—liers."

"That is mutiny, flat mutiny," said Tom, "and I'll have you tried by a court-martial. Ha-ha-ha, I know you, Mister Hold-me-fast, you are one of the *elect*. Well, well, I hope the house has taken care of you, and well stored your carnal appetite. But, Master Hold-me-fast, you are not sober, *hic—hic*—and that is not very saintly. Is this one of your Puritanical maxims? I'm sorry, very sorry, Master Hold-me-fast, to see a man of your years, with no more discretion. But hold, do you hear this, mister president, no trumpet! how the devil, why, what has Mister Mordecai been about? Soho, Mister Jew,—I must enquire into this," and leaving the vice-president's chair, waved his hand to the old trumpeter, crying, "*attention, dismiss*," when

he departed, staggering to his quarters, followed by D'Urfey, who instead of proceeding thither, halted at the bar, to have a gossip with mine host, for perceiving a fine portly guest, and a handsome female acquaintance at supper in the bar, with Caleb Johnson and his wife, and the table well covered with smoking eatables and wine, the temptation was irresistible; in he went, totally forgetting the object of his mission to the quarters of the trumpeters. "What! my friend *Ferabosco!** how goes it, my loyal *Ludovico?* Ah! and madam too! The two handsomest hostesses in all his majesty's dominions! What! come up to see the king make his *grand entre!* That is as it should be—*hic*—Why this will be gazetted, will get into one of our *Mercurys*†. The two loyal—loyal—loy-

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* Ludovico Ferabosco, son of one of the late king's musicians, and grandson of Ferabosco, the celebrated Italian musician, retained by King Henry VIII. He was the loyal host of the St. Christopher Inn, at Eton, of whom more hereafter.

† The News-papers or Gazettes at this period were called *Mercurys*. They were published by both

alest,—*hic*—tavern-keepers in the land, and their two comely spouses."

"Why, Master D'Urfey, what, Sir, have you quitted your company, quitted your chair, Sir?" enquired old Caleb, with a smile, perceiving the mad-cap was a little in his cups.

"Why no, you rogue—God bless thee, Master Caleb, not a bit of it. *Hic*—I heard who you had got for guests, and so said I to the president—no—*hem*, that's not the fact exactly. So, said I to myself, what if I don't steal an opportunity to walk out, and just step in, and ask Madam Ferabosco how she does? Well so, my good lady, and how do you find yourself, madam, in these times? *Hic*—we shall

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parties. The parliamentariares, however, derived incalculable support from a paper entitled *Mercurius Politicus*, edited by the powerful pen of *Marchamont Needham*, and which appeared weekly for more than ten years. This writer, by the numerous converts which he made, was styled the Goliath of the cause.

Mercurius Rusticus, or the *Country's Complaint*, which as a journal of the excesses committed by the republicans, was in much repute among the loyal party.

have glorious days again, God bless his majesty. So, ladies, drawer, bring me a chair—a chair, I say. What, Johnson, do you suppose I am not going to sit and—*hic*—pay my *devoirs* to the ladies? I know you thought so, you rogue, or you would have desired the boy to place me a seat. Well, gentlemen, it's now your day once more. Open house, *hic*—at all the loyal taverns, and open play-house once more at Lincoln's Inn. Ladies, at any time, only give me one half-hour's notice, and I'll give you free admissions—free of all—*hic*—charge, in the stage boxes. Davenant and I are sworn brothers, and as for Master Killegrew, why he opens at the Phœnix, and *Tom* Killegrew, and *Harry* Killegrew, and Tom D'Urfey, were always—*hic*—inseparable. So, I am ready to *squire* you, ladies, any night, when the season commences."

"You are very good, Mister D'Urfey," said Mistress Ferabosco, "I am sure it is very kind; I should like to see a play above all things, but, most of all, a deep tragedy."

"That is the mark! I like your taste," said D'Urfey, "and I'll write one on purpose, and

dedicate it to the handsome hostess of the Christopher: Davenant wants a good tragedy, and so does Harry Killegrew, and the other shall be dedicated to you, my kind Mistress Johnson: therefore, boy, give me a glass, therefore—*hic*—let me have the pleasure to take wine with you, ladies, and if you please, we will toast the king."

"That we will, with all our hearts," said the comely *hostesses*. Tom was a great favourite. "And we will join you, if you have no objection," said the *hosts*.

"Come, my noble boys, then, there is no reason but *we* may fill bumpers—The king! ladies. This is capital stuff, Master Caleb, though!—*hic*—I'm in high luck. You gentlemen *vintners* know where to prick for a prize in the saw-dust. I'll taste another glass, if you have no objection."

"With all our hearts," returned the jolly landlords. "Come," says Tom, "let us *hob* and *nob*: Here's to the right worshipful company of *Vintners*, and may they flourish and improve as they grow old, like—*hic*—the juice of the grape."

Says Bacchus one day to his *flame* Ariadne,
Come gossip, and fill me a cup of good wine,
O! her cheeks were so soft,
And her lips were so rosy,
And her breath you'd compare to the fresh budding vine.
Fair maid, shall we go to the cool grot or cavern,
Talk of love and the like, 'till the evening shall close,
And when night falls, set off
Arm in arm to the Tavern,
The *Devil*, the *Christopher*, *Tun*, or the *Rose*.

Now the gay Ariadne, a little coquettish,
Cried, *la!* Master Bacchus, what will the world say!
When the bibber he reddened,
And seem'd to be pettish,
And breaking his goblet, he bade her good day:
But turning again, his displeasure now cooling,
His thyrsis he shook, and he took her fair hand,
Saying,—*hic*—' maiden, fond lovers
Are apt to be fooling,
Bid me *stay with a smile*, or a frown will command.'

When up stepped Mercury with his caduceus
With wings at his *skull-cap*, and wings at his *heels*,
Ho! ho! cried the tell-tale, ri-tum-ti-tum-ti-tum-tity.

" Ah, there's enough of it. If you two jolly Bacchanalian tapsters will not be knighted by the king, then I'll be whipped all the way from London to Eton ! aye—from *St. Dunstan* to *St. Christopher*."

" Nay, nay, Sir, that is an excellent song, Master D'Urfey, and you have not finished it," said the jovial innkeeper.

" There is no more of it, there is no more; no more—*hic*—upon honour."

" Nay, nay," said Mrs. Ferabosco, " you left off in the midst." " Do now, Mister D'Urfey, now pray do favour us with the end of it," added Mrs. Johnson.

" On the honour of a *poet* and a *gentleman*, my fair ladies," said D'Urfey, laying his hand on his bosom, " there is not *one single word* more. 'Tis an impromptu—*hic*—inspired by the ladies of the Inn. However, I will call upon my *nine tits*, and we'll finish it, and then, we'll prick it to music, and Apollo shall strum it on his lyre; I always sing best to an accompaniment; but as I was saying, my masters, as sure as the king, God bless him, is coming to-morrow it will be—*hic*—rise up, *Sir Caleb* Johnson ;

as for you, my old friend, Ferabosco, you must wait 'till his majesty reaches Eton, and then it will be *Sir Ludovico*, alias the loyal knight of Saint Kits (Christopher)—meanwhile, I offer myself as god-father to your next little pretty ones, ladies."

"Well!" said Mrs. Johnson, "but that is an old engagement.

"True," replied D'Urfey, "I am always at your service. If they should happen to be boys—*hic*—I'll provide for them at the court, if they have fine parts. Or I may say a kind word for them to my friend Apollo; and if they should happen to be maids—*hic*—God bless their pretty hearts! then I must put them to school to the Graces, or place them under the guardianship of my nine tits."

"He-he-he-ha-ha-ha, you are so gay, Mister D'Urfey," said Mrs. Ferabosco. You gentlemen poets, I'm almost afraid to ask,—Pray who are these nine, *what* are they called, Mistress Johnson?" – "*Tits*," answered the laughing hostess, "he-he-he-ha-ha-ha."

"Now, I know you ladies—your curi—— *hic*—curiosity. Now, would you not like to

know who these ladies may be? They are no more, nor no less, than *my mistresses!*"

"Fye-o-fye, you rattle!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnson.

"Why, Master D'Urfey, hey!" said old Caleb, "you are as great a gallant as the king."

"All virtuous, beautiful, staid, excellent creatures—*hic*—pon my honour;" again placing his hand on his bosom; "ladies of most exemplary reputation. I'll tell you their names, and where they reside when they are at home; who was their father—*hic*—and who their mother."

"Ha-ha-ha, what all sisters, hey, Master D'Urfey? O! Sir, every one knows you to be a wag," said Caleb Johnson.

"Yes," returned D'Urfey. "First and firstly —*hic*—there's Miss—but—*hic*—suppose we have the pleasure to take a glass of wine together, gentlemen, thank you, Johnson, let us drink to *mad moiselle* CLIO, and all her beautiful sisters, the daughters of old *Jupiter* and *Mnemosyne*."

"O!" said Mrs. Ferabosco, "the nine muses! I've found you out, Sir."

"To be sure my dear," said D'Urfey; "did

you suppose I could think to introduce my god-daughters to any but the first company, bless your innocent souls, you—all your sex. I love you all when you are good, and good wives, and virtuous, like my good Mistress Johnson. Here, Johnson, give me your hand, my worthy; now, let us have t'other glass, and hear what I have to say,—thank ye,—a bumper my worthy, —there—thank ye. Look you, Johnson, you have as good and as excellent a creature,—I'll not flatter—*hic*—I'll be shot if I do; but, if a good woman—married—beautiful—*hic*—virtuous and chaste, is not an angel in these times—an angel my worthy cock, in every attribute, only wanting wings; which, God forbid—for, if they were to fly away from us reprobate men, this would be as dull and gloomy a state as the shores of the *Styx*. Yes! a good wife—virtuous —chaste—gentle, and all that, you understand me, as Shakspeare says. I am a bachelor, ergo, of no manner of use, you see, ladies,—none, no more than half a pair of scissars; but, if I had a help-mate like my kind Mistress here, God bless her, or your better half, Ferabosco, the pretty creatures—*hic*—I would not part with either,

no, if *heaven would make me such another world, of one entire and perfect chrysolite.*"

"Well! you are very polite, indeed, Mister D'Urfey; you always speak well of wedlock, I will say that for you, which is more than one can say of most of you bachelor gentlemen."

"Lord love you, Madam Johnson—Yes! to be sure I do! wherefore should I not?—*hic*,—I love all good women, all, by Jupiter! all, married and single, and if I wash is majesty—*hic*—if I would not marry every good woman in all my three kingdoms!—if, mind me—if they were good and virtuous, for what is life—I ask you, my two nobles, you Johnson, and you my honest Ludovico, what unhappy fellows would you be, yes—*hic*—with all your loyalty, my hearties,—but for your wives? Now remember that, remember who tells you so. No less than a scholar, a poet, and a gen—gentl—*hic*—gentleman, you rogues. Well, but to be brief, my Ferabosco, and how goes all old friends, at the *Christopher?* I promise to make one amongst you, my boy. What, and do all the old quondam choristers still *rendezvous* in the Apollo? What is old Laniere in the land of the living yet, and

Master Cooke? ah—*hic*—he is a prime spark, he was a captain, bears a commission. If the king don't provide for him—why then—*hic*—I shall say that his majesty is no judge of music, and does not know his friends from his foes."

"La! Mister D'Urfey, why Captain Cook, was at our house this very morning, and came with us in the same coach from Windsor; and so did Master Laniere, to see the sight to-morrow."

"That is good, by Jupiter. Come, my royal vintners, let us drink to the worthies; come ladies —nay—half a glass to two such loyal subjects. There now—only half a glass. Remember my excellent—good—dear ladies, we shall never live to see another occasion like this; the *vigil* of the *restoration*, of such a king; the finest, most generous, such a patron of the fair!—ladies, you'll have it *all your own way* now, so here's to my old friends, Cooke and Laniere, two better fellows and—*hic*—worthier gents, you shall not overtake in a day's march."

"Ah, that was a sad affair of his brother, Master Laniere, Master D'Urfey," said Ferabosco.

" Yes, I own it, a melancholy business, sure enough," replied D'Urfey; but—*hic*—I have forgotten exactly what it was. What—what of him, my gay fellow?"

" Why did you not know that he was killed on the field, near the late king, and that his majesty put on a black crape for him."

" Did he so, my Ferabosco—ah! so he did, then my boy he is gone to heaven; all who died fighting for the old king are indubitably gone to that blessed region, as sure, Master Ferabosco, as the gospel. Therefore, why should we grieve? that is my maxim—*hic*—wherefore should we be sad or doleful? neither you—*hic*—nor I, nor you, Caleb Johnson, should be sad, for we cannot alter it. Now, do you suppose, my nobles, when the Fates are sitting in council, that they will alter their humour, just to please such a set of selfish paltry scoundrels as those who—*hic*—call themselves rulers; damme, no—depend upon it no, my boys, no such thing. Therefore let us drink and be social, and leave the Fates to settle their own affairs; for if they will only be pleased to let *me* alone—*hic*—why if *I* trouble myself about *them*, may I be chained to the Temple

pump, an iron ladle to dole out water to thirsty school-boys, for ever and a day.

The three skinny goddesses *Fate*
Laced in their bodices tight;
Up in the sky as they sate,
Spinning with merciless spite.

One with a distaff in hand,
The *other* with scissars so dread,
Without the two sisters command—
Hic—clipped *life* in the midst of the thread.

These are the tricks of the *three*,
All must buckle and bend to 'em;
Whatever these spinsters decree,—
Hic—there's an end to you ladies and gentlemen.

"No-no, it's of no manner of use to quarrel, you take me; of no sort of use to dispute with these self-willed daughters of old *Nox* and *Erebus*. They were born in the dark, bless you, and there is no finding them out—none, I assure you; they are the most in—inscrutable of all the goddesses, and that is all, the wisest wiseacre among us all knows about the matter. Wherefore, though I love *night*, and—*hic*—worship

Master *Nox*, let my nights be in a tavern, with plenty of tapers, my hearty vintners. Yes! and the light of these smiling ladies—smile—yes, by all means, smiling,—compose one to pleasant—dreams—heigh—ha—ho—that am—me—e—e—that is the business;" when Tom dropping his head upon his bosom, sunk quietly into the arms of sleep, in old Caleb Johnson's elbow-chair, where we will leave him, whilst we take a peep below, at what had occurred between the Jew and the drunken trumpeters.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TRUMPETERS' SUPPER.

"*Thou villain, thou art full of piety.*"—SHAKSPEARE.

"Well, Master Mordecai, you are the most Christian Jew of all your tribe," said Tom D'Urfey, who, whilst the conversation was going on in the hall, had for a few minutes descended to the apartment on the basement story, provided for the entertainment of the musicians, to arrange matters for the approaching show on the balcony in front of the tavern. "You are fatigued, my worthy, and you shall have a joyous good supper for your pains. Here, drawer, bring us a bottle of wine." When, pouring out a bumping glass for Mordecai, and taking one for himself, "Come," said he, "here goes, *church and king*." This considerate visit of D'Urfey's occurred about two hours before his visit to the bar.

"I can not never drink that," said Mordecai, but not until he had swallowed the wine. "I'll toast the king with all mine heart."

"You are a deep one," said D'Urfey; "come then, *bung t'other eye;* I say, Mohun," who then entered; "here's a trump,—he wont drink my toast, but he mops up the wine. Come then," filling the glasses again, "now—let's have it your own way."

"Here goes, the king," said Mordecai, "and no Popery; no more religious wars, of no kind votshomever."

"That Israelite, your worship," said old Hold-me-fast, "is a lost sinner, and by grace and mercy, I will set about his conversion this night. Observe your worship, what he has obtained already by his short acquaintance with one of the faithful—(hiccoughing)—you perceive he is a Protestant Jew already, your worship, and that is a great way towards conversion. Pray, your worship, may I be so bold, are you that—*hic*—(hiccoughing again,) are you his honour Sir William Davenant?"

"No," replied Tom, "I am Sir Thomas D'Urfey, you drunken, puritanical old hypocrite."

"*Thomas—Thomas—hic—Thomas—one of the twelve*, but no *Diddimus*, I fear: What I would ask is as this—Who am I to look to for my reward—Thomas—hey—Did—Diddimus? for I will have no intercourse with—*hic*—this reprobate, unbelieving Jew, excepting his conversion, if it be I have sufficient grace. But what am I to receive for my services, and that of these five sensible, useful, sober servants of the Lord? We only wait to know that, and if it be your worship's pleasure, we will have something to moisten our mouths withal, for we have come from afar, and have tarried long."

"Moisten your mouths," echoed D'Urfey, "why Master Hold-me-fast, you are staggering now, you sot. What are we to do with these drunken trumpeters, Mahon? I'd be sworn, there's not a man among them knows a semibreve from a crotchet."

"*Hic*—Don't swear, your worship,—you, I think with due reverence, are a justice of the peace, and I have a charge to make against this unholy Jew," staggering against D'Urfey, who slipping dexterously aside, the old puritan

trumpeter upset the little supper table, and rolled his heavy carcase among the wreck; luckily the plates were pewter, and the eatables were not quite ready, or Moses and his corps of musicians might have gone supperless to bed.

"Schmite mine bones! vot a pretty go!—vot a smash! I vont pay you a farden for your services, you Mishter *Hold-me-fasht*. Get up, you *trunken schwines*, mine body! vot a christian hog," endeavouring to raise the heavy old trumpeter from the floor, who, sitting with his back against the wall, exclaimed,—"*Hic*—your worship, we would do all you would have, only, have faith—faith. *Hic*—I know I have had a little drop, or so—*hic*. But, the Lord is all-sufficient."

"Vy don't you help him up, you *Phil. Colchester?* you are the least tronk; as for the other thieves, they are fast ashleep. Vell, let 'em alone awhiles, that vill sober 'em. I vish I vosh ashleep mineself. They've sphent more monies in *gulsh*, only from Petty-france to Temple-bar —than it cost mine blessed father in all his life, on the vordt of a man! I never saw mine father

nor mine mother tdrunk since they vosh born, to the time of their death. Christ! vot a vicked old man!"

"Hear the reprobate, only hear him—*hic*, your worship—can we wonder that trouble, and tribulation and affliction, and sorrow—*hic*—afflicts this wicked land, when the name of the holy one of Israel is thus prophaned by a denying Jew?" *Hic*, *hic*—I don't much like this business, your worship, to blow my trumpet in the service of the un—*hic*—unrighteous. For, I am credibly informed the king is given to vanity, and—*hic*—to carnal lusts. That he is given to wine, and to for—forni—for——"

"Vy don't you get up? Vot if his majesty loves vine, vat is it to you? ven—ha, ha, ha,—ven you are so gallows trunk; vot, you can't standt on your legs. My eye! vy vot a hypochrite!"

"*He delighteth not in the strength of a horse;*" thou Jew: *he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man*, thou reprobate: read the word, you vile Mor—Mordecai, and know these things."

"Vell, vell, I vont dispute at all about it;

nor I vont lend you the silver trumpet, unless I have security for its safe return. Vot, if he don't shwear, mine kindt Master Durfey, vot this trumpet, (which he drew from his bag) vosh his; and shwears he'll have it: Ven I'll make mine solemn oath it vosh belong to his late majesty's sargeant trumpeter—and there is the king's arms inside, as plain as mine nose on mine face."

"*Hic*—that, you unbelieving Jew, his nothing to the purport. Is it not writ, you scorner, '*Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son—son of man*,—hic—*in whom there is no help*.'"

"Vell—vot is all this mouding about? you have engaged at ten shillings a head, for these five musishiners to play to-night, if wanted—and all day to-morrow; and to *eat* and *drink* free of *expenshe*: and twenty shilling for yourself—that is three pounds ten shilling. Vot I get is not more as thirty shilling, so help me G—d. And for vot? Vy, for the lendt of vun silver, and four brazen trumpets, and dragging a lot of such tdrunken professioners as you—go to hell, vid you! First, Mishter

D'Urfey, I gets hold of this chentleman vot sits upon his tdrunken bottom, upon the floor, here, to preach—vy don't you get upon your legs? Strichke me comical, vot if old Oliver Cromwell would stand this, Master Hold-me-fast. You might be enough of a migshty clever trumpeter, but blister me all over, vot he'd have had you drum'd out of the regiment. Vy don't you get up, you beastly hog? It ish too bad—too bad, Master Mohun, for all the way from Palace-yard, not an ale-house, but this mister shaint got some more drink, and then to preaching and boddering every von vot he meets to conversion."

"I give you joy of your job, Mordecai, and if the varlets are refractory, lock them up—lock 'em up, impound them, and let them snore it out untill morning. But, my worthy Mordecai, don't let them escape: for I suspect the rogues are no better than they should be," said D'Urfey, who left them to Mohun, that he might join his company.

"Come, you Hold-me-fast-try-hoist! come, get you up!" said Mohun, holding one shoulder, and the drawer the other, when in

came mine host, with his usual good humour, and *Ludovico Ferabosco*, the loyal landlord of the St. Christopher, at Eton, who seeing the protector's puritanical trumpeter, whom he knew full well seated thus, saluted him with mock gravity, and shaking his head, cried, "What! Hold-me-fast Sparkes! how are the mighty fallen!"

"Ah," returned the trumpeter, looking up most ruefully; "*I am gone like the shadow, when it declineth:* hic—*I am tossed up and down as the locust.*"

"Come, come, get up my soger," said Ferabosco, "why, Sparkes, my old cock, why, what the plague, drunk too! This is odd enough, gentlemen, I never knew much good of him, to be sure—but this man was a noted preacher; I have heard him hold forth at Datchet, by the hour. Why, Hold-me-fast, what would his highness, your old master, Cromwell, say to this? Fye! what become a tippler in your old age! This is very unsogierly, Master Sparkes. Come, get upon your feet, you old sinner."

"'*My knees are weak through fasting: and my flesh*—hic, hic—*faileth of fatness*,'—hic,

saith the Psalmist. Yea,—hic—things are strangely altered, Master Ferrabos—bosky, there's no *liberty* left in this afflicted land—My old general was a soger every inch of him: but as for your cava—cav—cavaliers—'*Blow the trumpet in Zion*'—What!" Here he went off into a complete rhapsody. "Who is king now? '*I will divide Sechem, and mete out the valley of Suc—Suc—Suc-coth*,'—hic, and mumbling, '*Gilead is mine; Manasseh is mine; Ephriam is also*—hic, hic,—*the stre—en—engthof mine head: Judah is my law-giver*.' Come, Master Ferra—bosh—co, you are a good moral sort of man—*hic*,—though you *are* a royalist, I know your principles, Master Ferrabos—bos—ky; and I have often sought the lord for you. But, nevertheless, you have never been—*hic*—regen—gener—re—regenera—ted,—*hic*—which is a pity, for what, of honesty—*hic*—or justice, or uprightness in the flesh—it's all carnal—all vanity—and—*hic*—a dangerous state of the poor deluded soul. Is it not so, Mordecai? I ask you, you unbeliever, in presence of these good people. What is it all worth, if—*hic*—if you have not grace."

"Schmite my limbs, bones, and body, vot, if

I voudn't be of ten times no religion at all, rather than squat me there——I ax your pardon, latdies." Mistress Johnson, and Mistress Ferrabasco, that moment peeping in, to have a look at the preaching old trumpeter. "That's vot I voud, rather than sitting there—all squat, expounding the holy insphired David, from such a tdrunken tdrivelling moud. Get up!" hauling him by the collar, and setting him on his feet by main strength. "Get up, and mindt your duty; here's Mistress and Master Johnshon's provided a handsome supper, andt you've upset the tables,—and hollo—vot, you sleeping trumpeters," shaking one after the other by the collar, "vy don't you give over snoring? Godamighty, vot a trumpeting of so many noses, vosh never heard."

"Hullo, why what's the matter?" said one. "Hey," cried another, staring, "what is it morning?" "I've no horse, and whose stole my trumpet?" said a third. "Hey, where are we! where's the enemy?"

"Where are you! vy at the *Devil* you tdrunken schwines, only a little before your times. Vell, vot, have you snored yourselves

sober? come, up, rouse you, and be orderly—here is some excellent nice supper provided, and eat, tdrink, and be satishfied, for you'll not every day tumble into such quarters."

By this time the table was replaced, and a hot supper smoked on the board. D'Urfey had retired, and Mohun led the two hostesses up stairs, and mine host of the Devil, only remained behind to say, "Mordecai, my honest friend, you are master of the ceremonies, make merry, and call for all you want."

"Come, be sheated," said Mordecai, "vill you fill the chair, Master Hold-me-fast.'

"No, no, my Master Modecai, do you do the affairs of the table, for—*hic*—I have got a little drop too much, I believe. What! is that roast beef?—*hic*—a very good old English dish, and fowls—*hic*—many a turk—turk—turkey, and many a go—goose, have I stolen on a march, but that was the carnal man: that was thievery—*hic*—in the old man. But I have not had a glass of any thing in my lips for—Hold! you thankless Jew—What!—why, lay down your knife, you heathen. What, gentlemen, do none of you *crave a blessing?* shame!—*hic*—shame! why

even in camp, you reprobates, we never put a morsel into our mouths—*hic*—without thanking the Lord. Why your *cavalie—liers* could not be more *hea—heathen—ish.* Why none but musicians and heathens would—*hic*—go to their meals and not crave a bles—bles—*hic*—blessing." So this pious peroration acccomplished, he began a long grace, with *hics* and *hucks*, until the Jew feeling scandalized by such mockery, sharpened the knife on the steel, and all the drunken trumpeters cried amen, when Hold-me-fast sat him down, and the rest of the party recruited by sleep, commenced their meal with tolerable decency."

" Come, master Jew, what shall you and I drink together, hey? you reprobate:" said Hold-me-fast,—" *hic*—what will you take?"

" Some beer, if you vosh have no objections, for I vosh dry. Drawer, that's a a good fellow, give us some beer; mine service to you chentlemens all, vot a deligsht it vos to get a goot schwig of malt and hops, mine soul! I vosh as dry as dust."

" So am I, Moses," said John Shore, " but I shall have some wine. Ho! boy, hand me the bottle and some glasses."

" Vell, vell, do as you pleashe, but beer will squench your thirst quite as vell, and better, I'm blow'd if it vont, and at half a quarter of the expenshe."

" What! you beggarly Israelite, what is the expence to you, you heathen?—*hic*—is it out of your purse?—*Hic*—It was always so: that apostate Judas sold his Lord and Master—*hic*—for thirty pieces; and there's not been an honest Jew from that blessed time to this."

" Drink vot you like, I'm blow'd if I care; only I don't vish to put the governor to no expenshe vot is more than necessary. Drink avay for vhat I care—vot ish Judas to me?"

" To you!" said Shore, " why he was one of your forefathers; all you Jews are alike, all cast in the same heathenish mould, all from the same stock. I never knew a Jew but he was a thief."

" And I never knew a trumpeter but he was a fool, a tdrunken schwine, with no more brains, striche me comical, than his trumpet: a fellow vot vont fight himself, but spends his breath blowing louder than the braying of an ass, to set his neighbours by the ears. Hh-ha-ha. I

vosh as soon go to hell as serve my times to a trumpeter."

"You are about right there, Master Mordecai," said Swan, another of the party, "for, make the best of it, 'tis a hell of a life. To straddle a pie-bald charger, and be a mark for the enemy; to stand fire like a tun or a target, for thirteen pence a day, and be scavenger to your own horse."

"And after all to get no honour by it," added Gwyn. "Damme, after all's said and done, '*he's only a trumpeter*,' as the saying is. I'd rather apprentice my son to old *Sugar* and *Sack*, the chimney-sweeper, than make him a trumpeter, or I am the greatest rogue alive."

"Give us some wine, you Mister Mordecai, give us some wine," cried Hold-me-fast. "Did not the host give us a furlough to call for what we please? and—hic—it is my pleasure to drink; and here's to the memory of his old highness that's gone to his reward. What say you, Master Swan?"

"No, I'll see you d——d first," said Swan; "what should we drink to him for?"

"Why! wherefore! — why, you swearing reprobate—*hic*—because he feared the Lord."

"Ha-ha-ha-ha. Yes, but he feared nothing else," said Shore. "He was as tough an old soger as ever carried a sword;—right is right, and that I'll say for him;—but as for fearing the Lord—that's all my eye, Master Hold-me-fast; all moonshine. Yes! he went seeking the Lord when he *did for the king;* whether he found him or no, I neither know nor care; but this I know, that was a black business of his, murdering the old sovereign. However, that's his affair, and the devil and him, I dare say, have *scotched* that business before now. We'll couple 'em together if you like. Here goes, then—steady, my old soger; steady, *hob and nob*—don't spill good wine, my old cock—here's his highness old Noll and the Devil."

The old fat trumpeter drank the wine, and dashing the glass upon the floor, exclaimed—"It is an abomination to waste what the Lord hath sent to comfort his servants; but—*hic*—that glass shall never profane the lips of a Christian. How should you know aught of the devil, you son of Belial—the old serpent, the

prince of darkness—you who have no *light—hic* —you reprobate? Why this Jew-man is worthier the name of Christian than—*hic*—you, Master Shore."

"All's one for that, my old saint. If you can carry on the game by preaching and breaking glasses, why do so; but stringing texts together will not long keep that fat carcass of yours in good case. What are *we* to do?—hey?—tell me that. Where are we to get employ?—have you no gospel for that?"

"Ah, Master *Hold-me-fasht*, that is vot I should say, vosh I a trumpeter. Look to the main shance, main shance is every thing: vot ish preaching to an empty guts, ven a man vants business for employ in his honesht calling? Vot shall these musishioners findt employ? Vot is the use of trumpeters, ven there ish no more of civil vars? Blow me! vot if trumpeters ishunt a *tdrug* upon the market."

"Well said, Moses Mordecai, there's sense and understanding in that," replied Shore. "Answer that, you canting, guzzling old pretender. Come, my worthy Jew, let us have a glass together: hob and nob, Moses, give us

your hand; dash my cap! if I don't begin to think you are a better fellow than I took you for."

"Hic—'*I said unto the fools, deal not foolishly; and to the wicked, lift not up the horn. Lift not up your horn on high:*—hic—*speak not with a stiff neck.*'"

"*Body o' me*, Master Hold-me-fast, if you would not have had many another broken head, but for that artful trick of lugging in your texts. Isn't it so, Master Swan? These canting, preaching, praying, devil-dodging Independents becall their betters black and blue, through the bible: a set of hypocritical scoundrels that curse and swear, and revile by proxy, and knock every body on the head with the holy book. I only wish I'd had the luck to have been in the king's service, for I know I'm a worthless blackguard, as most of us are; but I'd wager any man a bowl of punch I should have continued a pious fellow, if I had not been made sick of all religion by these rascally saints. There was that wolf in sheep's clothing, that Lord Pride, and that other upstart—colonels too! Why I re-

member the time when the one was a wheelbarrow small beer brewer in Barbican, and the other an apprentice shoe-maker there by Cripplegate, when my father was a better man than either, damme, and these fellows carry their heads so high, and set their beggarly rumps in the Parliament."

"Yes! they were pretty ones," said Phil Colchester, "I too had too large a dose of their canting; and I left the service, and got into the old king's. There was that bully Harrison, our colonel, and Hewson, that other one-eyed thief; I never shall forget it, after turning the widow of a clergyman out of the parsonage, because she had been reading the church prayer-book to her children, and set down and munched up the dinner."

"But not till they had craved a grace as ong as my arm, I'd be sworn," said Shore.

"No, trust 'em for that," replied Phil. 'They took off their iron skull-caps, and placing them before their hypocritical faces, snuffled about the Lord, and peeped like foxes over the brims at the beef and plumb-pudding It was

Christmas day, which these holy ones, as you know, proclaimed a *Popish fast*, and the old English fare on that day a *Romish remnant*."

"Vot!" exclaimed Mordecai, laying down his knife and fork, staring and wrinkling his forehead, "vot, tid these saints eat up every morshel from the vidow and the fatherless?"

"Yes, and kept her and the poor children shivering in the wood-hovel. It was a bitter cold day, I remember, and we were quartered where there was no prog, and the snow was so deep we could fetch nothing. I didn't mind it so much for myself, I was used to it; but, damme, it grieved me to the heart to hear my old horse neigh as sorrowfully as a Christian for his corn, and the poor dumb animal eat up the stable broom for sheer hunger; he did, as I hope to be saved."

"Vot!" continued the Jew, "snatsh the morsel vot vosh for the helpless vidow, and her poor innoshent little vones! Vell! God amighshty send vot it had choaked 'em both, the gallows rogues. Mine soul, it vosh no vonder if King Charles vos brought up to the schaffold at Vite-hall, ven he vosh opposed by such a

gang of precious thieves. God send the king vot ish coming to town to-morrow may have no more of civil wars, vot hardens the heart more than riches. For howsomever that Mishter Lord Prides and Mishter Hewson might be very fine Chrishterns, blister 'em both, I knows 'em of old—two as flinty-hearted chentlemens as any vot ever vent into battle."

"That is the fact, Mordecai," said Phil Colchester; "I woudn't stand in *their* shoes for a trifle. I think I could chalk up a few of them that will get their necks stretched by old Dun, if they do not troop it somewhere out of the way. There's that Harrison, he that butchered the player who was taken in a skirmish, as cold-blooded a lousy villain as ever crossed a horse. I was a prisoner then, and heard one of Cromwell's old quarter-masters say, outside under our grated window, 'I've seen years of service abroad, but if ever I saw or heard any thing so atrocious, may I be blown to pieces, aye, small as sausage meat. Talk of foreign war—why it's babies' play to this! There's a promising young man, one of the players they say, kill'd—butchered in cold blood, by G—d, by command

of that scoundrel, our Colonel, (Harrison); and Colonel Ingoldsby put under arrest, for calling him a blasphemous coward; and the devil to pay at head-quarters."

"I was there, Master Colchester; our troop came up just after," added Shore; "they took the young man (his name was *Robinson*, they said,) to a farm house hard by; he had ten or twelve wounds, and died in a few minutes, in the arms of the farmer's daughter, to whom he was betrothed, and a handsome maid she was. The farmer and his sons dug his grave at the dead of night, buried him in the garden, and read the service over him by the light of a lantern, from the church prayer-book."

"Ah, Master Colchester, you and I were of different sides; but that business was a closer for me. Says I to a master farrier in the villages the next morning, who shod my charger, 'What do you think about the young cavalier that was slain yesterday eve?' 'Think!' says he, 'a man had better think twice ere he speaks once, in these evil times; there's no such thing as trusting one's own flesh and blood with one's

thoughts, master trumpeter. I've a son in the wars, and a hopeful lad he is, and he has read his bible, *too;* but he's on the right side, and fighting for the king, God bless him. I'm a hard-working man, and have an old 'oman and daughters to look to; but, as I hope for mercy in the next world, if I knew my boy to kill an enemy in cold blood, and to justify such a cowardly deed with a text of the holy scripture in his mouth, he should never cross my threshold, though he lived to be a general: I'd never set down at my board with a murderer. That's my say, master trumpeter, and I don't care who knows it.'

"'D——d if *I* betray you,' says I, 'master farrier. There's others that don't quite relish this business; but you know we are under command of them as be our superiors; but this I know, if that bloody Colonel——I shan't mention names—you understand me, master farrier—was to hang in his stirrups, and his horse carrying him flat on his back to hell, I'm not the man who would stop him.' So says the farrier, 'You are an honest, well-disposed

young man, and I wish you had been o' t'other side; and so,' says he, 'here's something to drink;' and tipped me a shilling."

"I vonder you didn't *bolt*," said Mordecai, who listened with uncommon interest to the trumpeter's tale. "Strichke me flat! vot but I voud have given 'em all the *go by:* I voudn't fight against my consciunsh not for nobody."

"What! you thief;—*hic*—what! would you have the man *desert*, hey, you Jew? Desert from the cause of the saints, hey? What! run away with your charger, turn *horse-stealer*, and rob the cause, hey? I know you, Master Mor—Mor—de—*hic*. Why the general in chief would not have trusted a Jew rascal with the matter of a horse, or such a thing as a brass trumpet—*hic*. He would not enlist, no—*hic*—not one mother's son, you reprobate, but—*hic*, *hic*—but what served the Lord. Come unto the camp, '*Ye saints and servants of the Lord*,'" said he, "come and——"

"Come, you Hold-me-fast, let's have no more of this; it won't go down now, folks are sick of such gammon; we've had enough of it."

"Enough of what? Who are you, hey?

you unsanctified back-slider!—*hic*. I'll tell you what, Master Swan, you'll excuse me as a brother sodger,—*hic*—but you trumpeters are always the greatest reprobates in a camp—*hic*. I don't mind you a fig, you see. Not one of you ever seek the Lord;—*hic*—no, not one. You never meet in quarters—*hic*—but you swear,—*hic*—and drink,—*hic*—and sot—sot—sot—like swine. I never knew but one trumpeter that had *grace*, or that could *seek*, except *Kingdom-come Morris*, and he was a man that walked in the fear of the Lord."

"Ha-ha-ha! that's a pretty pattern for a kingdom-come *seeker;* a fellow that was cashiered for robbing the landlady of the magpye at Colnbrook; the rascal who *walked* off with the sheets, and pawned them at Brentford!"

"*Hic!*—That might *be*, nevertheless. Did he not own he had sin—sin—sinned against God and man, you repro—*hic*—you reprobate; and turn preacher no sooner than he left the army? and did he not,—*hic*—I ask you, tell 'em from the desk, that—*hic*—like Paul *he was chiefest of sinners?* But what should you know, such a one as you, of these *things?* Are you re—re-

generate? I ask you that—*hic*—plain question. If you are not, what is the use of my holding any farther conversation with you? Give me the bottle, you Master Shore, and I'll drink to your re—regeneration,—*hic*—which—*hic*—without which, all is nought. Ah! I'm sorry for you; sorry, sorry. But a remnant of all—*hic*—shall be saved; and a trumpeter—*hic*—as well as another, if he shall have free grace. That's the root and bottom of it. '*Seek and pray;*—hic—*knock and it shall be opened unto us all.*' Drawer, here bring us another bottle; I have held forth till I am as dry in the throat as if—*hic*—I'd been putting my nose in the manger, and crib—crib—*hic*—cribbing chaff from my horse. No, no, Master Shore, it is all vain, vain; and all vanity—*hic*—vanity and vexation of the spirit. For without the new birth we were—*hic*—but for free grace—*hic*—we were but as these empty bottles."

But to return to the bon-vivants who surrounded the table of Sir William Davenant: no sooner was the vice-president's chair vacated, by the absence of D'Urfey, than Thomas Killegrew was unanimously voted to supply his

place. A fresh bowl of punch was set before him, when Davenant called for clean glasses, tobacco and pipes, and the mirth commenced anew, the whole party just now ripening into that season of the night which bringeth forth frolic and fun.

"Well, Master Ingoldsby, my worthy," said Killegrew, stirring up the punch, "before we *break bulk*, let me have the happiness, for old acquaintance sake, to take a glass of that wine with you, which you and our noble president seem to be cuddling together."

"With my entire soul, my hearty," replied the Colonel, who was now all alive.

"Come, brother Harry, do you and Sir William there, join us, Here's to the two noble manager! Here's success to the stage at *Lincoln's Inn*," said Harry Killegrew, "and here's prosperity to the *Phœnix*," returned Davenant, "hip, hip, hip, huzza-huzza, Shakspeare for ever, huzza-a-a."

"I am rejoiced to see *you*, friend Ingoldsby, sitting there, *cheek by jowl* with kings and emperors. Huzza, my boys," said Thomas Killegrew, looking around, and smiling as he held

up his glass. "'*These are the youths that thunder at a play-house*,' as Shakspeare says. Better, my noble, than the thunder that has been threatening old England again—your late affair with a certain general, my noble Colonel, I can whisper you on authority, has made a favourable impression, you understand me, in the *right quarter* too!" *

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* Ingoldsby was the only person whose signature appeared to the *death warrant* of King Charles the First, then living and within reach, that escaped prosecution for high treason, in aiding, abetting, or compassing the death of their sovereign. He was a cousin of Oliver Cromwell's, and set down by the committee for the king's trial as one of his judges, but although a member of parliament, he absented himself, and would not, as it appears, lend himself to that mock court of justice, which tried the king in the parliament-house, and adjudged him to lose his head. Being in the Painted Chamber, however, on the day of signing that fatal instrument. Oliver Cromwell, reproached him for keeping out of the way, and invited him to add his signature. Ingoldsby refused, when, with a civil sort of force, Cromwell and others brought him to the table, and placing a pen in his hand, Cromwell guided it, in making his signature.

Ingoldsby could not but feel rejoiced at this agreeable hint, and his countenance brightened accordingly. "Aye Sir!" said he, "this has been a day of extraordinary events to me, which

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This circumstance, though disputed by some, is related by Clarendon. Certain it is, that Ingoldsby did not fly the country, nor, though urged so to do, did he petition the king, as many others did, pending the negociations for his majesty's restoration to his legal right to the throne,—saying he would remain, at the risque of his head, and stand or fall on the bare reputation of his conduct as a patriot.

Fortunately for our hero—the circumstance alluded to by Thomas Killgrew, was of service to the royal cause; for when there was every appearance of a renewal of the civil war, which nothing could have prevented, but the return of the king, Ingoldsby's victory over General Lambert, and taking him prisoner, mainly helped to frustrate the designs of the rump parliament, the overthrow of which saved the country from impending calamity, by the restoration of the king, and a legitimate government.

He soon became a favourite of King Charles, and even before the coronation was knighted by his majesty, and died Sir Richard Ingoldsby, Knight of the Bath.

you would readily admit, were I to relate all that has occurred. But, let us be jolly, my Killegrews, and look forward to better times."

"But," replied Killegrew, in a screeching female voice, "but your honor, *you gave me a bad sixpence*," singing, "*And all such regercide rogues as they*,——"

"*Ought to be hanged upon Tyburn tree*," added Harry Killegrew, gruffly, "yes, *you and the other two noble cavalliers*." When Ingoldsby, Barlowe, and Walker, actually staring with surprise, and the greater part of the company, who had heard the curious *duetto*, in their way to the tavern, discovering in the two frolicksome brothers, the identical ballad singers, who had disguised themselves, for the occasion; the whole party burst into shouts of huzzaing and laughter, and every bottle, glass, and even the punch bowl, danced upon the table in the madness of the moment, such was the joyous confusion. "Church and King—huzza-a-a."

"Forward, my nobles," exclaimed the Killegrews, "this is all as it should be, round-heads and cavalliers, all loyal,—loyal by the Lord,

Church and King! my boys! he's every inch a king—huzza! God save King Charles!" When the courtier, Thomas Killegrew, in a stentorian voice, and with glorious spirit, struck off:

"O have you been to *Breda** my boys,
O have you been to Breda?
Have you seen the King?
Who's up————"

The song was cut short by the sudden appearance of Caleb Johnson, and Ludovico Fer-

* BREDA, in the Netherlands, the place where King Charles assembled his faithful little court in 1660, and where his letter to the lord mayor, aldermen, and citizens of London was dated, April 10, wherein he expressed his satisfaction at all the steps which had been recently taken by the city for his restoration. On the receipt of this letter, the city gave the messenger 300*l.*, and deputed fourteen of the common council to proceed immediately to Holland, with a present of ten thousand pounds to his majesty, and to assure him of their fidelity and most cheerful submission; and that they placed all their felicity and future prosperity in his royal grace and protection.

rabosco, who in great consternation, appealed to the chairman to break up the meeting, saying, "Gentlemen, that troublesome old Master Prynne, with a posse of preachers has got possession of my bar, and threaten God's heavy judgments on myself, and all my house. Pray what are we to do, gentlemen—In the name of mercy *what are we to do?* My wife is frightened out of her wits." "And *mine*," said Ferabosco, ruefully, "is gone into fits. She dreads the sight of him, ever since he had our sign pulled down, knocked to pieces, and burnt before the door, by the headborough of Eton."

"Prynne! what, that sanctified, cynical, old codger?" exclaimed Tom Killegrew. "What say you, my hearties, let us have them in, and make them all royally drunk."

"Here's a pretty blow up!" said Tom D'Urfey, who now staggered in. "Here's your glo—glorious *saint work*, all the fat in the fire, my nobles. Here's my two jolly vintners—*hic*—with an *extent*—an *extent* in the premises, at the suit of the Lord, gentlemen, and old *lop-eared* Prynne; pleader for the holy prosecution—*hic*—please to hand me a glass of that

good liquor, for, if there is any faith in these holy —*hic*—cursers and revilers, you take me, d—d another cork will ever be drawn at the Devil. You may shut up shop my worthy vintners, the wine trade is all a dead letter again: for if ever I heard such direful de—denun—denunciations against drinking, may I be crucified; nailed like a goat's foot to Johnson's cellar door. And as for cork-screws, you see gentlemen, they will henceforth be of no mortal use. No—no more than a farthing rushlight to old John Milton, there, the blind brother poet of Clerkenwell. Hey! there's no standing all this, my worthies. Why, there is our two pretty hostesses, all the roses—*hic*—roses fled from their blooming cheeks, and as white as a tavern chalk. Is it not gospel, you two shavers, you two honest vintners? why, hey! what! why my noble Caleb, why what's the matter?—*hic*. D'ye think I won't stand by you, my boy? D'ye think you shall go begging for bail? Not a bit of it. I'm the man that will be answerable for your appearance before the king himself;—*hic*—give surety for ten thousand, and more, if that won't satisfy the rogues."

"Let us beat up their quarters," said In-

goldsby, rising from his seat, when Tom D'Urfey, officiously seizing two candles, exclaimed, "I'll light you, my boy, to blow up the enemy's camp," though the house in every hole and corner was illuminated almost as bright as day.

Away went Ingoldsby, followed by the whole group to storm the bar, who, first appeasing the terror of the two hostesses, opened upon the preaching barrister, and his obtrusive friends, by a counter-mine, played off in the nasal twang of these righteous ones.

The hall was filled, and the stairs were covered by the cavaliers, who having been informed by the drawers in attendance of the *gospel visit* of these intruders, had left their respective tables to witness what might occur, being, like Davenant's guests, ripe for any frolic.

"This house has long been noted as the receptacle of sin, yea it beareth record of levity, riot, and all carnal abominations,' said Prynne. "Here Sathan, the Prince of Darkness, setteth up his light, turning night into day, and the *Leges Conviviales* of this devoted house, were the lawless rule of the mockers, and scorners,

the lees and dregs of the Heathenish brawlers, the disciples of Beelzebub, who, taught by that wily serpent, mouthe their impious rantings upon the stage."

"O! Caleb Johnson, thou upholder of the scorner, the-wine bibber, and the presumptuous player," snuffled Tom Killegrew. "My very bowels yearneth for thee, and mine hostess of Saint Dunstan and the Devil. O! that ye will not listen to the admonitions of that learned owl, and these reproving saints and servants of the conventicle, black in the outward and visible garb, as the croaking frogs, fresh from the muddy banks of the Heathenish river, ycleped Styx. Yet, what availeth it to hold forth," raising his tone to a higher strain of cant, "are ye not all—all—*sticks*—and stocks—and stones.

"Yea, in the inward chambers of this house have ye been entertaining each other by the roaring of carnal songs, whilst these sanctified owls and frogs, peradventure, would have edified ye all by the singing of hymns. Come, my brethren, let us join in a spiritual song."

"A good motion—a capital motion," cried out the crowd of cavaliers. "Let us join in a

spiritual song. Here—tapster—hey—bring us the *directory*,* let us strike up."

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* The DIRECTORY. This was the book of *service*, written by the sectarians, printed, promulgated, and enforced in all Protestant congregations, during the rule of the saints. The church of England Common Prayer Book being set aside by the authority of the parliament, and forbidden to be used, under the penalty of fine and imprisonment.

The levity of the *cavaliers*, at the epoch of the restoration, immoral as they generally were, was less offensive to the truly pious, than that audacious familiarity, nay, even blasphemous freedom, with which certain *gospel ministers*, as they were called, assumed when speaking of the Deity, on many political and religious occasions during the civil wars.

Mr. Bond, one of these presumptuous saints, preaching at the *Savoy*, told his auditors, "That they ought to contribute, and pray, and do all they were able to bring about their brethren of *Scotland*, for settling of *God's* cause: I say this is God's cause, and if our God hath any *cause* this is it; and if this be not God's cause, then God is no God for me; but the devil is got up into heaven."—(*Vide Sir W. Dugdale.*)

"Which pluck'd down the king, the church, and the laws,
To set up an idol, then nick-nam'd the cause,
Like Bell and the Dragon," &c.

NOTES TO HUDIBRAS.

"Where are the trumpeters?" cried Tom D'Urfey.—"Bring the trumpeters forth, with —*hic*—Jew Mordecai at their head. What say you, Master Prynne? Let us all march—march my boys, and let us have the mil—millenium. Order the trumpeters, let us chair the preacher; holla—you marrow-bones and cleavers." Opportunely a band of these butcherly musicians came into the hall. "Here—let us chair the old barrister saint—and bring in the millineum, and king Charles—huzza—old *saint* Prynne, and his *sacred* majesty king Charles—huzza—huzza."

The thought happened to chime in with the humour of the moment, and a crowd of cavaliers laid hands upon Prynne, the other preachers decamped; when seizing the old barrister, who struggled and fought most manfully, and overpowering him, they first *pinioned*, and then by clubbing of handkerchiefs, *fastened* him in the landlord's elbow-chair, and procuring two stout poles, hoisted him on the shoulders of half a score of the drawers, and out the whole company sallied into the street.

It was now long past midnight, all was quiet, excepting that here and there a straggling drunkard was to be seen, by the dim light of an

expiring lamp, singing the disjointed verses of the last song he had heard, reeling home from the tavern.

Mordecai marshalled the trumpeters, and having provided each with a trumpet, they came staggering to the rendezvous in the hall, when placing them two and two, Ferabosco, who was no mean musician, was dubbed master of the band, and off they set from the tavern into Fleet-street, followed by old Prynne, borne in the *triumphal car*, next to whom, four a-breast, marched the cavaliers, with Mordecai, Caleb Johnson, and the marrow-bones and cleavers bringing up the rear. Thus appointed, the procession moved forward with a flourish of trumpets, when Tom Killegrew began with a voice still louder than *Tom Belfry's*,

"O! have you been to Breda, my boys?
O! have you been to Breda?
Have you seen the king?
Whose up to the thing;
And he's our ruling star, my boys,
And he's our ruling star."

"Chorus, my noble cavaliers," cried the mad courtier, when the noisy followers, accompanied by the trumpets, roared lustily,

And he's our ruling star, my boys,
And he's our ruling star.

Never was such a general waking. At the blast of the trumpets, every bed was deserted, up went the sashes, open flew the casements, and ladies' white caps, and men's night caps, of every shape, shade, and colour, were thrust out; and nothing but the darkness of the midnight could have shrouded the blushes of the thousand pretty faces, thus suddenly exposed *en chemise*, to witness this strange revelry.

The persecuted saint in the chair stormed, raged, foamed, denounced, and reviled; but the cavaliers only cheered him the more vociferously, with—"Huzza—old Prynne and the saints for ever! huzza!"

O! have you seen Prince Hal, my boys,
O! have you seen Prince Harry?
He will drink and revel
And play the devil,
And he swears he ne'er will marry, my boys,
And he swears he'll never marry.

"Chorus, my cavaliers."

And he swears he ne'er will marry, my boys,
And he swears he'll never marry.

"What, hey! what is the matter, gentlemen? Hey—do—pray—for the love of heaven—do in charity let us know what is all this about?" cried curiosity in a thousand voices.

"Woe! woe! woe! to this generation of vipers," groaned the puritan barrister.

"Woe! woe! to this unchristian city."

Many of the people were terrified at these awful denunciations, and all were bewildered, not being able to comprehend so heterogeneous a conflict of pious ejaculation, huzzaing, trumpeting, and singing. Hundreds of apprentices, and masters too, slipped on their breeches and slippers, and with unbuttoned doublets, or loose cloaks, yea in their night caps, sallied forth, and joined the throng.

"For the love of mercy—do inform us—*what is the matter?*" still cried the spectators from the windows.

"We have got old Barrister Prynne, the puritan, dead drunk, in the landlord's chair, fresh from the Devil tavern. and are taking him before the lord mayor," returned the cavaliers.

"H–a–a–Hoo–o–o," cried the people. "O! the old hypocrite, take him to Bridewell—set him in the stocks—shame—shame, you drunken

old reformer. Take him to the pump. Hoo—o—o;" and never was heard such a hooting, hissing, and clapping of hands. "Come—go on—proceed with your song, my noble Killegrew," cried the cavaliers.

O! have you seen the duke, my boys,
Have you seen the duke of York?
The pride of the mother,
The king and his brother;
And as gay as the royal Turk, my boys,
And as gamesome as the Turk.

Chorus—And as gamesome as the Turk.

"O! O! sin—sin!—sorrow! sorrow! shame! shame!"

Here the butchers rattled a noisy peal with the marrow-bones and cleavers, and the bacchanalians again shouted "Saint Prynne for ever!—huzza!"

O! have you seen old Noll, my boys,
O have you met old Noll?
He was a fellow of pluck,
And we are all in luck,
To get once more to Whitehall, my, boys
To get once more to Whitehall.

Chorus—(*Louder and louder still,*) To get once more to Whitehall.

"God save king Charles! the millenium and the saints—huzza—huzza!"

The king he loves a bottle, my boys,
The king he loves a bowl;
He will fill a bumping glass,
To every buxom lass;
And make cuckolds of us all, my boys,
And make cuckolds of us all.

Thus, regardless of consequences, did these mad-pates carry the enraged old puritan as far as Ludgate, and return to the Temple-gate, and after giving three cheers, and dismissing the butchers, they landed the Christian hero in the bar of the tavern, safe and sound; when unbinding him, the first act of his liberty, was the seizing of mine host by the collar, threatening him with the penalty of eternal fire and brimstone, for being the recruiting serjeant of that Beelzebub, whose standard he was about again to erect. Then turning to the surrounding cavaliers, he called them beasts, whoremongers, drunkards, swine, scorners, apostates, vile slaves, children of perdition and the like; and with many extravagant denunciations against the house, the

host, and the guests, he was about to depart, when Tom D'Urfey, taking him by the arm, cried—" Peace, my noble limb of the law—*hic*—don't leave us in ill-will, my old upright councellor. Suppose you and I take a glass of punch together, for old acquaintance sake, my brother poet. Killegrew, damme, why have you not heard what a poet we have been chairing? Prynne the poet—*hic*—Prynne the preacher—*hic*—Prynne the puritan, Prynne——

" Out, thou beast! thou vessel of wrath, thou charnel-house of carnal filthiness."

" Nay, my old senator, don't defile your learned tongue by becalling a *sober* gentleman such unchristian names. Have we not done the thing genteely? I ask you that. Speak like a man. Here's poets, playwrights, and players, musicians, and painters, honour—honouring—all marching to your triumph."

" All, all children of perdition; all servants of the great beast; loving darkness rather than light. Out, ye generation of vipers! *acorns* of that *royal oak* of unrighteousness, destined to fatten the hogs of the stinking stye of the devil and all his angels."

"Trumpeters! give the old saint another flourish," said Killegrew, "give him another flourish!" when Mister *Hold-me-fast*, stepping, or rather staggering, forward, thrust the trumpeters back, exclaiming, "*hic*—halt! hold, you ungodly brawlers! What! shall we minister to these unrighteous tavern-goers, wine-bibbers, and—*hic*—drunkards? Shall we enlist ourselves in the cause of these scorners, and blow our trumpets to the dis—dis—disparagement of that faithful servant of the Lord's?" (pointing to Prynne.) "Never; never;—*hic*—never!"

"Come, Sir," said old Caleb Johnson, "do you go to your quarters, mister trumpeter, and remember that *you* 'listed into the service. Do you dare to insult my guests?" reddening with anger at the impertinence of Hold-me-fast, who had been drinking himself so drunk at his expence.

"*Hic*—I listed!—never, never; it was the outward man; the carnal man, that was betrayed by this Jew. '*Get thee behind me, Sathan.*' I am sorry—*hic*—sorry for thy lost state. Thou art not re—rege—regenerate, thou tapster!"

Here Caleb's patience was put to the test.

"What! you impudent, audacious hypocrite, what am I to be preached—prated to, under my own roof, by *you*, too? Religion is come to a fine pass!"

"I am sorry for thee, tapster,—*hic*"—returned the preaching trumpeter. "It was so of old; for it is writ in Deu—Deut—Deut—ron—nomy, twenty-third——*hic*—'*But Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked: thou art waxen fat—thou art grown thick*,'—hic—'*thou art covered with fatness: then*——'"

"I will not bear this insolence from a drunken trumpeter," said Caleb, taking *Hold-me-fast* fast hold by the collar, to turn him out of the hall; when the intrepid Prynne interposing, cried—"Hold thy hand, thou vile tapster! That poor soldier-man, in his cups, hath more piety than thy weak understanding is capable of compassing: he speaketh from Holy Writ." Then taking the trumpeter by the cuff—"Quit the service of this hellish crew," said he, "this camp of the ungodly; this sink of corruption, and common-sewer of impiety, where Pagan players, sots, and remorseless reprobates hold their midnight orgies. Doubtless thou art a

sober servant in righteousness, and hath been seduced into the sin of *drunkenness* by the old serpent, who presideth within these unsanctified walls. Woe! woe! to this corrupt, this rotten habitation, bearing the outward and visible sign of that old beast Apollyon, who rules within. Come with me, good man," taking the drunken trumpeter's arm in his, " and I will provide thee a lodging."

Hold-me-fast, tucking Mordecai's silver trumpet under his cloak, was moving off under the auspices of the doughty puritan, when the Jew, seizing his property, exclaimed—" Vot! if you have got tdrunk as shwines in this vicked company, for nothing at all, at the expenshe of Master Chonsons, schmite me if I vosh going to let you morris off with my trumpet for nothing at all."

" *Hic*—You are a lawyer, Master Prynne, a man of worldly wisdom, an expounder of the carnal law," said *Hold-me-fast;* " now I look to you for protection. This trumpet is mine, and I will not re—relinquish it, to a—*hic*—drunken, denying, unbelieving Jew. Sir,—*hic* —believe me, mister justice, I came into this wicked house as so—sober as a judge, and the

Lord has suffered me to fall into temptation; but—*hic*—'*he is all-sufficient.*' I have done my du—duty as an old soger in the cause of the saints—*hic*—soberly and righteously, and I abhor a liar. Like Paul '*I have fought the good fight,*' and though I say it, his highness, now in Abraham's bosom, if he was here present, would say—*hic*,—Hold-me-fast Sparkes is the man who feareth the Lord, and walketh up—*hic*—uprightly;" when, endeavouring to wheel off, he staggered round, and tripping up his new friend the old barrister, they rolled together down the wide stairs that led to the kitchen, with such an extraordinary impetus, that each went completely over-head-and-heels; such, however, was the momentary influence of their stars, that the old fat *man-cook*, who was just ascending the stairs at the moment, was tripped up also, and falling on his back, made himself a convenient wool-pack to break their fall; but for this, the two saints, the sober precisian and the drunken trumpeter, must of necessity, morally speaking, have either fractured their skulls, or broken their necks, or, perhaps, both; for all the spectators declared, never did two

human beings perform so fearful a somerset down hill, and against the will, at so small an *expence* of injury, against so great a *risque* of life and limb.

The drunken trumpeter was the first to get upon his hands and knees, when, looking upward, he exclaimed—" Hic—' *And he gave his angels charge*'—hic.—Never fear, never fear, my Christian hero; it's all nothing when you are used to it: the saints must experience many a fall—*hic*—ere they rise. Why don't you help me up, you backsliders, hey? Marvellous are thy mercies, Lord!—*hic*—' *Did I not fight with the beasts at Ephesus!*' What then? What! are not these mani—man—*hic*--manifestations, I ask you, you sots, you drunken ca—cava—cavaliers? If your faith was only as great *—

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* *The Drunken Trumpeter's* moral doctrine, squared with that of the Puritanical Barrister's, who says, in his " *Perpetuity of a Regenerate Man's Estate*"—" Let any true saint of God be taken away in the very act of sin, before 'tis possible for him to repent; I make no doubt or scruple of it, but he shall, as surely be saved, as if he had lived to have repented of it. I

hic—as great as a little *grain of mustard seed, you might re—re—remove a mountain.* Help me up, you reprobates; help me up, I say."

The barrister had not escaped so well; hence was verified that saying, "*Drunken men and children fall without hurt.*" Prynne groaned, and was lifted up by the Jew, who having his wits about him, was the first to afford help. The cavaliers were all convulsed with laughter at this topsy-turvy exit of the two saints, though every one expressed unaffected con-

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say, that whenever God doth take away any of the saints, in the very act of sin, he doth in that very instant, give them such a particular and actual repentance as shall save their souls, for he hath predestinated them to everlasting life."

"The child of God," in the same spirit of presumption, saith another—"The child of God, in the power of Grace, doth perform every duty so well, that to ask pardon for failing either in matter or manner is a sin: it is unlawful to pray for forgiveness of sins after conversion: and if he does at any time fall, he can by the power of grace carry his sin to the Lord, and say, 'Here I had it, and here I leave it.'" This, it seems, was part of the doctrine of *Independency*.

cern on discovering that the old gentleman was hurt.

"God-a-mershy!" cried Mordecai, kindly putting his arms round the waist of the barrister, to raise him up, "vot a vonderful eschkape. How vosh you findt yoursel?" The barrister looked deathly pale, and groaned. "Vill you be so kind as to fetch a little vater?" said the considerate Jew; "vot if he vill not faint!" when taking him in his arms, and bringing him up the stairs, as he cried—"Oh! oh!" Mordecai, wrinkling his brow, exclaimed—"God-amighty forbid; vot if the old shentlemans has not proken some bones!" and placing him gently in the bar chair, in which he had just before been chaired, he added, "Do not *scrouge* about the old shentlemans so close; open the vinders—give him air—vilst I run for to fetch me a surgeon."

"Stop! hold! good Mordecai," said Davenant; "here is a professional gentleman at hand." Fortunately an army surgeon was amongst the cavaliers, who, carefully examining Prynne, declared that no bone was broken, but that the right shoulder was dislocated, when

Ingoldsby, Sir William, together with the aid of mine host, and the active Mordecai, in a few minutes restored it to its place; the two hostesses ministered their kind attentions in ordering towels, bathing his temples with harts-horn, and afterwards offering the old gentleman a nurse and a bed, which kind offer, the more kindly it was urged, just so much more obstinately was it refused by the stubborn precisian, who said he would rather give up the ghost on the highway-side, than rest upon the pillow of abomination under the roof of the ungodly, within the unhallowed walls of the evil doers—the devil and his drunken crew. Hence that chair, in which he had been borne about in mad frolic and revelry, was now soberly carried, bearing the barrister, his arm bound up, by a select body of the cavaliers, to his chambers in Lincoln's-Inn, whilst the old trumpeter and the fat cook proceeded to fisty cuffs at the foot of the stairs.

"A murrain o'er your carcass!" exclaimed the fat cook, "you have knocked the breath out of my body, you beastly trumpeter—you hypocritical, grey-headed, canting sot. That

Jew-man—that Master Mordecai is a *Christian ;* but as for *you*—you are only fit to be put into the scullion's pan—mere kitchen-stuff, you republican *cowardly* old *Cromwell-ite !*"

Hold-me-fast, nettled at this attack from a new quarter, and being moreover a sturdy wight, seized the cook by the cravat, and attempted to shake him. "Coward ! sayest thou —*hic*—that is a new charge. Coward ! thou capon-killing—*hic*—dough-faced rabbit-skinner. Do you dare to insult a soger ? One fearing the Lord—who has met the enemy, and fought for the holy cause—*hic*—fought in the army of saints, ancle deep in Christian blood, you cake-hearted cook ! Can you look a man of war in the face, you dirty dripping-pan, you ? ha-ha-ha, look at him, look at him, *Shore*—ha-ha-ha, look at him, *Swan*—look at him, brother Swan—*hic*—thou bold goose-killer. Get away from me," giving him another shake, and thrusting the half strangled cook from him with indignation.

The enraged cook being liberated, sprang forward, and gave Hold-me-fast a merciless blow on the mouth, which sent him backwards ;

when Shore interfering, tripped up the cook, saying, " Take that, you dog, for striking a sodger—a drunken sodger."

" And do you take that," said Phil. Colchester," giving Shore a swinger on the ear. " D—m the trumpeter that can't fight his own battles."

" That's my maxim," added Gwynn, and immediately attacked Colchester, when Mordecai, flying down the stairs, rushed in between the combatants, dexterously catching first one blow on his right, and another on his left, " Leave your fightings and brawlings, you tdrunken schwines. Vy ! if you go it at this rates, vy, who's to find the vindt to fill the trumpets to-morrow ?" and looking at Hold-me-fast, who was sitting and spitting of blood, he added, " Strichke me clean tead, vy vot a mouth ! blow me mine old preacher, vot if he has not spoilt your mouth for trumpeting for von viles, ha-ha-ha. Come, go to bed vith you all, go to bed, and go to shleep, and say your prayers, you shwine, and sober yourselves, and be fresh betimes to-morrow, to finish your job like honest men."

" I'll not to bed, you beggar ; lift me on my feet, you Jew, and let me have at that cowardly

goose-killer. Hallo, tapster, drawer—*hic*—bring us some brandy, that I may wash my mouth. Bring me some brandy, I say."

"Come, get you up you shwines," said Mordecai, hoisting him on his legs again, "vater vosh vot you vonts; here, mine good fellow, mashter drawer, just be so good as to fetch us a little vater and a towel."

"Water! water, you thief—water—*hic*—hear you that, Master Shore. Yes! well and good, I say if so—why let it be so. Then let us have some water," staggering again into their quarters, where the table remained, just as they left it when they were summoned to chair the saint, and seating himself, he seized the bottle, saying, "But first, I shall help myself to some wine, you cut-throat Israelite: come Shore, and you Swan, and you other old sogers, let us drink peace and good-will amongst each other. Have we not fought together—*hic*—and prayed together—and——"

"And got schwinish tdrunk together—Schmite mine body and bones, vot of all the blackguards I vosh ever in company vith, if any bodies of men ever vosh like your trumpeters."

This last attack happened to excite the indignation of the drunken group, when Gwynn, who was a ferocious fellow, seizing the Jew by the beard, swore he would make a Christian of him. "Hand us the water," cried the reprobate.

"Hands off—you tdrunken schwines," said Mordecai, liberating himself, by throttling the assailant, when Shore and Swan, seizing the bason, sprinkled the water in his face, saying, "Thus I mark you with the sign."

When the Jew bounding back, cried, "Give me fair play," throwing off his cloak, and unbuttoning his vest, "give me fair play, and see vot if I vont leather you all."

"That's a brave fellow," said Phil Colchester, making a party with the Jew, "come on—come on, every one, you round-headed varment," when Phil. and Mordecai, standing in a menacing position, the old trumpeter exclaimed, "*Hic—'To your tents, O! Israel,'*" and aiming a blow at his quondam comrade, Phil, again overthrew the table, breaking bottles and glasses, when the riot had become so noisy, that mine host, with Davenant, the Killegrews, and the

other guests, bursting into the room, the combatants were prevented from further mischief, and threatened to be sent to the Poultry Compter.

"Are you not ashamed, you hypocritical old sinner," said Davenant, "to make this return to our worthy *host* for your entertainment; to create this riot, to break the peace thus? Get up, you old beast, get up, and to bed with you."

"Entertainment! you are the captain of these profane players, hey? Is not the labourer worthy of his hire? I ask you that. Wherefore do you talk of en—en—*hic*—entertainment? Are we to work for nothing—nothing—hey!—This is the way with the wicked—*hic*—the puffed up, the self exalted. Depend upon it, you are no *Samaritan*—no—never. But what should players, and mummers know of these things? Entertainment! Sir Will—Will—*hic*—William, I think they call you, well—*hic*—what did the Samaritan then? Did *he* exalt himself, did *he* bear himself proud? God forbid. No, '*On the morrow when he departed he took out two pence,*' did he not? I ask you, '*and gave them to the host,*' saying, '*take*

care of him,' (or them, it is one and the same) and, '*whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again*—hic—*I will repay thee*.'"

At this moment, Colonel Ingoldsby, who had listened to this drunken reprover, made his appearance; when Shore and Gwynn, who knew him well, were not so drunk, but they were overawed by his presence.

"Is this behaving like soldiers?" demanded the Colonel, with authoritative voice and dignified air. "To your quarters!" The men were obedient, saying, we did not mean any harm, your honour; we are ready to obey your commands."

"Then, my good fellows, go peaceably to your beds," said the Colonel, when Hold-me-fast, still sitting on the floor, began again. "Colonel In—Ingoldsby—you art the sogers' friend—that is what we all know—*hic*—Is it not so, my comrades?"

"Yes, that every soger will say; God bless you, Colonel!" answered all.

"But,"—rejoined the old trumpeter—But, there was wanting, as our lord said to Martha —*hic*—'*The one thing needful*.' What availeth it to do good?" (scrambling upon his hands

and knees) to do good, I say, or to be sogerly? (getting on his legs again) or to walk steadily, (staggering against the Colonel) or ever so uprightly, without grace? None—none at all. You may be a noble ge—ge—general—yea—generalissimo! sure enough; but take my word for it, Master Dicky—*hic*—Dick Ingoldsby, as his highness used to say: you are his old highness's cousin, I think—well! be it so; but I am sorry to say—*hic*—'*you are a vessel of unrigh—righteousness.*' The saints that are gone, know these things. Colonel, you know that—*hic*—I have served in the army of the holy ones, and—hic—'*watch and pray, for ye know not the hour when he may come.*' But, for the knowledge of these things—*hic*—*Hold-me-fast* were as one of the wicked, therefore do not include me in the censure, Colonel Ingoldsby, the cen—censure of these ungodly trumpeters."

"Ha-ha-ha, now this is the way these rogues, from the highest to the lowest, have carried on the farce," said Ingoldsby. "Hear the audacious old saint; no respecter of persons. These are the *best weapons* after all, gentlemen; you may abuse your betters, evade the laws, prac-

tice all vices, and contemn all virtues, so that you have but saving grace. But the game is up, Master Hold-me-fast;" when taking him by the collar, he turned him out of the room, and the old hypocrite, assisted by his comrades, staggered, muttering texts all the way up three stories, to the dormitory provided by mine host, where the six drunken trumpeters soon sunk soberly to sleep.

The company from the different apartments, having discharged their *reckonings*, had departed. When Davenant's friends assembling at his round table, took a parting glass standing, and joining hands all round; they then adjourned their meeting until the morrow, when they were to reassemble to see the expected royal sight; and to feast it to the honour of the restoration.

The two hosts of the Devil and St. Christopher, *pro forma*, lighted the worthies to the door, when, as good-night—good-night, echoed in the street, St. Dunstan's giants chimed the quarters, and the watchman cried, "Half past two o'clock, and a star-light mor--orn—ing."

CHAPTER V.

THE MORNING OF THE RESTORATION.

THE PUBLIC BREAKFAST.

"*Here he comes, and I must ply my theme.*"—SHAKSPEARE.

"GOOD morrow, Master Davenant, you are here betimes," said *Betterton*, the prince of players, as he gaily entered the old quarters. "Why, what the deuce, are they setting up the old sign again? How affairs are altered! a short time since, and the carpenters would as soon have ventured to take the Devil himself by the nose, as dare to meddle in such a matter. Have you been westward this morning?"

"No," said Davenant, "I slept behind here, in the Temple, and came in at the back-way. Why do you ask?"

"Lord," said the player, "'tis worth your going forth, for verily, '*Birnham wood to Dunsinane is come.*' The cock-chafers may

fast and look glum as the roundheads, for the devil an oak leaf will be left growing in Great Britain, for this season, Sir; there is as long a string of waggons laden with oak boughs, as would serve another Jerusalem, for a feast of tabernacles. I'd wager, that there's not a tree, within twenty miles of London, but has been stripped as clean as though we had been visited by the plague of Egypt. Covent Garden is a perfect shrubbery, green as a leek up to the top of Inigo Jones's arcade. It is really a sight worth seeing."

"Huzza—huzza, hullo—what is now on foot?" said Davenant, going to the door, when a mob had collected to see the new sign. Loud peals of laughter, and the clapping of hands, proclaimed the likenesses. "There—there is old lawyer Prynne, and old Johnson got him by the nose with the tongs of the fat cook." "Huzza—huzza, look—look, why he's got horns, and long ears—why it's old Prynne turned into the Devil. Ha-ha-ha—hoo-hoo-hoo, well done, old Johnson—huzza—huzza."

Caleb Johnson, Tom D'Urfey, and the Jew, were all busily engaged in dressing the sign

with garlands of flowers, the carpenters were nailing green oak boughs in the front of the house, and the upholsterers dressing the balustrade of the spacious balcony, with some gorgeous old tapestry belonging to the Temple.

The scene, by the assistance of the play-house painters, whom Davenant had brought from France, and who had fitted up the piers between the windows, with architectural columns, and other decorations, was as splendid as the proscenium of a foreign theatre. Old Caleb had spared no expence to manifest his loyalty.

" Mine host, with Ferabosco, the two comely hostesses, Tom D'Urfey, and the Jew, came from the balcony, and proceeded to the other side of the street to see the outside effect of these fine preparations, when the neighbours surrounded the group, and complimented the landlord and his help-mate, who were beloved and respected by all the parish, for their public spirit and taste in the business. Amongst the rest, old Izaak Walton thrust his white head out of the first floor of the *Harrow*, where he had dwelt, saying, " Good morrow, neighbour Johnson, good morrow, Madam Johnson ; a very

pretty rural sight. His majesty is fond of the arts—and, take my word for it, he will be graciously pleased to take notice of your pretty conceit. I wot that he will. What, and Master Ferabosco too—how dy'e do, Madam Ferrabosco? A fine morning this, for throwing the fly, Master D'Urfey."

"Yes," replied Tom, "or anything else," turning his back, adding, in a lower key—"and I should like to *throw* you out at window, you fiddle-faddle frog-skinning—worm-impaling, innocent old water-drinker."

"Why what now, Tom!" said Davenant, who had joined the party. "Why, what have you and the old lyric poets quarrelled, my D'Urfey? What has the old *draper* been *out-measuring* you in rhyme?"

"I hate the smooth-tongued old *Piscator*," said Tom, "the wily web-spinner—he is more fiendish than a hairy spider—Sir, the merciless old Mohawk kills and scalps for mere sport. Damme, Sir, he would not save a drowning school-boy, but by whipping a barbed hook into his mouth."

"Why, Tom!" replied Davenant, "surely

you took too much punch last night, and have got up in a fit of the spleen. Why every one speaks well of gentle Isaac."

"Be it so," returned D'Urfey. "What I may be metamorphosed into, I leave to the fates: not a fish, though, if I had a vote in the case, having no mighty predilection for water everlasting; but if I *were*, then might I be a thumping, six-foot pike; and if I did not lay wait for my *gentle* old piscator, and lug him headlong into a hole as deep as eternity, then might *aqua pura* be my portion. Come, Davenant, let us cross over to breakfast."

"What a glorious day—not a cloud to be seen in the whole circuit of the heavens!" exclaimed Davenant, "may it be the presage of a happy reign!"

"Heaven grant it may!" added Betterton; "every face looks propitious to the event. Come, gentlemen, who shall I help to a bit of chicken? By Jupiter, what a princely *dejunè* has our worthy Johnson set forth—he is certainly a right noble host."

"He is," said D'Urfey; "eat, drink and be merry, is the motto. There's nothing to pay;

he swears there's not a tavern score shall rise up in judgment against the day of the restoration; and the last thing he did, except saying his prayers, and kissing his wife, was to lock up his bar books over night. Ferabosco has left orders to keep open house at the St. Christopher too; though, I would frank his *expenshes*, as honest Mordecai would say, *strichke me tead if I voudn't*, for as much as the price of a shoulder of mutton, and half a kilderkin of small ale: For certain, no vagabond that can put one foot before the other—or that can club for a donkey —*ride* and *tie*, will stay at home: all will flock to merry London to see the sight."

"There will be sad mischief on London bridge, I fear," said goosey Rhodes, the wardrobe keeper, and who just now entered, having brought a caravan loaded with stage costume from over the water. "The populace are flocking forward for St. Georges Fields, and the cavalcade is already pushing on for the Metropolis. I thought we should never get along. You might walk upon the shoulders of the people, from Blackman-street, to the Elephant and Castle. There are booths, and stands for hire on each

side of the road, all dressed with green oaken bows, like so many bowers; I would not have missed the sight for five pounds."

"What a comical world we live in," said Tom D'Urfey; "I'll thank you for a slice of that *Oxford brawn.* Betterton—it seems but the other day, God help us sober people—the mustard ho, drawer—and draw that cork—it is Dorsetshire ale, gentlemen, who will take a glass? It seems but yesterday—Lord help us! my service to you, gents—but as it were yesterday, when our pious, virtuous old king—God bless his memory, was dragged from his throne, and lost his head. And now his son—who, no disparagement to his most sacred majesty—who is certainly no saint—may walk to this same throne, on the heads of the cuckolds who helped to dig his father's grave. D——d if I stood in the shoes of *Carolus Secundus,* if I would not make the rogues in my *beloved city* of London, *come down with the dust*—now is his time. So I hear that the Duke of Gloucester is to have—the Lord knows what—and the Duke of York, a hundred thousand a year. Yet the round-headed vagabonds thought it much to

squeeze out just a two hundreth part of that sum, for the funeral of the royal martyr. Well! better spend the yellow boys on the living, than the dead. And if every man in his majesty's dominions, that has a soul worth saving, will not be *royal* to night; then may I go to bed sober as a judge. Boy—go to the bar, and fetch me a small glass of *coniac*. Thinking of these melancholy matters, makes me as nervous as one of you tea drinkers." (Tea at this time was not a common beverage.)

"Excuse me, Tom," said Betterton, "that is a bad custom of your's—that of taking a dram in the morning."

"Thank you for that sage advice," replied the merry fellow, tossing off the liquor. "You must wait for your fee until I am appointed lord keeper—or lord sleeper—or some other *do nothing* office. But, my dear fellow, I do this on sound moral—and sober physical principles. I drink of a morning, that I may do as my neighbours—drink of a night; but for that thimble full of *spirit*, I should sink in the *flesh*. I am by nature so dull and dumpish—I might go hang myself by day, but for this cordial,

which keeps me alive for night. And old *Lilly*, says by my horoscope, I am made of stuff to last you a century; and so it nearly proved, for the jovial soul lived to drink out three generations of tavern goers, and died an ever-green."

"Huzza—here they come, huzza—a—a—a. These were the underling players, all dressed in the stage costume, followed by thousands, who, entering the tavern, were marshalled, ready to make their appearance on the balcony, as soon as the van of the cavalcade should reach the city, when old Johnson coming forward all in a bustle, cried, "Now Mordecai, my good fellow, prepare your trumpeters."

"They vosh all ready dressed," replied the Jew, "shaving and exshepting vun—that old Mishter *Hold-me-fast;* but he ish on his marrow-bones at his prayer, vot he calls seeking the Lord, to know if he shall put on the fine dress, vot the other musishioners has got from the playhouse. Blister me though, but vot I vosh up to him; I offered five shilling more, and he stichks out for ten. So vot if he ishnunt making game of God amighty for five shilling—the old hypochrite."

"O give him the money, Mordecai," said mine host; "Do not let us stick upon trifles, my worthy man." So the Jew went up to the top of the house again, and the bargain was struck; but not until Mordecai knocked at the door, and enquired—"Vell, vot have you got an answer, Mashter Hold-me-fast?" The trumpeter was silent, when the Jew bawled through the key-hole—"Mishter Johnshon says vot you shall have the moniesh." The hypocrite thanked the Lord and came forth; and descended to the room where they had supped the night before, when taking the money, and a glass of brandy, and saying as he put on the stage costume; "This livery of satan, is only a covering of the outward man in Adam;" and then he asked the Jew if the money was all good? and lifting up his eyes, joined the ungodly band in the hall, and the party went below to enjoy their breakfast.

"This is an unrighteous—profitless business that we are engaged in, Master Swan, I fear," said the old trumpeter, with a groan, helping himself to a spacious slice of cold ham; then turning to the Jew with a sly grin, "Will you *have a bit of swine's flesh*, Moses?"

"Eat your meal and be shatisfied," replied the Jew. "Eat your preakfast in peace, and quiet—and be thankful."

"Peace and thankfulness! Why you unbelieving Israelite, what should you know of *thankfulness?*—and as for *peace*—these unbelieving Jews never fight in any cause—they have no country, and are locusts in all nations, and among all people. Money changers, thieves, and rogues, who sold their lord and master for filthy lucre."

"Come, hold your mouthing, let us have no more of this botheration. How can the Jew help it," said Shore. We are in comfortable quarters, and we owe it to him. D——d if I care, Jew or Gentile, so that I could get employ."

"Nor I neither," added Swan. "Nor I," said the others. "Where are we to find employ?"

"Go and seek—seek," replied the saint. "Seek the Lord—but you are none of ye of the elect; none, alas! no more than that unbelieving Jew."

"Vot a hypocrite! I don't vont to make

vords, but who vosh sell his conschschience for five shilling, this twenty-ninth of the month of May."

"That's a lie, you thief—and you shall eat your words—no—you shall eat this pork," said the old trumpeter, thrusting the knuckle of ham which he had separated just before, in the Jew's face.

Mordecai, who was all activity, suddenly drew back, saying, "you are an old man, or I would put you down under mine feet. But I will not break the peace, nor break your bones."

"The peace!" echoed the trumpeter, enraged at the disclosure of his own hypocrisy. "Do you ever read the Bible, you Jew? Here these Israëlites traffic with the Christians—with the elect, the usurers and extortioners, and live by war and never fight. The villains have not land enough to bury a dog. No, they are too cunning to fight. Read Jeremiah the thirtieth, and therein—A trumpeter making a vonderment about other peoplesh not fighting—blow me vot if that is not a good one, ha-ha-ha. Never mindt it, Mishter Hold-me-fast, every man must live by his honest trade—you by yours, and I mineself by mine; so let us have no more vords

—but let us go to our business."—When the trumpeters proceeded up stairs to take their station upon the balcony. The players, too, arranged themselves on the same platform, which had been widened and shored up for the occasion, and the houses were crowded at every window, and even the roofs were covered with spectators to see the sight.

Davenant and Mohun went to inspect the dramatic arrangements, and Mordecai retired with old Rhodes, to put on a splendid Asiatic dress, which he had borrowed, to personate the grand Turk, for he was a formidable looking fellow, and had a most becoming beard: indeed all the household who were not necessarily employed in the domestic preparations, assumed some stage character, or grand personage, to render the balcony the more attractive. Every loyal family in the streets through which the cavalcade was to pass, made some expensive demonstration of their loyalty—Fleet-street was more gay than even Bartholomew fair. But the greatest object of attraction in front of St. Dunstan and the Devil, was the two comely hostesses, Madams Johnson and Ferabosco,

who were richly attired in the costume of the age of Elizabeth—personating Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, the Merry Wives of Windsor. There wanted but a third fine portly dame, to have completed Rubens's three Graces—though such native red and white, exceeded even that great painter's imitative art.

As soon as the two *merry wives* made their appearance, though only to take a peep at the mighty throng that were pouring along to their respective stations, a loud flourish of trumpets attracted all eyes to the balcony, when the multitude suddenly halting, shouting, and clapping their hands, rendered the street at once impassable; when, to prevent mischief, so fearful was the crowd, that the fair hostesses were constrained to retire—Davenant and Tom D'Urfey gallanting them down the spacious stair-case to the bar, where they met Mordecai, the grand Turk, looking most ruefully, and pulling out the stage dress of the old trumpeter, who, like a serpent had cast his skin, and left it in a recess, under the landing place.

"Here ish is a pretty go, chentlemens! schmite me flat, ladies, vot if that Mishter Seeker, that

preaching old musishioner, has not given us all the go-by—brush'd clean off. Vot ish more—has forgot to leave mine silver trumpet behind."

"What!" exclaimed D'Urfey, "What my clever Mordecai! damme—just as I said, Davenant—did I not say the saint would diddle the Jew? I am sorry for thee, Master Moses—but to be out-witted by a trumpeter saint! Ha-ha-ha. Let me give you advice, my worthy—Never trust one of the elect!"

"The rogue! this is all of a piece," said Davenant—"Never mind it, my worthy Mordecai, we must do without him, and I will satisfy you for the loss of your trumpet."

"Not a morshel—vot ish it not all mine own fault? *loss!* 'tis no loss, chentlemens, I dare to say, vot he will shwear it is only *borrowed*. But I vill send mine little proder Isaac after mine *Seeker*, and if he shall not fetch him back, pull mine beard and spit in mine face. Isaac ish only at the Rainbow," and as he went off, he turned round, and wrinkling his brow, he rapidly thus apostrophised his brother: "O! vot a poy ish little Isaac! vot, if you let loose a bag of fleas on a common be-times, if he does not find

em all, and drive em every one back again before night, striche me cold tead!"

The grand Turk, with his naked scimitar in hand, flew out of the Devil, and made his way, to the great consternation of the crowd, to the Rainbow,* hard by, which was kept by a cousin of Mordecais. There he found *cunning Isaac*—told his loss in six words, when, as many scouts were out in the same number of seconds, in all

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* The Rainbow Coffee-house, near Temple-bar, one of the oldest taverns in the metropolis, was kept by *James Farr*, a Barber, soon after the introduction of coffee into England. Three years previous to the Restoration, (Anno 1657,) he was presented by the Inquest of St. Dunstans, in the West, "*For making and selling a sort of liquor called Coffee, as a great nuisance and prejudice of the neighbourhood, &c.*" Strange as it may appear, within half a century of this period, namely, in 1708, there were upwards of three thousand coffee-houses in London alone. An old author says, who would have thought after the prejudice against coffee, which was considered pernicious and a public nuisance, it would have been (as now) so much drank by the "*best of quality*—and by *Physicians.*"

directions, in pursuit of the puritanical thief of a trumpeter.

As soon as the scouts were dispatched, "Well," enquired Haggilar, "how goes it, coushin Mordecai?"

"Crisht a mercy! how frightened I vosh ven you firsht bolted in mid your naked cutlash. Vy, vot a fine dress!—Ish it real gold lace, Mordecai?" examining the costume with scrutinizing curiosity. "Mine soul! vy vot an expenshe. You have got into a precious goot consharn at neighbour Chonson's, hey! God amishty!—Vy—vot an old flat he musht be, to squashander and melt such a lot of moniesh upon noting at all. Not, vot it ish any pusiness of mine at all, vot mine neighbours do of ish moniesh—at the same times, he ish a goot cushtomer, has taken of me some shix and twenty pounds of coffee in fourteen days, at ready moniesh—and never peads von town in price. So you have lost a silver trumpet—how much vot ish it vorth? Creat loss—suppose Mishtare Caleps Chonsons vosh make it up to you, hey Mordecai?—Vot gallows coot cushtomers them cavaliers var, or he could not keep open house at this precious

rate. God amigshty—vot a trade he vosh got to keep up such a lot of thieves, for schmite me, cousin, vot all drawers, and cooks, and every vun in a tavern, ishunt all pocketing for himself. Vot ish the price of limes, Mordecai? —Go to hell with me, vot if I can afford to puy Seville orange at all—they have climbed up in prishe a matter of five and forty per shent. There ish no such thing as to making any profit of more as three hapence all but a farden, on a glass of poonch. Liquors ish riz in prishe altogeder as moche—and vot a lot of peoplesh is opening of coffee-houses. Howsomevershe—the *Rain-bow* ish not slachk of trade, vot ish a great bleshing in any times. So coushin Mordecai—I findt it vosh *you* vot mustered the trumpeters. Vot—how—moche do you touch for the lot of em? I am sorry for your loss at the same times —more as the profit, vosh it not? A great loss, so help me G——d!"

"Vosh the trumpet *pone* and *fidee*, 'twixht you and I, Mordecai, right arnesht *shilver*, or vosh it ony *French mixture*?" whispered old Haggilar, the grandfather of the coffee-house keeper, who was fining the fragrant beverage

before a large fire, in a great copper coffee-pot. "For, if it vosh ony French—" accompanying his question with a thousand strange gesticulations—"Vy then—Vas it not peddare, vot little Isaac, cannot find it no more—and charge Mishtar Chonshons for shilver?"

Mordecai, shrugged—wrinkled his brow, and shook his head.

"For vot?" exclaimed the old Jew, extending his arms, and spreading his hands; "Did *you* shteal the trumpet.—Did *you* advische the trumpeter to valk off vith it—Vot ish it to you? I know you are a goot young man, andt never lay you handt on nothing at all vot ish not your own, for it ish dangerous for to be a thief in times ash these: but—ven an advantage is thrown fairly in the man's vay—It ish all as a matter of pusiness."

"But it *ish* silver," said Mordecai.

"O then!" replied old Haggilar, resuming his employment. "O! then, I vosh have nothing at all to say farther of the mattershe—more as this—never lay your hands, young man, on nothing at all, vot ish out of your reach. That is the advishe vot I always tid give to his

fadare," pointing to his grandson, the coffee-house keeper, "tid I not Haggilar, and to all mine generations?" Old Haggilar was more than ninety years of age, and bent almost double.

"You had some times of difficulty to gader your musishioners togedare, Mordecai, vosh it not?" "Vere did you find him all six!" enquired the younger Haggilar.

"Vy—I vent me to the Horse-guards, and says I to an old soger, not on duty, have you a mindt of somewhat to drink comrade?"

Ah—that ish the metod," said old Haggilar, "ven, I vosh a young man, apoud your times of age, ven old Queen Elishabet, vot vos ash proper a fine voman as you should meet you—I vosh shent by my master, the grandfather of your predecessor, *Chemes Farr*, vot kept this plessed house, and died him, poor man, in the Fleet—I vosh shent to the Vitehall palace, mid a peaudeful *vig*, vot the queen wore ven she vosh going to head her own army against the Spaniard at Tileshpury-fordt. So, it vosh of a christian sabbath, and the plaguards the pages and some other peopleish, footmen apoud the

court, cries him out, 'Here ish a Jew barber!—Jew Mordecai!—Jew Mordecai!—give him some pork!'—and I should have got me a leathering—vot if not a murdering besides, ony I vent to a grandt-ty-deer, andt saish I, soger, vosh you a mindt to go and have something to drink master soger? 'Yes I vosh, mid all mine soul' says he, for all sogers vill go to the devil for you, give him enough of drink. Vell then, says I, go mid me to the Lord Chamberlain's abartments, first, and we shall have some strong beer togeder after. So, he goes, and not von of the rogues so moche as dared to loll out his tongue, nor put his little finger upon me, and I vosh a friend in mine heart to a soger, even from this blessed epoch, vot ish now more as seventy years times since. Vell, vot did the old soger get you to the market, vere you shall fetch me some trumpeters. Now, Mordecai, ven I vosh a young man, Petty France vos sure to findt lodgings for all the musishioners vot marched in the queen's band, vot a fine body it vosh! Ah! vot a pargain mine fadare made in the second hand clothings of the sergeant-trumpeters, and her majeshty's p eef-eaders!

" God Amighty—I dare say it vosh," replied Mordecai—" Vell, it vosh just so at preshent; so the old soger and mineself soon understood vun and another, and off we went to Petty France, as you say."

" At the shign of the Cock?" said old Haggilar, raising his little grey eyes, and lifting up his shrivelled hands.

" Strichke me funny, vy the very same," exclaimed Mordecai; " so says I, to the landlord, Mine good fellow, vot, ish there any good musishioners, more especially some trumpeters, vot vants a good job? ven that old sot of a saint, vot has boned mine silver trumpet, comes forth, and says,—he vosh half tdrunk at the same times—vot you Jew, are you going to the siege of *Jericho?* Says I, not at all, I am not a man of *Var*, but a man of *Peace*, and if you have a mindt for a good feast and monies at the same times, I can help yon to vot ish vorth your viles. So I soon goes me from the *Cock* to the *Fairfax Arms*, in Tothill-street, and there behind, I meets me, three other blackguards, as tdrunk as the first; all at shkittles—spending their monies, with nothing in the vorld

to do. So vun comes and blows the tobacco smoke in mine face, and says, 'Moses, vill you have a game?' So, says I, not for the present, I have not any times to play, as I am come about pusiness. Who has a mindt for some gallows good feasting, and monies as well? Down goes the shkittle-powl, 'and vot shall you give us to tdrink?' so I pulls out mine purse, and takes a golden Jacobus—and—I'll tell you the rest some oder times," said Mordecai, quitting the Rainbow, as suddenly as he entered it, for little Isaak and the constable had brought my trumpeter back, and Mordecai, whose hearing was equally acute with his other faculties, heard the preacher holding forth in the passage.

Old Haggilar and his grandson were left then to wait for the continuation of Mordecai's story, as he, flourishing his drawn scimitar, retreated, clearing the way for the deserter trumpeter, who was hand-cuffed, and marched onward to the Devil.

"Here comes the old thief," said D'Urfey, who was in the hall—"here Davenant—Mohun—hip—Caleb, we've got the master of the band in custody—the old deserter."

"Are you not ashamed, you grey-headed sinner," said Davenant—"to preach, and rebuke, and admonish, and set yourself up for a reformer, you worthless old hypocrite?"

"God forbid!" replied the trumpeter. "It was not I who took the trumpet."

"Hey! what!" exclaimed old Caleb—"Why thou wicked fellow! what are you going to lay the theft at another man's door? You are verily the most incorrigible rogue that I have ever met with. I am really shocked to see a man of your years thus disgraced. You, who have got the word of God by heart, as a body may say."

"There is the failing," returned the trumpeter, not at all abashed; "there is the failing. May a man not have faith—and yet do wrong? You are blind to these things. The man in Adam, was tempted to depart with that carnal instrument—the new man approved it not—but the old man prevailed. *Hold-me-fast* hath committed a trespass against worthless flesh—therein the flesh hath failed. But the Lord judgeth of the inward man—whom he hath appointed time to repent. The Lord be praised, it is a carnal trespass, wherein my outward members were

moved to evil, but my inward spirit rejoiceth much—yea, I am comforted, the Lord hath chosen whom he shall save."

"You may preach!—you are a remorseless rogue—there is no being a match for these saints," said Davenant. "Take your trumpet, my worthy Mordecai, and let us lock up the old sinner in the cellar—give him no wine—nor let him see the sight. There take him away, the hypocrite."

"'*How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!*'" groaned the trumpeter, as he heard this sentence; when the constable, receiving the key, proceeded down stairs with his prisoner, the Jew marching before with his drawn scimitar, and *Hold-me-fast* was securely locked in the cellar for stowing of empty hampers.

"Here they come," shouted the populace. The band of trumpeters struck up, and the air resounded with "God save the King." The bells rung merrily—the guns at the Tower and the Park fired by a prepared signal—and the cry was, "The King is now in his tent." It was

one o'clock, and his majesty had arrived in St. George's Fields.

" What fine cattle!" said Ferabosco, as the gentlemen of Kent rode along, forming the van of the cavalcade.

" How are you, your worship?—Church and King!" exclaimed Tom D'Urfey, waving his hat; and a noble fat friar-looking worthy returned the salute. This was the jolly mayor of Rochester, mine host of the Noah's Ark, a man of sixteen stone, on a roan horse, a noble beast. D'Urfey knew, or was known to most of the principal innkeepers within fifty miles of the city. His Anacreontic ballads were current every where, and so was his credit; for, as he said, " *he paid the piper with a song.*" " That's a fine old cock," said D'Urfey; " I have got *royal* with old Admiral Blake, at his worship the mayor's, more than once, for though my old Neptune was a roundhead he was no saint. There was he, and Harry Marten, and Master Ingoldsby, would sit and smoke, and drink punch and swear, and be smutty, and get you as drunk as lords."

"What a prodigious cavalcade!" said Davenant, stretching himself forward to see the extent of this first division; "why there is no end to them!"

"How goes it?" bawled D'Urfey to another and another; "are you men of Kent, or Kentish men?" The horsemen shook their javelins at the wag; that was a joke many centuries old. Then came the flags and streamers, a band of musicians and kettle drums. The trumpeters on the balcony gave them a flourishing salute, and this joyous posse of cavaliers shouted "Long live the King."

"What a fine body of men!" exclaimed Caleb Johnson. "If these had mounted themselves as gallantly for the good old king, we should have never seen such sad doings as the past."

"Come, none of your dismals, my noble host," said D'Urfey; "the king is in heaven, no doubt, and why should we repine? Let us drink to the men of Kent," having a bottle ready; when he and mine host, filling a goblet of sack each, holding them aloft, drank, and the shouts of the cavalcade, and the flourish of

trumpets, proclaimed the toast with a hearty huzza.

Mordecai waited on the balcony until the last of these prancing horse had passed Temple-bar, when his good nature prevailing over his resentment, he stole down to the cellar, and thumping at the door with the hilt of his scimitar, he bawled, "Hip, mine old chentlemans; vot, shall I bring you some bible for you to read in the *tark*, by your *invard ligsht?* or, are you seeking? Vot, if your faith, Mishter Hold-me-fasht, shall you findt a flask of vine? But vot vos your fun for to morris off vith mine silver trumpet? I vosh up to you, mine old preacher, as far as you vosh a vicked hypochrite. But, Godamighty if I never sushpected vot you vosh a gallows old thief. Vell, vot if I goes to the good chentlemens above, and clears you out of limbo, vill you go to vork and keep sober until night times? I don't vont to be hard; strichke me flat if I bears no malice for nobody."

"The Lord's will be done!" answered the old trumpeter. "I admonish you, thou stiff-necked Israelite, to leave off thy swearing and blasphemy. What I have done, I have done.

But the Lord see—est not as man see—est. What is darkness, or imprisonment, or fetters, or scourges? What is railing or spitting, judging or scorning? What is all carnal tribulation? The Lamb of Israel has suffered ten thousand fold for me!"

"O, mine soul! Vot if it ish not of no use at all to sphend vuns breath to talk to him. It vosh at the same times a pity; for Godamighty! as sure as I vosh a sinner, this old trumpeter ish mad—gone clean out of his senshes. The more ish the pity, vot it vosh, to keep him locked up in the tark;" when having achieved this soliloquy, he hastened to Sir William Davenant, to beg for the liberation of the reckless old fanatic.

The centre of the street was now clear for a while; this advance of the cavalcade going to Whitehall, hence through the old Horseguards, onwards through St. James's to Hyde Park, to salute each palace; Hyde Park was the general rendezvous for marshaling the return of the mounted cavaliers.

"Hoo-o-o! Ha-ha-ha! What now?" The shouting travelled from afar all along the crowds

who filled the stands erected by the various city companies, or who were wedged several deep behind the continued posts and rails all along the city from London Bridge to Charing Cross; the road too was entirely spread with fresh gravel the whole distance. Every one was eager to know the cause of this shouting, when, speeding along fast as the sound of the shouts, appeared a terrified black spaniel, of King Charles's breed, with a kettle tied to his tail: this cruel frolic was perpetrated by a round-head, in derision of the returning family. The thoughtless populace, even the high and the low, joined in the hooting and shouting that still urged forward the persecuted animal.

"Vot a shame—vot a shame!" exclaimed Mordecai, the fierce looking Turk. "Blister mine body from the crown of mine head to the sole of mine foot all over, vot if I voudent rather be half murdered mineself, at any times rather as hurt a dumb animal."

Every one laughed at the vehemence of the grand Turk, unwittingly no doubt. There were tens of thousands of spectators, and no sight. A dog, with a cannister tied to his tail,

a runaway horse, with a scared rider, or an over-drove ox, would have been hailed alike with joy. There was nothing to excite, and no time for commiseration.

" Schmite me cold! " proceeded Mordecai; " vot if evry body ish not delighted vith cruelty I am glad at mine heart poor *Cuckoo* ish tead."

" Cuckoo," said Tom D'Urfey; " and who the devil was Cuckoo? "

" He vosh mine proder Ruben's tog; vot voudn't eat nothing at all ven his master fell in a hole at Limehouse, in the hard frost, as vos drowned, not for a plessed veek; and he held him by the neck in the vater till he vosh froze as hard as a bit of alablastar, and nobody vent to help the young man. So he vent evry day, and howled him as long as the frost lasted, over the hole, and foundt his mashter some times after as the frost vos broke. There he vosh, from times to times, howling for his mashter; and starved as thin as the thick end of a penny slice of cheese in the hard times of scarceshty in the late wars. Cuckoo all the viles voudn't take a morshel of noting at all from the peopleish on the ice, not till I heard of my poor tog; and ven I fetcht

him, the old chentleman, vot keeps Limehouse Dock, says, ' Mordecai, I vill give you five Jacobushes for the fine creatur.' Ven, as I am a vicked sinner, I refused his moneish ; strichke me flat, vot if I voudn't rather put a leathern strap upon him, and *sham-Abram*, blind, and beg mine bread with Cuckoo."

" What, and the dog is dead—hey Mordecai?" said old Caleb.

" That's vot he vosh, Mashter Chonsons—many is the leatherings vot I have had for *Cuckoo*, for because I vosh a Jew, evry vun voud have a kick at him. Love me, love mine tog, says I ; and I vounce fought a sailor on Tower-hill, till we were both picked up for tead. Godamighty forgive me, but if I voudnt rather fight for a tog, than a Christian."

" A Christian ! hey, Mordecai?" said old Caleb. " No, no, my good Mordecai—say not so."

" Ony because a Christian preaches all apoud peace and good vill, and schmite mine pones, I do not mean not any offence—if he ish not cruel to his beast, and always murdering of vun anoder for noting at all."

Suddenly the shouting was now heard coming from the west, the dog had been hunted from the east. Mordecai immediately disappeared, made his way into the street, and proceeding through Temple-bar, returned swift as the wind after the brute, as if old scratch was at his own heels. This was a sight indeed, to see, as though he had dropped from the moon, a fierce looking Turk, magnificently clad, with a shining scimitar in hand, flying with preternatural speed after a dog with a cannister at his tail. So fierce was the appearance of this strange apparition, that those who occupied the front seats in the stands, felt themselves disposed to seek their safety, by rushing behind their neighbours, and indeed the front ranks all along the street were crowding into the rear. The sight was too sudden and too strange for comprehension, when the dog being driven back, Mordecai made a spring, and caught the scared beast by the tail, receiving for his humane interferenee, a severe bite of the hand. He adroitly, however, seized him by the back of the neck, and taking him in his arms, deliberately made his way back again,

amidst the shouts of the mob, who supposed the animal might be the favourite dog of some foreign grandee—or any other surmise that might seem to suit the sudden and extraordinary circumstance; every one of which, one might be sworn was wrong.

"What surprising fellows these Turks must be!" said one old citizen politician to another, turning up his eyes, as they took a glass of wine together in their covered stand. "Yes," answered the other; "if they are so terrible in pursuit on foot—mercy on us, who could escape them on their *Barbarian* horses! God keep old England from the yoke of the Pope, and the Turk!"

"Aye, neighbour—I agree with you *totibus manibus*," said another; "God help us, what a mercy that we live in an island! for as these *infidelious* shavers keep as many wives as they can catch—whose wife would be safe, if they were to conquer us?"

"Serious—serious, indeed!" exclaimed a city deputie's wife, who was considered to be a clever lady. "Now I see—I see—no doubt they are

called *Musclemen*, from their wonderous, powerful *muscles:* for did you ever see such monstrous strides in mortal man?"

"Doubtless, madam," returned another portly lady. "Heaven have pity on the female Christian women, as have the misfortune to be *captivated* by the Turkish-rovers, and carried into slavery, by such *muscle* men as these!"

"Not, madam," observed the first lady speaker, "but what I have been *creditably* informed by an English captain, that although they are extremely spiteful to the men, they are very *subsiqious* and tender to their lady prisoners. For you might observe, how kind and gentle he was to his dog, when he had caught him, although the poor *inoffensive* animal bit him so on the hand."

"I am shocked to hear you talk so idly, Mistress Gotobed," said her spouse. "How *can* you, Sarah, give ear to such *opprobious* accounts as these; for in an extract of a letter, from a correspondent at Moggadore, in yesterday's Mercury, I gather that these Turkish-rovers are as *ferocious* in their amours as *entire* cannibals. Never talk so, Mistress Gotobed, as

it is not becoming in times like these, more especially, when it is considered that the cavaliers are not overburthened—with what you understand me, gentlemen—I need say no more. A word to the wise is enough. So, gentlemen and ladies," taking off his glass, "here is my humble service to you;" adding, "Mrs. Gotobed—now *do* let me beg of you to cover your neck a little at any rate—for as sure as I live you will take cold, exposed as you are to the air."

It was the custom of the times, for those ladies who affected the newly imported fashions from France—to expose their bosoms; a custom more agreeable to the single gallants, than to the sober married citizens. "Fortunately for the amateurs of this living show of *carnations*," as Bob Fuller, the painter, observed to Tom D'Urfey, "this morning's atmosphere is mild and beautiful as May about to wed with June." Even certain aged men, the old gallants, were wont to say, on looking back to this *memorable* sight—"O! what a day was that of the Restoration!"

When Mordecai returned with the dog, the cavaliers, who had already arrived, were seated

in the first floor, (the room called the Apollo) at a splendid cold collation. "Why, what a chace you have had," said Betterton—"you are famous footed, Mordecai; and, as Shakspeare says, '*I would give a thousand pounds, I could run as fast as thou canst.*'"

"Vot a pritty tog, chentlemens—ish it not ladies?" addressing the two hostesses, still holding him in his arms, supporting the kettle, that the weight might not further hurt his tail, which was sufficiently injured by the string with which it was girt; for by the jirking of the kettle, it had nearly cut it to the bone. "Poor fellow," said the Jew, patting him gently, whilst Tom D'Urfey undid the ligature with the scissors of mine hostess, and the sagacious animal gratefully licked the hand that yet gave him pain in setting him free.

"Thou art a right good fellow," said Davenant, as soon as the dog was put upon his feet, who wagged his tail, and thrust his cold nose against every one's hand to be caressed; "an excellent fellow, Mordecai," and pouring out a brimmer of wine, "come let us drink together."

"Not if you please," said Mordecai. "I vosh rather vait, and take a little just now, below with the trumpeters, I am obliged all at the same times." The refusal was made in sheer modesty.

"Take your wine my hearty," replied Sir William, when seizing his hand, he added, "the fellow who will fight as thou hast done in the cause of benevolence, be he Jew or be he Gentile, is right worthy to partake of the cup with a king!"

When Tom D'Urfey, as if inspired by the occasion, burst out with great glee,

Let me drink with the fellow of temper so warm,
He'd encounter the foe
With the front of a lion;
Yet so gentle withal, he'd not injure a worm,
Such a hearty I tell you
A friend may rely on;
But as for your Simons who peer by a pool,
With a rod and a line,
For ten hours together;
With a maggot at one end, at t'other a fool,
Who drink water to boot,
Such are not worth a feather:
Sing—Old codger, cockchafer, nibble and bite,
O! these are the pleasures of fishing.

There is old neighbour *Izaak* will squat by the hour,
With *Cotton*, and *Colin*,
Let 'em sit if they chuse,
Singing ditties, the pretties in midst of the shower ;
As for me I hate water,
Aye—e'en in my shoes ;
Then leave asses like these to sit watching a float
Skilled in skinning a tad-pole,
Or gutting a minny ;
Whilst the cunning old Monks, fattened fish in a moat,
And left angling to Izaak,
And Cotton the ninney :
Sing—Old codger, cockchafer, nibble and bite,
O ! these are the pleasures of fishing.

There's Caleb's squire cook, he can spitch-cock an eel,
Or toss up a carp,
In a bottle of claret ;
Set a pike on the board, white as fillet of veal ;
Stew a tench, a John Doree,
A bream, or a mullet :
But as for old Izaak, who tells with delight,
How he coddles his fish
With some old mother civil,
I'd as soon be well cudgelled—as feast with the fright,
Let my fish be well dressed
By the cook at the Devil :
Sing—Old codger, cockchafer, nibble and bite,
O ! these are the pleasures of fishing.

"Well done, my D'Urfey," said Davenant, "you have a world of malice against the old draper; though with you I hate your fellows who delight in torturing their fellow creatures."

"It vosh a great crimes against him vot made us all, Mishter D'Urfey," said the Jew, who stood behind the chair of the wit, whilst he sang his song. "Now here ish this tog," patting him, "come mine poor fellow—how nicely his hair vosh curl. Godamighty, vot a shame! who voud believe, vot vun of the old king's breed on a day like the present, voudent be protected from persecution and malice, from the multitudes of peoplesh, vot fill the streets and houses, to behold his son vot ish the lawful king, come home again to reign, and to rule and govern in the sheat of his forefathers."

"You speak like a sensible good hearted fellow," said Betterton, when Mordecai, who had received his instructions from mine host, went into the next room to the balcony, to escort the trumpeters to get some refreshment in their quarters below.

The party were now joined by a number of choice spirits, and the bottle began to circulate;

Caleb had furnished the guests with excellent wine—and a magnificent bowl of punch gave its fragrant fumes to the apartment.

Amongst others came Shirley the poet, and old Rivet the brazier, who was as original a humourist as the greatest wag of his day—in his own way; with whom came another, who wanted only the stimulus of a few bumpers of Caleb's nectar to set the table, now at a little past noon, to the mirthful pitch of midnight.

"O! give me wine—
Wine, with all the goblet can inspire,"

chaunted D'Urfey as the *poet* entered, his boots covered with country dust, "for here is the prince of Butlers."

"Welcome to London, *Sir Hudibras*," said Davenant, "how did you leave all friends in Leicestershire?"

"Faith," replied Butler, "they may answer you metropolitan gentlemen for themselves; for I left none of them behind. The inns all along the road for days past have been crowded with cavaliers, thick as conventicles at love feasts. Not a round-head visible—rebellion seems clean

snuffed out, and the saints themselves snuffle loyalty. Kings and crowns are growing on every sign-post, and village *pies* cock their cunning heads aside, and mag, '*church and king*.' Yet, ha, ha, ha, yet, as our *quondam* vicar says, your Englishmen are *grave* ones. The old gentleman has foretold it all, since his highness was thrown out of the saddle. Neighbour Butler he has been wont to say, for this twelvemonth past—when shaking the ashes from his pipe, and calling for another nipperkin of stout, 'Loyalty, neighbour Butler, will be catching as the itch—Sir—there will be a *murrain* of loyalty.'"

"Well, I am rejoiced to see you," said Davenant, shaking the poet cordially by the hand. "I began to fear you would not come. Why did you not bring the vicar with you? I hope the old gentleman is well."

"In excellent health and spirits, Sir William," replied Butler, "come up to town to kiss the King's hand."

"And to put his clerical nose in the hierarchycal trough for another *living*, ere he *dies*,—hey, Master Samuel?" said D'Urfey.

" London is covered with hungry parsons, thick as March crows in a fallow field; gemini crack, Master Butler, what a rummaging there will be in *Oliver's* holes and corners, at Whitehall, for obsolete mitres !"

" I have invited my old friend the vicar hither, Sir William," said Butler, " we put up our horses at the Angel, behind St. Clement's. There was not a stall to be had at the George and blue Boar. He is only gone to make a call, and to procure a bed at a friend's in the Temple—and he will join us anon."

" Come, Sir—what shall I help you to?" said D'Urfey. " But first, suppose we take a glass of"—huzza, huzza—an universal shout suddenly left the table without a guest—saving that *Tom* caught *Samuel* by the cuff, saying, " *He was hanged who left his liquor behind,*" and the two tossed off each a bumper of sparkling sherry, and then proceeded to the front room, and thrust their heads amidst the throng of gazers upon the balcony.

" Godamighty vat a peaudiful shight !" exclaimed Mordecai, who stood behind on tiptoe—" vot lots of *golden* lace ! I vonder if it ish all

real—vot a precious pargain for vun, vot ash monies to take so many fine dresses second hand, ven the spectacleish ish all done with, and of no more use: vot a precious sum it vosh burn for—mine dear eyes! Vy, vot are you afraid of mine tog," patting the poor animal, who was crouching close to his heels, terrified by the shouting, and the loud blast of the trumpets. "How the poor dumb beast ish frishtened, Mishter Chonsons. Ah, poor prude beast, how should you know better, vot ish of no sense—all the vile, him vich ish coming ish of King Charles's breed, as yourself, mine tog, vot, God forbid, shall no more be the shport of fortune, and be hunted by his Christian subjects, as it vosh of a canishter at his royal tail. Very bad times vot ish lately gone and past, Mishter Chonsons. Schmite me, vot who voud have thought as much shix months ago, vot ish gone. Business vosh looking up, the vine trade is very brisk—I can help you to some cargo of oranges to-morrow betimes, they vill be dear, limes altogether as vell. Pray, Mashter Chonsons, vere shall I find me the key of that cellar verein that old musishioner ish in limbo? it vosh a pity to

keep the poor man, rogue vot he vosh, in the cold. It ish as vell to have his assishtance, for six trumpeters vosh better as five, in such a precious noise. At the same times he has touched the moniesh, and is earning of noting at all by saying his prayers in the dark."

"You are a fellow of a generous soul, a warm-hearted fellow, I will say that for thee, Mordecai; So, here is the key, but have an eye upon him, or he will rob you again. The wicked old man, he is too great a rogue to be let loose."

The Jew descended, followed by his dog, and unlocked the cellar door. Bow-wow-wow, barked the sagacious beast, supposing, no doubt, that his new master was in danger from a hidden stranger, lurking in the straw,—bow-wow-wow. The old trumpeter had emptied the hampers of the straw, and made himself a bed, and was snoring in a profound sleep. The fat cook, hearing Mordecai and his dog, came forth from the adjacent kitchen, when the Jew leading him to the cellar, exclaimed, his hands—his eyes uplifted, and his very hair almost on end with astonishment—"Strichke me flat as long as I vosh, vot if I ever met vith such a go as this.

See, Lord amighty, vot it vosh to be a saint—Vot it vosh, moreover, to be vun of the elect. For vun vot ish of the elect shall lie, shall rob and shteal, and get you as tdrunk as a shwines, so help mine wig, and all the whiles, ish conschienesh as quiet as this poor innocent prude beasts, or a new born babe. So Mashter *Hold-me-fasht*, since you are so comfortable after your roguery, nevertheless mine heart vosh pity you ven locked up in limbo. Remain vere you vosh, and be d——d;" when whistling off his dog—quietly locking the cellar door again, and saying to the cook with a significant shrug, "I hope *you* vosh not of the elect," he bounded up three or four stairs at a step, to look after the five other *musishioners*, leaving the sixth to snore through his nose trumpet, as he said to mine host, "until he vosh tired;" adding, "I have seen enough of wickedness in Rosemary-lane, I have met enough of cheats even in our synagogue, the more's the pity, Mishter Chonsons; but I am ready to shwear by the holy prophets, I vosh never clap mine precious eyes upon so great a sinner as vun of your saints."

The shouting, the tramping of such a multi-

tude of horses, the trumpets and kettle drums, the discharge of cannon, the ringing of bells now increased the universal joy almost to a delirium of delight. First rode a gallant troop of gentlemen, in cloth of silver, nodding right and left to the ladies on the balconies and platforms, erected before most of the houses of the more opulent citizens on the line of march; near the temple all was splendor, in front of every house the general appearance formed a continuous gallery of beauty, decked with pictured tapestry, and hangings, worked in cloth of silver and cloth of gold. Not a cloud appeared, not even vapour enough to throw one celestial streak upon the blue heaven of that day. It would seem that the glorious luminary lent all its rays to give splendor to this terrestrial sight; all was dazzling brightness.

"What a magnificent spectacle!" said Master Shirley to Davenant, "there is no stage scenery can compete with this. Even the most gorgeous costume will not do, no, not even as they do these things in France. No, Sir, it wants the pathos of reality. Heaven! if the king has not a soul almost supernaturally firm, this sight

must shake him to the centre; it is too brimful a cup of extacy,—pray, God protect him; such a reception would try the virtue of more than mortal rectitude. Holy Heaven be propitious to his rule!"

"Here comes another band of gallants, how glorious!" said Betterton, "all invelvet coats,—what a cavalcade! I had no conception of this. Who in the name of wonder, could believe these—the same Londoners of six months ago! nay, but as many weeks. What! can these be the men that so lately were groaning, and fasting, and praying, and digging in the city ditch! Men with mouths made for any thing but a smile, now roaring mad with mirth and joy!"

"Ah, Sir," ejaculated old *Shirley* the poet, "'*All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players; each has his entrance and his exit, and each, in his turn plays many parts.*' O! thou wondrous bard, how true! I'faith, my poor head will scarcely bear this moving scene," placing his hands on his mild intelligent forehead. "How do you feel, Sir William Davenant? It seems to me that the houses are moving along, and the horsemen

standing still. Sir, the sight bewilders my senses, I must make my *exit*. When entering the window from the balcony, he seated himself to recover from his giddiness.

"A glass of Rhenish, my worthy Nestor—or hold, mine hostess's thimble-full of coniac. Nay, nay, my prince of poets, make not wry faces. Even by the sober—gay monsieurs, 'tis dubbed the *liquor of life*. Come, take it, and here goes, my worthy—I will pledge you—next to the king, our noble selves. That is the cordial, my king of the drama, a dram is the *one thing needful* with us cavaliers. Sir, all will now be right, and thou mayest stand upon thine head and see the sight.

'Eau de vie—Eau de vie.
'Tis as good for you, sir, as for me.'"

Tan-tan-tan-tarara—Tan-tan-tarara. D'Urfey flew to the balcony, "Here's a fine band of trumpeters, and kettle drums, and flags, and streamers. Ye Gods, here comes the city cuckolds," whispered the merry wag to Master Samuel Butler. "Look, look, the old

cit will be spilt, see how his white charger is rearing and prancing, bolting and kicking. Hold fast behind, your worship."

"Pray, who is he that leads this tan-tan-tarara?" enquired Butler.

"Alderman Robinson," replied D'Urfey, "and a notable old buck he is. He has been very instrumental in moving the city in this late happy business; what fierce looking shavers, all in buff coats, ye Gods—and cloth of silver! How bright, how sparkling, shining like *basking trout*, the *cod's-heads!* I say, Davenant—O the deuce, he is too deeply engaged with mine hostess; well, you have an ear. I say, Butler, now who the devil would purchase these silver clad wise-acres, these yesterday loyalists, at their own valuation? Butter-men, horn-spoon manufacturers, dry-salters, cotton-spinners, comb-cutters, curriers and comfit makers. Cry your mercy, what a cavalcade of comical codgers! Fine rosy-gill'd topers too, some of them. That is right, my trumpeters, tan-tan-tan-ta-ra-ra-ra, rogues all, God save the King, these are the subjects for you, my noble Carolus; get into the good graces of these, kiss their wives, and

you will not want grease to your wheels, to drive your royal car over the shoulders of your loving subjects."

"What venerable old cit is that, nodding to Isaak Walton, over the way? who is he, on that long-tailed skittish beast?" enquired Butler.

"He—why, that is old *Christopher Clitherow*, one of the staunchest friends of the martyred king; as worthy a guest as any in the city of London. He and I have often toasted the present king. 'Please God,' said he, in this very house, 'if I live to cross a horse, and I will ride in the city troop on the day of the restoration.' How gallantly the old loyalist sits his charger; Sir, he was mayor five-and-twenty years ago, and then, as it was said, an old man. Good lord, and there is old *Rowland Backhouse*, he who served sheriff the year I was born. He was an Exeter man, and a schoolfellow of my worthy dad's. Johnson, there is our old friend, I should not wonder if we see him toddling in at the devil to-night. Mercy on us, and there is Mister Sheriff *Gayer*, old *Jonny Gayer*, and a gayer ever-green you shall not name within the sound of Bow-bell. Lord,

why, what a number of ancients—there goes one, what—confound his name, an old dry bone as rich as the *Tower-mint.* Surely, it is old *Allen Cotton;* yes, I know him by the length of his fork, damme he rides just as he used, straddling like a pair of compasses, he is a loyal old cock though. How d'ye do, sir, how d'ye do?" bawled Tom, taking off his hat, "I'll wager you he will drop in by and by," said D'Urfey. "Ah," nodding to another, "that is old *Tommy Andrews* of Port-soken, a good fellow as ever lived, and a warm one too. He was sheriff the year that that d——d hypocritical round-head *Isaac Pennington* was mayor; and lord mayor himself the year the good old king was brought to the block. Old Abey Reinardson dying in his mayoralty. There, look at that noble specimen of healthy fat! that is my old friend, *John Bide*, and there is *Thomas Foot*, another Sheriff, aye, *Sir Thomas*, you were one of old *Noll's* knights, who would have thought of seeing you here! '*One foot in the grave, the other hardly out on't,*' as the old women say. Yes, my namesake, old Tom, you put your foot in it there; but, I suppose he has repented

him, and intends going to heaven in Elisha's mantle. Well! better late than never, if these quondam starched sober saints do not go to bed regularly drunk to-night, aye! every man of them! then may I be shut up in the small beer cellar, left to fast and pray with trumpetting Hold-me-fast. Heavens! why there is no end to them. Come gents, this is only the same thing over again, let us retire awhile—when the king comes, we will turn out on the balcony,—come Davenant, and you Betterton and Butler, you will not play the skinker. Let us go and contrive to muster a party for a pipe, there is no bearing such a long piece of loyalty without something to compose one, between the acts. Ah! here are our choice ones," when in came the players, Mohun, Noakes, Kynaston, Burt, and several others, the principal performers engaged for the King's and the Duke's company, who had engaged to meet to keep it up in the afternoon. These surrounded the table, and each began to relate what he had seen in his ramble at different parts of the town. These again were soon increased by the arrival of Robert Walker, Matthew Barlow, and a knot of worthy cits, leading

men, in their respective wards. All, whatever they might have been, now enthusiastic loyalists. All assembled for the avowed purpose of getting a skinful of punch and wine, in honour of Church and King.

" Glorious news for our friend, Sir William," said Walker.

" What, and who?" enquired every one.

" Why, gentlemen, for Ingoldsby. He has been sent for by the general, and rides in the royal guards, before the king. He is in Lord Gerard's troop. I saw him in St. George's fields—there will be several officers here to-night, I hear, as soon as they are dismissed in the park. They tell me the cavalcade extends for miles. It will be late ere the king gets to Whitehall."

" There—did I not say so," cried D'Urfey, clapping his hands. " Come then, let us set to, my nobles—We cannot shew our loyalty so royally as drinking a sober glass to the cause. There will be time enough for drinking after his majesty is past. Come, gentlemen—who shall we vote to the chair ? Betterton—Betterton, cried all.—So he took the chair by general

acclamation. Fill your glasses, gentlemen. All filled?—The toast standing. The twenty-ninth of May, and God preserve our king; the trumpeters had the *cue*, and a magnificent flourish once more proclaimed the toast. Come, D'Urfey, my hearty, cannot you open the ball with something appropriate to the joyous occasion."

"I am always obedient to the call of mirth," said the social Tom: "but first, let us give orders, master president, for a recruit of this Chinese reservoir of smoking nectar. Ho, drawer, replenish the bowl. Come, my loyal friends, light your pipes, and draw on your night-caps, for my ballad is long. But, gents, all you who do not smoke the fragrant weed, I *enjoin* to join chorus.

"Old Oliver's gone to the dogs,
Oh! no I do mistake;
He's gone in a wherry
Over the ferry,
That's called the Stygian Lake:
But *Cerberus*, that grim porter,
Did read him such a lecture,
That made him to roar
When he came ashore,
For being the *Lord Protector*.

" Chorus, gentlemen :"

News—News—News,
Brave Cavaliers *all be merry ;*
Cheer up your sad souls
With Bacchus's bowls
Of Claret, White, and Sherry.

Where is that rascally crew,
Those of the old king's jury !
By thy d—d soul
Go fetch them Noll,
Quoth *Pluto* in his fury.
Where is old Joan thy wife ?
Her highness fain would see ;
Come usher her in,
She shall be my queen,
For a cuckold thou shalt be.

Chorus—News,—news, &c.

Make room for a *rumping lady,*
One of the devil's own race,
That ugly witch,
That heartless ——
Who spat in the king's sweet face.
I'll make her a lady of honour,
Quoth *Pluto,* let her in,

So open the door,
And *Pluto* he swore
She should wait upon his queen.
Chorus—News, news, &c.

Here comes Sir Henry Martyn,
As good a one I wist,
This wenching beast,
Had girls, at least
A thousand on his list:
This made the devils laugh,
So old a friend to see;
At *Pluto's* court
There's better sport,
Come, thou shalt dwell with me.
Chorus—News, news, &c.

Bid *Charon* bring his boat,
Here comes a man of fame,
Who hath waited here
For more than a year,
Jack Bradshaw is his name:
O—ho! quoth Pluto then,
As loud as he could yawl;
By Oliver's nose,
I did really suppose
Thou hadst been at Whitehall.
Chorus,—News, news, &c.

Make room for a friend of mine,
Make room for the Lord Lisle;
His guests at last,
Did come so fast,
That made old *Pluto* smile.
Thou must along with me,
Now 'tis too late to rue it,
Thy sable soul
Is in my scrowl,
Remember Doctor Hewet.
Chorus—News, news, &c.

Make room for one-ey'd Hewson,
A *Lord* of such account,
'Twas a pretty jest,
That such a beast
Should to such honour mount:
When *cobblers* were in fashion,
And *nigherds* in such grace,
'Twas sport to see
How Pride and he
Did jostle for the place.
Chorus—News, news, &c.

O welcome, doctor Peters,
And Cornet Joyce also,
One of these twain
Was worse than *Cain*,
That gave the deadly blow:

One of those deadly rogues,
Was he that did the feat.
But some men say,
'Twas that Lord Gray
That made the work complete.
Chorus—News, news, &c.

God bless the KING'S good grace,
And keep him from his foes,
I wish the rather,
Because his father
Had too—too many of those ;
God bless the Duke of YORK,
His sister, and his brother,
Accurst be those
That do oppose
The sending for the mother.

News, news, news,
Brave Cavaliers *all be merry ;*
Cheer up your sad souls
With Bacchus's bowls
Of Claret, White, and Sherry.

(Vide Loyal Songs, written between 1639 and 1661.)

" A very pleasant ballad, very witty, and very true," said old Rivet.

"A good song upon my troth," added Shirley, "and I know the author writ it from the heart; there are many, however, now courting the lyric muse, to bestow some loyal inspiration, whose ink is not blacker than their malignity. The king, with all his wits about him, will have enough to do to discover who are his real friends—for all will affect services, which few have performed. The hypocrisy of loyalty will take place of the impostureship of religion; and the greatest traitors at heart will become the most obsequious courtiers. Happily, as I hear, the king is a prince of great penetration—one whom that observant nobleman, the Duke of Buckingham says, is capable of understanding things if he will,—which is a faculty that seems to have been sparingly bestowed upon sovereigns. I have ever thought it desirable, that a free people should be governed by a prince that knew life, by mixing himself with the society of his fellow-men—Such an one alone can justly appreciate human actions,—see for himself, and not through the optics of his ministers and minions. We shall now, by God's blessing, put these speculations to the proof—

THE NATION HAS GREAT HOPES OF HIS MAJESTY !"

" Write that up at Britain's Burse, and Charing Cross, in letters of gold," cried all.

" Your observations are very sage, very sober, and very just, my excellent moralist," said Tom D'Urfey—thou art a perfect cylinder of reflection, whilst he who writ that song, methinks, like a *skittle*, is only great in the middle, —not, friend Butler, that thine enemy should dub thee a *middle witted* man in my awful presence, shaking his ponderous wig, though thou art little at both ends,—worth not a tobacco-stopper when sober, nor a worthless tooth-pick when drunk—excuse me, Sam,—but delectable when primed with that which gave the glow to Bacchus's cheek,—and that divine touch of ruby upon the nose of wit." Butler had a red nose. " So, as you and I are met on this happy occasion, we will only drink to the *middle* by day, and *deeper* at night."

" I should like to take a peep at the court to-night," said Mohun ; " there will be princely carousing. A magnificent table is spread in the old king's gallery at Whitehall. One of the

officers in waiting informed me this morning, that covers are set for fifty, including ladies. Some of the finest women in the land. Several young ladies of rank are to strew the way with flowers from Wolsey's-gate, along the passage all the way to the king's closet. There is moreover a band of French fiddlers come over, who play most skilfully it seems—in a style which has never been heard in England. In fact I thought I was in France, for almost every one I met of the household were gabbling French." "French—French!" exclaimed Nokes,—"why there are ship-loads of Monsieurs arrived. Barks freighted with frisseurs, caper-cutters, and teachers of that *glib* tongue; I would fain learn, only that I am by nature slow of speech. I must take a few lessons though—and have purchased this," pulling out a snuff-box, rapping it, and taking a pinch *a la Francaise*, "that I may acquire the twang of splitting N in half, and snuffling M. Lord help us—his majesty is so used to the *tongue*, that we shall have nothing but *talking* and *tabac—Parlez*-ing instead of *praying*. I hate French, to be sure," added the wag—"but better that than

the other. Your conventicleists would catch it quick, for they are adepts at speaking through the nose."

"Egad, sirs! talking of that," added Kynaston, "there is a French cook in the royal kitchen—the most fantastical frippon that ever put a long nose over a stew-pan. Sirs, he was strutting, mouthing, and grimacing, with more extravagance of action, and giving himself more heroic airs, than you, Mohun, in Mercutio, or thou, Betterton, in Bobadil; and all as I could learn, about the important operation of tucking a gizzard under the arm of a pullet. Sirs! he looks down as scornfully upon an English *cuisinier*, as pragmatical Prynne upon players: has fought you some half dozen duels, wears ear-rings bigger than quoits, and carries a bag at his wig as long and empty as one of Tom D'Urfey's ballads."

"God forbid! but I fear we shall all be Frenchified," said old Rivet, "it is so long since some of our loyal gallants have seen our shores, that they must have almost forgotten the mother tongue."

"And others, who boast of English birth," said Nokes, "who never tasted roast beef and plum pudding. The round-headed rogues—who would have thought we Britons should have lived to see the sad times when a Christmas* feast was fearful; when sirloin was sinful; plumb porridge, profanation; and a nativity pie, naughtiness! Come, master *Rivet*, give us your dismal ditty of Christmas."

The old brazier smiled, and laying down his pipe, half shutting his eyes, and hemming and ha-ing to clear his mellifluous voice, gravely began:—

"Now Christmas is come, let us beat up the drum,
And call our good neighbours together;
And when they appear, let us make them good cheer,
That will keep out the wind and the weather.
To feast at this season, I think 'tis no treason,
I could give you a reason why;
Though some are so pure, that they cannot endure
To behold a *Nativity pye*.

---

* The feast of Christmas was abolished by proclamation.

I cannot but wonder, that the soldiers should plunder,
For keeping our Saviour's birth;
For all Christians then, or I cannot tell when,
Should manifest joy—aye, and mirth.
But our saints, now-a-days, despise good old ways,
'Gainst which they both preach and pray;
But to give them their dues, they're no better than Jews,
That speak against Christmas day.

These love the good cheer, all the times of the year,
'Tis the birth-day that doth them annoy;
Plum-porridge and brawn, and the doe and the fawn,
Are the creatures they love to enjoy.
They often have meetings, and then they have greetings,
Such pulling of sisters about;
They preach and they pray, but I must not now say
What they do when the candles are out.

Yet I cannot forbear to tell, in your ear,
What befel at a breaking of bread;
How a maiden full neat, went thither to eat,
But into temptation was led.
For these men of high merit, talk much of the spirit,
Are yet of the flesh now and then;
For a new babe of grace owed its birth to the place
By a congregational man.

The Dippers and Ranters, and our Scotch Covenanters,
That brag of their faith and their zeal;
These abound in their fainings, but I'll make no complainings,
Nor will I their secrets reveal.
The poor cavaliers, that still live in fears
Of prisons and sequestration;
Though they keep Christmas day, are more honest than they,
But honesty's quite out of fashion.

If you view our great cities, and our country committees,
You will not find over-much there;
The divines though they preach it, themselves do scarce reach it,
And our lawyers have little to spare.
I could tell of some more, that hath no great store,
Of our gentry, both old and new;
But I think it is best, with *edge-tools* not to jest,
Nor to speak all we know to be true.

(Vide Loyal Songs, written between 1639 and 1661.)

"Well sung, well sung, master Rivet," said Nokes: "you braziers of olden times, alias your tinkers, had tuneable pipes. There was Tom Turpin, of Tewksbury, would chime it merrily as the bells. So, master Rivet, there is a tale of a black man upon a black horse, bruited about—hey! is it true, my loyal brazer?"

"True as the gospel, master Nokes," replied Rivet, "and I have writ to the court about it, and it will come from its hiding-place all in good time." This was the bronze statue of the late king.

"Ah, by the way, I am glad to hear you say so," eagerly observed Walker, the painter; "poor *Le Soeur*, how he was grieved when he heard the round-heads had destroyed his handy work: and is it really preserved, master Rivet?"

"Aye! as sure as this is the birth-day of our honoured king: it has been buried in our back-side there, in Holborn, ever since I purchased it of the Parliament."

"What, hey! why, you wily old shaver! What, then, all the *knives* and *forks* which the Tom-fools have been buying on both sides of the post, have been bamboozled by the brazier," said Nokes.

"Truly so:" answered the old trader, re-lighting his pipe, with a smile and a nod, "and a notable speculation to be sure it has been. Heaven knows, I should not have broken it up for old brass, even of my own wit; but one

evening comes to me, Master Stone, the mason—and says he, 'Master Rivet, I verily think thou art at heart an honest man, and a friend to the good cause.' I am, Master Stone, said I, God be praised, and have a son fighting for him, though that is known only to ourselves in these fearful times. 'Well, then,' said Master Stone, 'let me conjure thee not to commit so unchristian an act as to destroy that fine work of art.' So, Sirs, we laid our two wise noddles together, did we, and hit upon the scheme to buy a quantity of old brass, and melt it down, and then set it abroad, that John Rivet made table-knives and forks, clasp knives, and what not, with handles of the late king's statue."

"And a rare trade you trundled on, hey?" said D'Urfey. "Damme, old John, I wish I had been partner in the concern. Why, how many *gross* of this gross fraud did you manufacture?"

"Ha, ha, ha! fraud, Master D'Urfey. Well, it was a pious fraud, if I am to credit what one of the Oxford gentlemen told me—a high church parson, too, I can assure you: a once principal fellow of Christ Church."

"Cry your mercy—the devil a bit," said Butler; "I ll be sworn 'twas a fellow of *Brazen-nose*."

"Ha, ha, ha! you are so facetious, Master Butler; but, peradventure, it might, for aught you know, be some loyal fellow of *King's*."

When all the jovial party again suddenly flew from the table, as one universal shout proclaimed —the King!—the King!

This, however, was not the true king which excited the populace, but a procession of one of the city companies, with flags and streamers, followed by a spacious car, drawn by six horses, and curiously made up with a profusion of green boughs, with a figure dressed up for the occasion in the midst, representing the king in the royal oak, preceded by a numerous band of trumpets, clarinets, kettle-drums, and other instruments. The contrivers of this pageant held their heads high amongst the citizens, for no sight as yet had been hailed with such demonstrations of general delight.

At length came the troops of cavaliers which formed the van of the king's approach. Numberless detached processions and pageants had been

passing for hours, but the sight now was more gorgeous and imposing: nothing had equalled the magnificence of the scene since the triumphal entry of Edward the Black Prince. with his royal prisoners, in the month of May, three hundred and three years before. Every division, composed of hundreds of loyal gentlemen, was accompanied by trumpets, and all were "*gloriously habited, and gallantly mounted.*"

After these came trumpets, with banners bearing the royal arms; the sheriffs' men in scarlet cloaks, richly embroidered with silver, to the number of fourscore, with half pikes in their hands. Then followed six hundred liverymen of London, selected from the several city companies, on horseback, clad in black velvet, with gold chains, each company being attended by numerous footmen in rich liveries, with flags emblazoned with their respective arms, and rich devices. Then kettle-drums, trumpets, and streamers, preceded twelve ministers at the head of his Majesty's Life Guard of Horse, commanded by the Lord General, at whose approach the acclamations were still more loud and last-

ing. Then the respective city officers, as the marshal, with his footmen—the city hunt, and the waits; then the two sheriffs, and all the aldermen of the different wards, gallantly mounted, in their scarlet robes, attended by a procession of footmen, in scarlet liveries, laid with silver and cloth of gold; then the heralds and mace bearers, in their embroidered coats. And now the shouts were encreased again, on the appearance of the Lord Mayor, carrying the sword of office, bare, with his Excellency (the General) and the Duke of *Buckingham* bare also, who preceded the main star of this constellation of splendor which had so long dazzled the eyes of the spectators. But now, the presence of the injured sovereign, their lawful prince, excited emotions of the heart, which the voice could not express; nor could the eyes steadily behold the object of their hope. The exiled Charles was seen once more—but through the misty medium of tens of thousands of living optics, glistening with tears.

The pressure was so great about the temple, that it was some minutes before the cavalcade could again move on. Blessings and ejaculations

of loyalty and affection, burst forth from every mouth—the sacred effusions of the heart. Every subject felt as though his individual voice should reach the royal ear.

The king, mounted on a noble charger, supported on each side by his royal brothers, the Duke of York and the Duke of Gloucester, gracefully bowed to the left and to the right, with the most benignant smile.

"Blessings attend thy reign!" exclaimed Master Shirley; "for on thy royal face is written reconciliation and forgiveness. O, England! O, my country! thou hast been rebellious too long!"

The republican trumpeters on the balcony, looked at each other with countenances expressive of compunction: and never blew a blast so loud and strong, as when he moved onward towards his palace. "God forgive us, Shore," said Swan, when Gwynn observed to the other, whose name is forgotten, "We have been of the wrong side, I fear." "Yes," replied he, "it was a bad business—I was ashamed to look the king in the face."

"So was I," said Phil Colchester; "I

wonder what that canting old thief, the saint, would think of it, if he had been here. But, however, I have some consolation—I left the service of the round-headed rascals. D—d if I don't work master *Hold-me-fast* for this.—Well, God bless his Majesty, say I, and I wish him a prosperous reign." In which the other trumpeters heartily joined, and then they spontaneously blew another magnificent flourish, and were the loudest in joining the general shout, and huzzaing him out of sight.

"Vot a fine, agreeable, chenteel looking countenance of a prince he vosh, Mister Chonsons," said Mordecai: "God Amighty send him better luck than vot had his blessed father vot ish past and gone. So much of joy, and processionings, and shoutings, and trumpetings, brings to mind the times of mine blessed forefathers returning from the Babylonish captivity. Vot a joyous day for England it vosh to be sure! Ah, Mishter Chonsons," shaking his head, and sighing, "surely it ish the curse of civil vars vot vosh the destruction of the Israelites; but the times shall come when the children of Abraham, and Isaac,

and Jacob, shall have a resting-place—when the faithful shall have a kingdom vot ish his own.—Meanwhiles, as Rabbi Schekim said the last blessed Sabbath, in our synagogue, of his Majesty vot ish just come to town—'Now, O Lord, ish an acceptable times for this great nation. Lo, may the peopleish rise up as a great lion, and lift up himself as a young lion; may he cry, yea roar; may he prevail against his enemies; may his majesty be extolled and raished up, and in his palace may every one speak of his glory; may our eyes see the king in his beauty—for lo! he ish our shovereign Charles the Shecondt! So may he rule in peace, for he leadeth ish peopleish like a flock; so may God continue him in peace, and his seed after him, as long as the moon endureth.' Schmite me all over, vot if it vosh not the finest dishcourse vot I ever heard since I vosh born. Times shall be better, Mishter Chonsons: and trade shall flourish, and every man, of votever trades and callings, shall procure his honest pread, vot ish industrious, so help me God!"

All the worthies remained on the balcony

until the king's body guard had passed: when, from his favourite Spenser, old Shirley exclaimed—

"*And after to his palace he them brings,*
With shaums, and trumpets, and with clarions sweet;
And all the way the joyous people sings."

"What a memorable day is this, Sir William. How will they who write of this hereafter—those to whom we shall be ancients, wish they had been witness of this glorious sight. What are we to think of our forefathers, over whom we vainly flatter ourselves to be so much superior;—for, what have those who lived in ages past left us to invent? All that imposes on the sense, all that inspires to love, to war, religion, joy, and sorrow, hath been designed of old: the trappings of horse, the armour-clad knight, the pealing organ, the solemn bell, the martial drum, and regal trumpet, whose notes engender thoughts of palaces, royal banquetting, and overawing beauty—all these were given us in reversion, and all these this day are claimed and enjoyed."

" Then straight commands, that at the warlike sounds
Of trumpets loud, and clarions, be upreared
The mighty standard—"

spouted Betterton. " Thou art right, master Shirley, the very name of trumpet—clarion, vibrates upon one's senses, and raises one above the plodding thoughts of our common nature. Hark! how the attentive ear still follows the receding of the blast, and leads imagination onward to Whitehall. What grand carousing will be there. The king looks care worn methinks —somewhat older than the description of his majesty which Davenant drew. He bears strongly the Stuart visage. Faith! 'tis wonderful how he escaped after Worcester fight, for his features are too striking not to be known, even by his portraits when a youth. They say, we players are physiognomists—certainly I feel strongly prepossessed in favour of the phiz royal. It is princely, methinks; dignified, intelligent, and above all, benevolent. I anticipate *happy times.*"

" So do I, my dear Betterton," replied Davenant; " and I fervently hope, we shall profit of them in friendly march together."

"Then," said Tom D'Urfey, "as I have *profited* by a patient hearing of each of your prosing declamations, let us commence the happy times *sur le champ*, my nobles. It is out of character to carouse by the light of the sun, so I have voted that the sconces be lit up; and in a twinkling you will be bidden to the board again, for this has been a broken sort of day—What say you, Butler?"

"Haste thee, Momus, draw the curtain,
Crib from day remaining light;
He's only half a wit, 'tis certain,
Who cannot add it to the night.

Patch night's mantle with the remnant,
Eke it out, an hour or two;
Too short 'twill still be found, depend on't,
For what your topers have to do."

"Allons, allons, my cavaliers, *Carolus* is come home again, and he is a rebel to all good order—who will refuse to get soberly drunk for joy."

GENERAL NOTES TO VOL. I.

PUNCH AND TOBACCO.—The custom of smoking tobacco was not confined to the convivial meetings at the taverns in those days, nor was it, as in later times, associated with the habits of a sot; in the best companies they smoked the fragrant weed. King James the first considered the growing influence of tobacco amongst his subjects an evil of such fearful magnitude, that he wrote a pamphlet against its use and abuse—and an abusive document it is. This book-making sovereign says, in his "*Counter-blast to Tobacco*,"—"With the report of a great discovery for a conquest, some two or three savage men were brought in together, with this savage custom. But the pity is, the poor wild barbarous men died; but that vile barbarous custom is yet alive."

"Such is the miraculous omnipotency of our strong tasted tobacco, as it cures all sorts of diseases, (which never any drug could do before), in all persons and all times. It cures all manner of distillations either in the head or stomach, (if you believe their axioms), although in very

deed, it doth corrupt the brain, and by causing over quick digestion, fills the stomach full of crudities. It cures the gout in the feet, and which is miraculous, in that very instant when the smoke thereof, as light flies up into the head, the virtue thereof, as heavy, runs down to the little toe. It helps all sorts of agues. It makes a man sober that was drunk. It refreshes a weary man; and yet makes a man hungry. Being taken when they go to sleep, it makes a man sleep soundly; and yet being taken when a man is sleepy and drowsy, it will, as they say, awaken his brain and quicken his understanding. Here in England, it is refined, and will not deign to cure here, any other than cleanly and gentlemanly diseases."

King James, we hereby perceive, was a wit, and dipped his satirical pen pretty deeply into the ink of ridicule. His majesty adds, "O, omnipotent power of tobacco! And if it could by the smoke thereof chase out devils, as the smoke of Tobias' fish did, (which I am sure could smell no stronglier)," adds the royal wag, "it would serve for a precious relick, both for the superstitious priests, and the insolent puritans."

The king further says to his subjects, "The greatest sin of all that you, the people of all sorts of this kingdom, who are created and adorned by God to bestow both your persons and goods for the maintenance both of the honour and safety of your king and common-wealth, should disable yourselves in both. In your persons, having by this continual vile custom, brought yourselves to this shameful imbecility, that you are not able to ride or walk the journey of a Jew's sabbath; but you must have a reeky coal brought

you from the next poor house to kindle your tobacco with."

On the authority of this royal author, we find that tobacco was smoked even at the dinner table. "And for the vanities committed in this filthy custom, is it not both great vanity, and uncleanness, that at the table, a place of respect, of cleanliness, and modesty, men should sit tossing of tobacco pipes, and puffing of the smoke and stink thereof to exhale athwart the dishes, and infect the air, when very often men that abhor it are at their repast? Surely smoke becomes a kitchen far better than a dining chamber; and yet it makes a kitchen also, oftentimes in the inward parts of men, soiling and infecting them with an unctuous and oily kind of soot, as hath been found in some great tobacco takers that after death were opened.

"And is it not a great vanity, that a man cannot heartily welcome his friend now, but straight they must be infumed with tobacco? No, it is become, in place of a cure, a point of good fellowship; and he that will refuse to take a pipe of tobacco with his fellows, (though by his own election, he would rather feel the savour of a sink), is accounted peevish and no good company.

"Yea, the mistress cannot in a more mannerly kind entertain her humble servant, than by giving him of her fair hand, a pipe of tobacco."

The present age may wonder at the extravagance of our forefathers, when we have it on the authority of this upright prince, that such enormous sums were paid for this then fashionable indulgence. "Now," proceeds his ma-

jesty, "how you are by this custom disabled in your goods, let the gentry of this land bear witness; some of them bestowing three, some four hundred pounds a year upon this precious stink!"

The learned monarch winds this Counter-Blast by the following peroration. "Have ye not then reason to be ashamed and to forbear of this filthy novelty, so basely grounded, so foolishly received, and so grossly mistaken in the use thereof, &c. By the custom thereof, making yourselves to be wondered at by all foreign civil nations, and by all strangers that come among you, to be scorned and contemned; a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless!

This Counter-Blast is printed in the works of King James I., by *Barker* and *Bill*, London, 1616.

How widely different, as Mr. Brand says, are the strains of the subsequent parody, on the style of Ambrose Phillips.

On a Pipe of Tobacco.

"Little tube of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour;
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax, and eye of fire:
And thy snowy taper waist,
With my finger gently brac'd;
And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper prest." &c.

To which may be added the following quaint thought, found in an old collection of epigrams :—

A Tobacconist.

"All dainty meats I do despise,
Which feed men fat as swine;
He is a frugal man indeed
That on a leaf can dine.
He needs no napkin for his hands,
His fingers ends to wipe;
That keeps his kitchen in a box,
And roast meat in a pipe."

Whether in compliment to the king, or in honest abhorrence of this extravagant custom, it were perhaps vain to enquire; but that other pens, besides that of good king Jamie's, were nibbed in spite against this newly imported weed, we have sufficient evidence. The inimitable Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, thus ironically smokes the smokers. "Tobacco, divine, rare, super-excellent tobacco, which goes far beyond all their panaceas, potable gold, and philosophers' stones—a sovereign remedy to all diseases. A good vomit, I confesse, a vertuous herbe, if it be well qualified, opportunely taken, and medicinally used; but as it is commonly used by most men, which take it as tinkers do ale—'tis a plague, a mischiefe, a violent purger of goods, lands, health—hellish, devilish, and damn'd tobacco; the ruine and overthrow of body and soul." This opinion was published at Oxford, 1621.

In the archives of the society of antiquaries, amongst other curious documents, is an alehouse licence, granted by six justices of the peace, in Kent, in which the innkeeper is thus enjoined—"Item, You shall not utter, nor suffer to be uttered, drunke, or taken, any tobacco within your house, cellar, or other place thereunto belonging." This is dated in the time of James I.

Cuckold.—This opprobious term, in our improved age, is become almost obsolete, in common with many other offensive terms, which were used as every day expletives, in days of yore. The celebrated song, "*Round-headed Cuckolds come dig*," sung by the cavaliers, in derision of the citizens of London, and their wives, of all classes, working in the ditches, to throw up a defence round London, did more mischief to the royal cause, than would another poll tax. The insult was felt, and never forgotten, —hence Phil Skippon's success, in recruiting for the train bands.

In Heywood's "Nine Books of various History, 1624," the author says, "I wonder how the name of cuckold came to be so frequent among us. I speak not of the woman that, when her husband came home to her in haste, and brought news there was a new edict come out, that all so cognomened, should be cast into the river," presently asked him, "*why he did not learn to swim?*"

Master Heywood proceeds with a long story of a dispute in the infernal regions, between Lucifer and his courtiers, as to the express nature of the opprobrium. Satan is made to come upon earth in the shape of a gallant, and to mix in all

societies. He asks a countryman, if he be one of these so called, and the honest man tells him he knows not what he means. We are then told by the facetious author, that, 'The citizen denies himself to be the man. The soldier with oaths, outfaceth the name. The courtier, indeed, confesseth himself to be the maker of the title for others—but disclaims its fitness, touching his own honour."

It is plain then, that two centuries ago, the opprobrious epithet was considered to be, even then, an ancient term of reproach.

SECTARIANS.—The satirical Butler, in witty allusion to the many sects, tells us in his Hudibras, that

> "The numerous rabble were drawn out
> Of several counties round about.
> From villages remote, and shires,
> Of east and western hemispheres:
> From foreign parishes, and regions
> Of different manners, speech, religions, &c.'

"Never were there so many different sects and religions in any nation," says Dr. Gray, "as were then in England." Mr. Case told the parliament, in his thanksgiving sermon, for the taking of Chester, "That there was such a numerous increase of errors and heresies, that he blushed to repeat what some had affirmed, namely, 'That there were no less than an hundred and fourscore several heresies propagated and spread in the neighbouring city, (London) and many of such a nature,' says this distinguished Pres-

byterian minister; 'as I may truly say, in Calvin's language, 'The errors and innovations under which they groaned of late years, were but *tolerable trifles, children's play,* compared with these damnable doctrines of devils.'"

Mr. Ford, in the year 1653, in his assize sermon, preached at Reading, also said, "That in the little town of *Reading*, he was verily persuaded, if *Augustin's* and *Epiphanius's* catalogues of heresies were lost, and all their modern and ancient records of that kind, yet it would be no hard matter to restore them, with considerable enlargements from that place: that they have *Anabaptism, Familism, Socinianism, Peligianism, Ranting*, and what not; and that the *devil* was served in *heterodox* assemblies as frequently as God in theirs; and that one of the most eminent church livings in that county," (the regular clergy had been ejected) "was possessed by a *blasphemer*, one in whose house, he believed some there could testify, that the *devil* was visibly familiar as any one of the family!"

MAKING WAR AGAINST THE KING FOR HIMSELF.—The *Presbyterians*, in all their wars against the king, maintained still that they fought for him; for they pretended to distinguish his *political person* from his *natural* one. "His political person," they said, "must be, and was with the *parliament*, though his natural person was at war with them."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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